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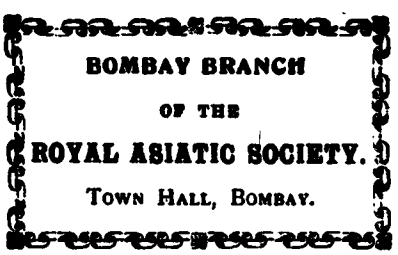

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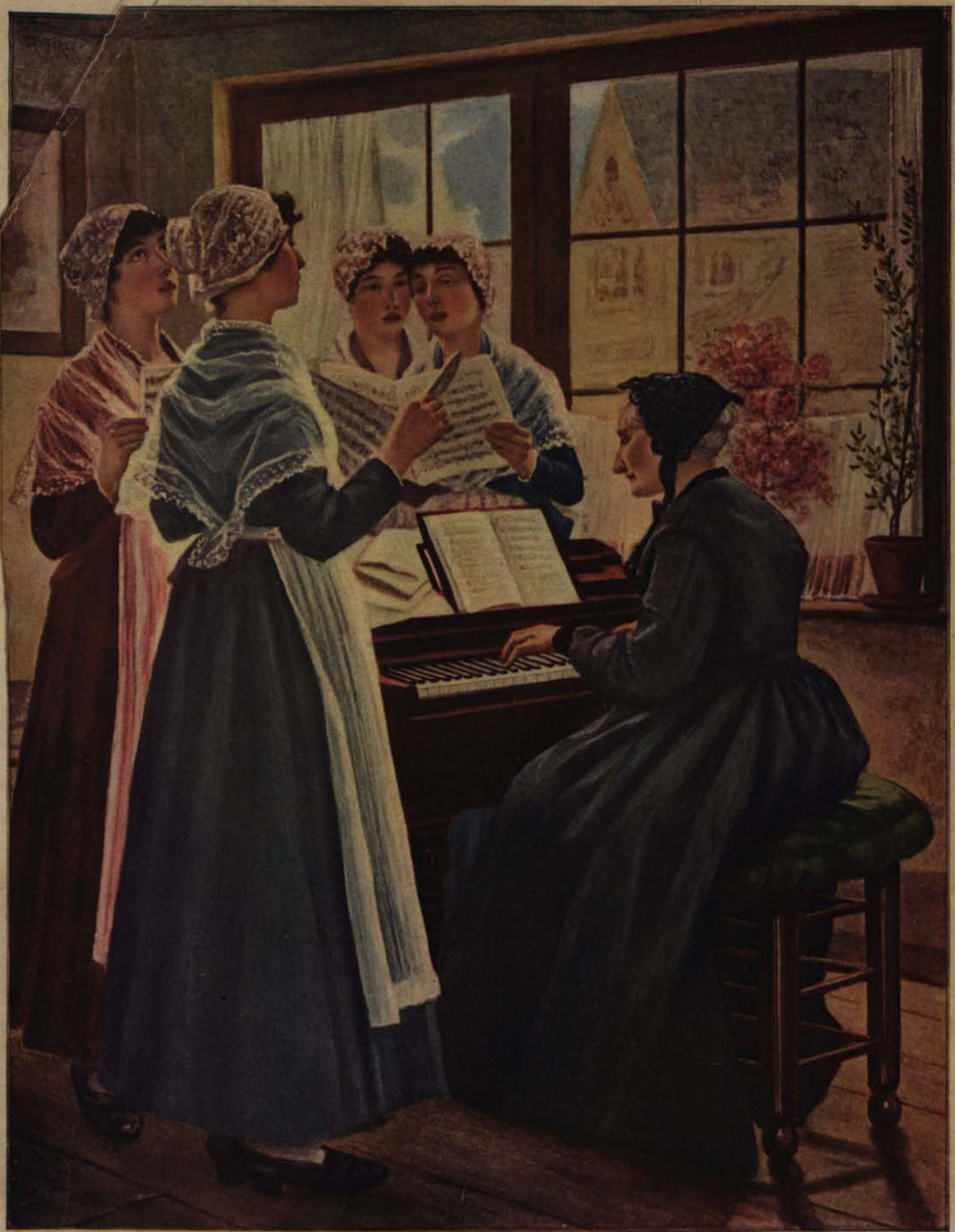
SINGING THE OLD SONGS

THE WORLD'S BEST MUSIC

FAMOUS SONGS AND THOSE WHO MADE THEM

EDITORS AND SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS

HELEN KENDRICK JOHNSON
FREDERIC DEAN

REGINALD DeKOVEN
GERRIT SMITH

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VOLUME IV

NEW YORK

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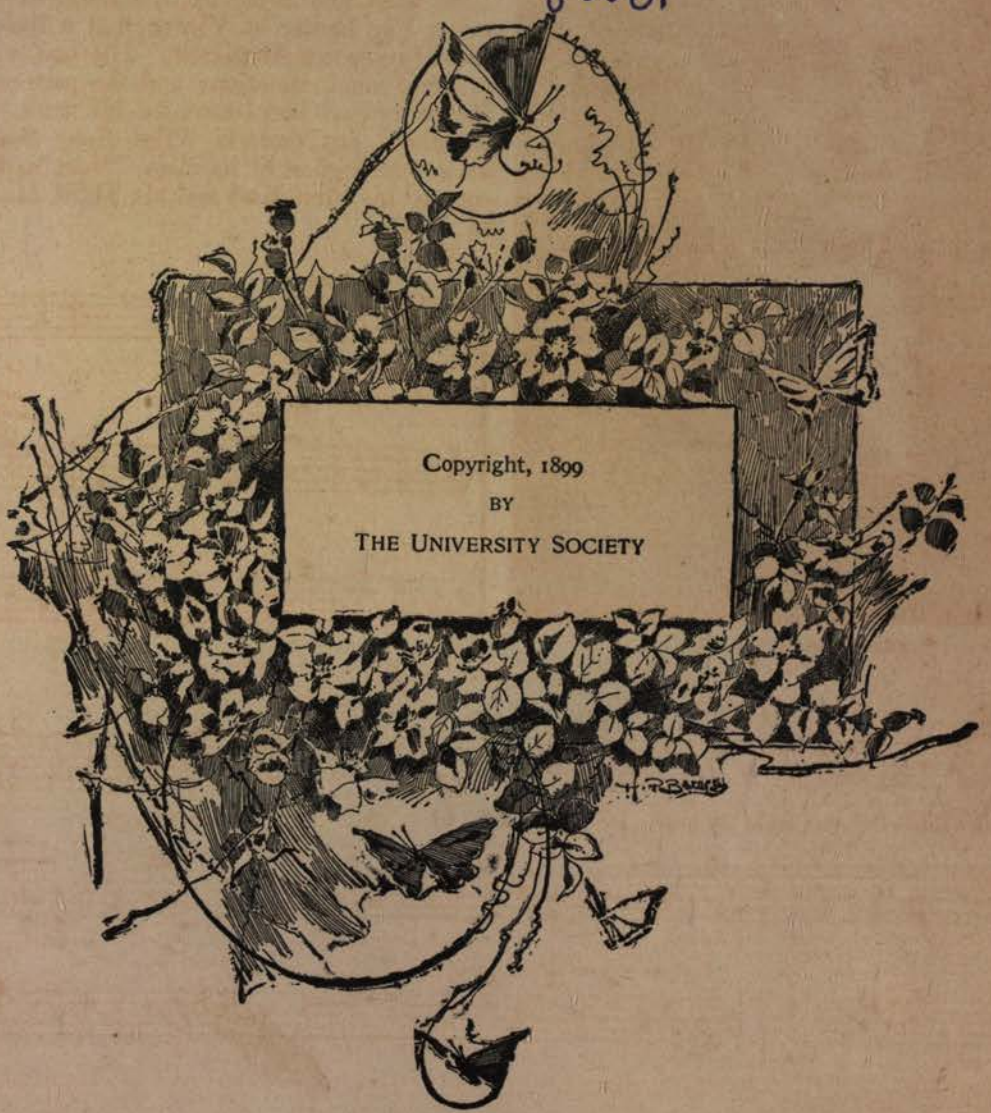

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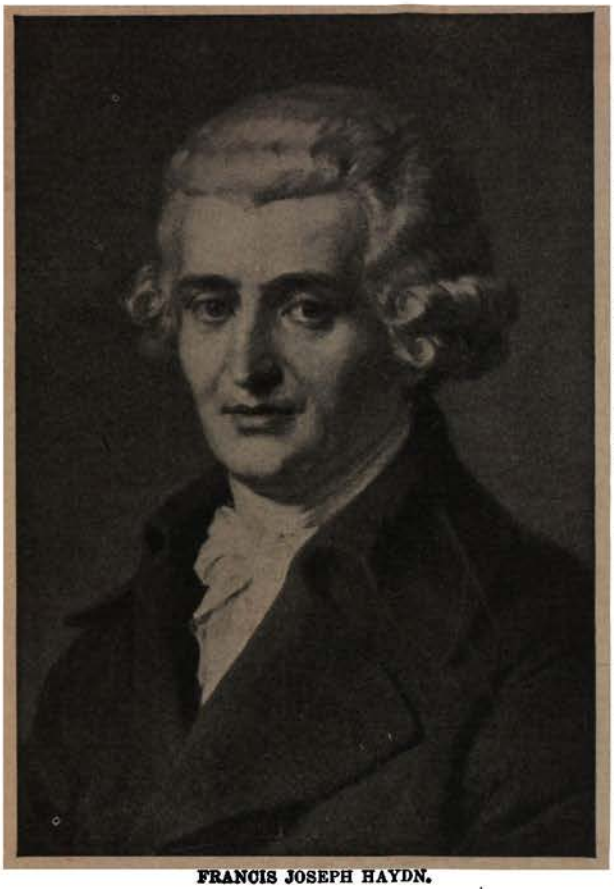
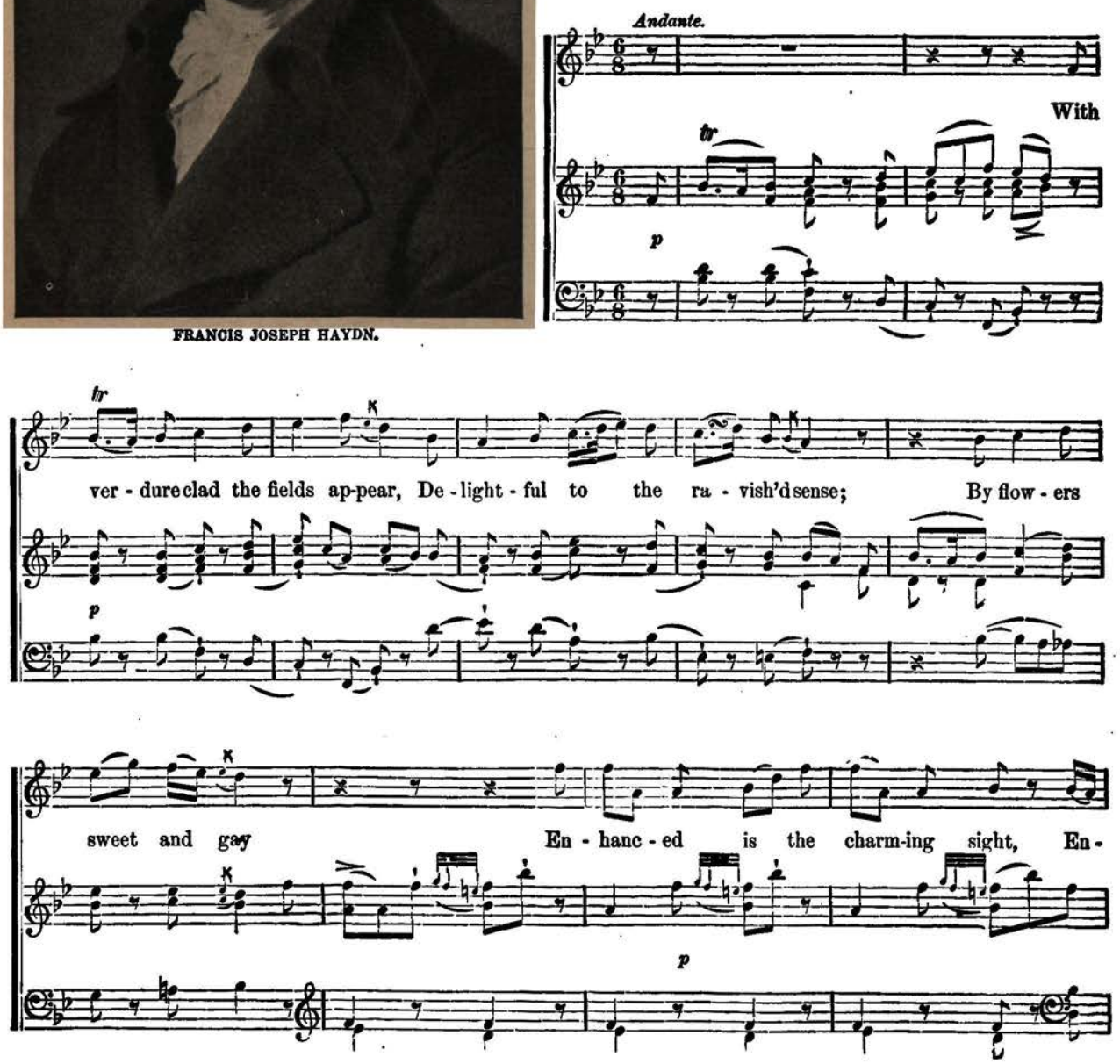
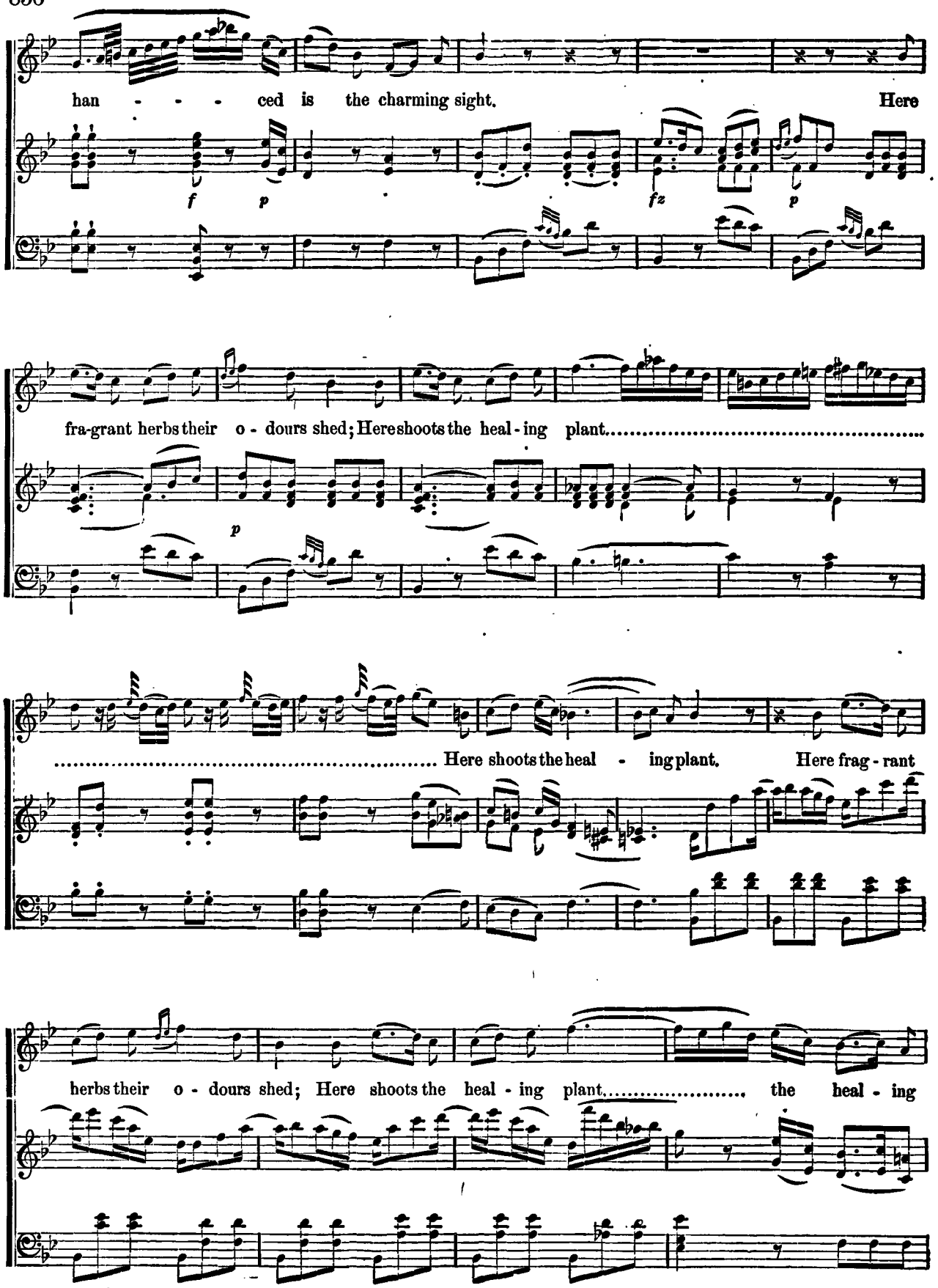


FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.

THIS air is a gem from "The Creation;" which has been pronounced the greatest composition of the greatest of all composers. FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN was born in 1732, at Rohran, a village on the Austro-Hungarian boundary. Grinding poverty and loss of voice were among the many obstacles that opposed the ambition of the young musician; but the energy of his genius overcame them, and at eighteen he found himself studying under Van Reuter at Vienna, and a little later under the old composer Metastasio. His earlier compositions attracted much attention; and the patronage of Prince Esterhazy gave him leisure for his work. After "The Creation," his oratorio "The Four Seasons" ranks among the highest of its class. Next to these may be counted his First Mass and his Third Mass. He died in 1809.

Andante.
With
tr
p
ver - dure clad the fields ap-pear, De - light - ful to the ra - vish'd sense; By flow - ers
sweet and gay En - hanc - ed is the charm-ing sight, En -

han - - - ced is the charming sight. Here
f p fz p
fra-grant herbs their o - dours shed; Here shoots the heal - ing plant.....
p
..... Here shoots the heal - ing plant. Here frag - rant
herbs their o - dours shed; Here shoots the heal - ing plant..... the heal - ing

plant,..... the heal - ing plant,..... Here shoots..... the

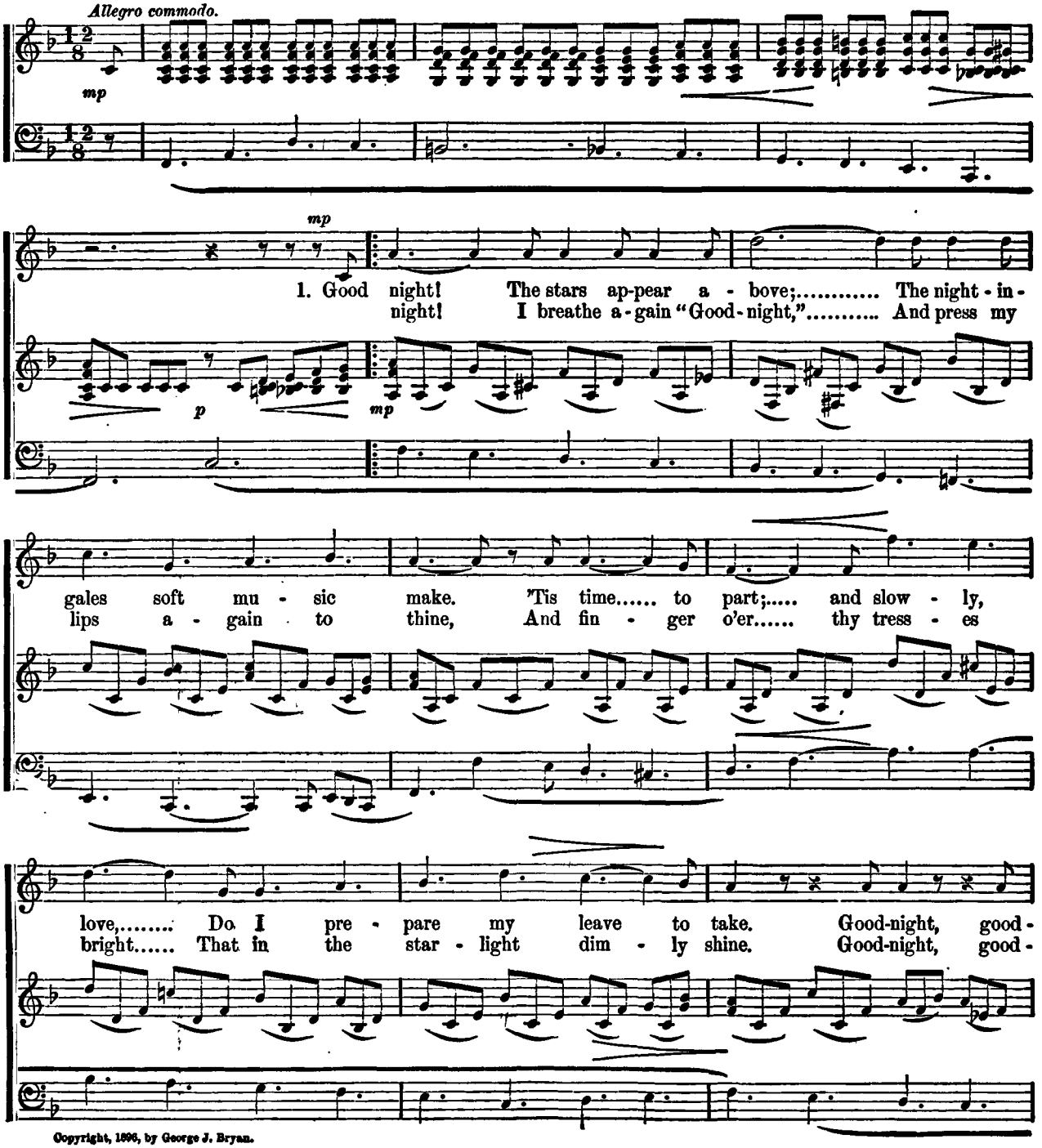
fz pp

heal - ing plant.

f

"GOOD-NIGHT, THE STARS APPEAR ABOVE."

SONG FOR TENOR.

It is not to be wondered at that the admirers of the author and composer of this song should ask, as they often do: "Under whom did you study?" Nor is it unnatural that a born musician whose parents, bitterly opposed to his having anything to do with music, not only refused to give him any musical advantages, but prevented him from benefiting by such as chance might throw in his way; who, entirely self-taught —having never had a master or teacher in any branch of music—has become noted as a musical critic, composer, conductor, instrumentalist and teacher, should be somewhat piqued at the too frequent repetition of such a question. Caryl Florio was born in Tavistock, England, in 1843, and came to the United States in 1857. As conductor of grand opera in New York and Havana; as organist of leading churches in several of our largest cities; as critic on more than one musical journal; and as composer of instrumental music of a high grade and of popular songs, he has long been well and favorably known.

Allegro commodo.
mp
1. Good night! The stars ap-pear a - bove;..... The night - in -
night! I breathe a - gain "Good - night,"..... And press my
p
mp
gales soft mu - sic make. 'Tis time..... to part;..... and slow - ly,
lips a - gain to thine, And fin - ger o'er..... thy tress - es
love,..... Do I pre - pare my leave to take. Good-night, good -
bright..... That in the star - light dim - ly shine. Good-night, good -

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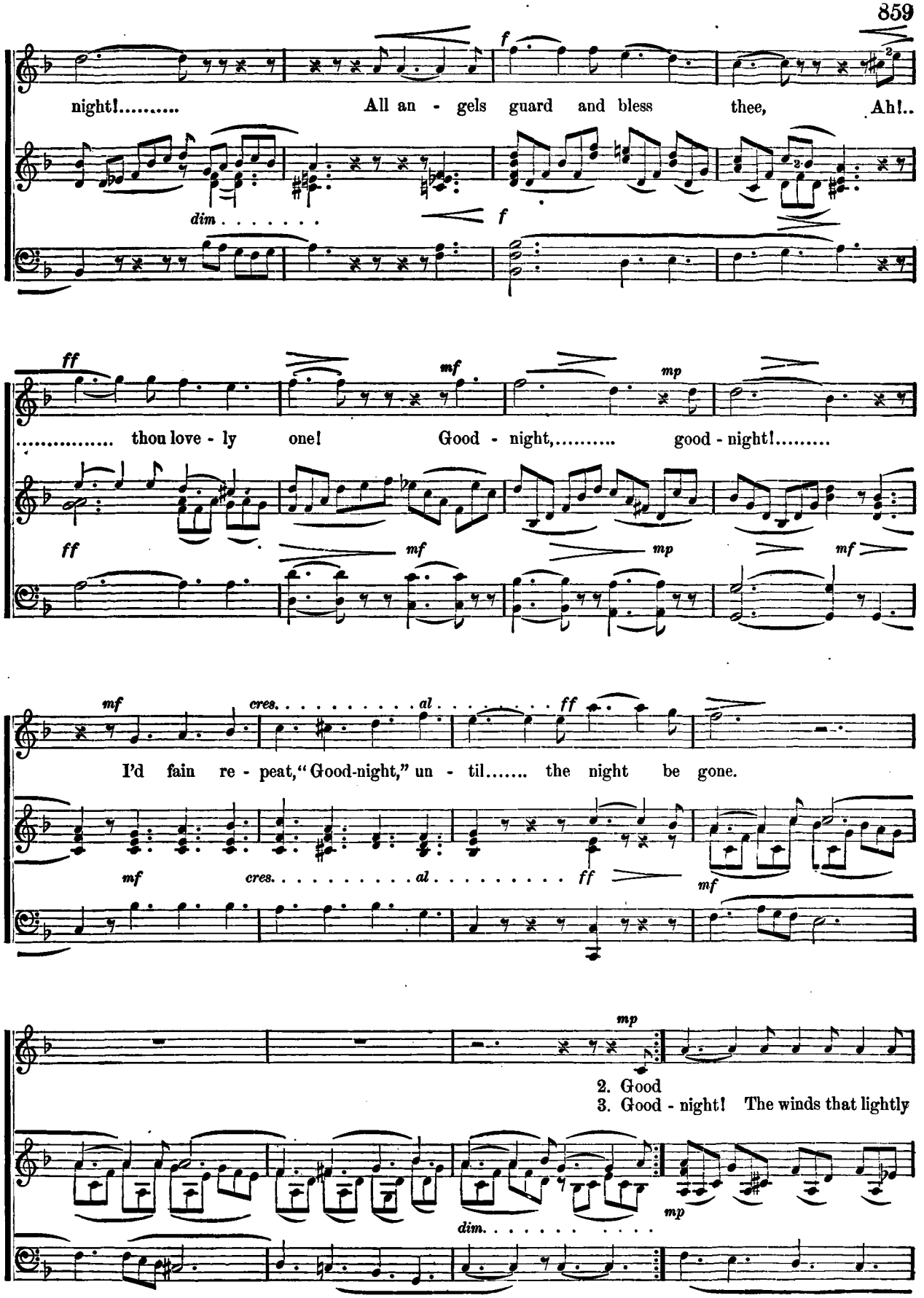
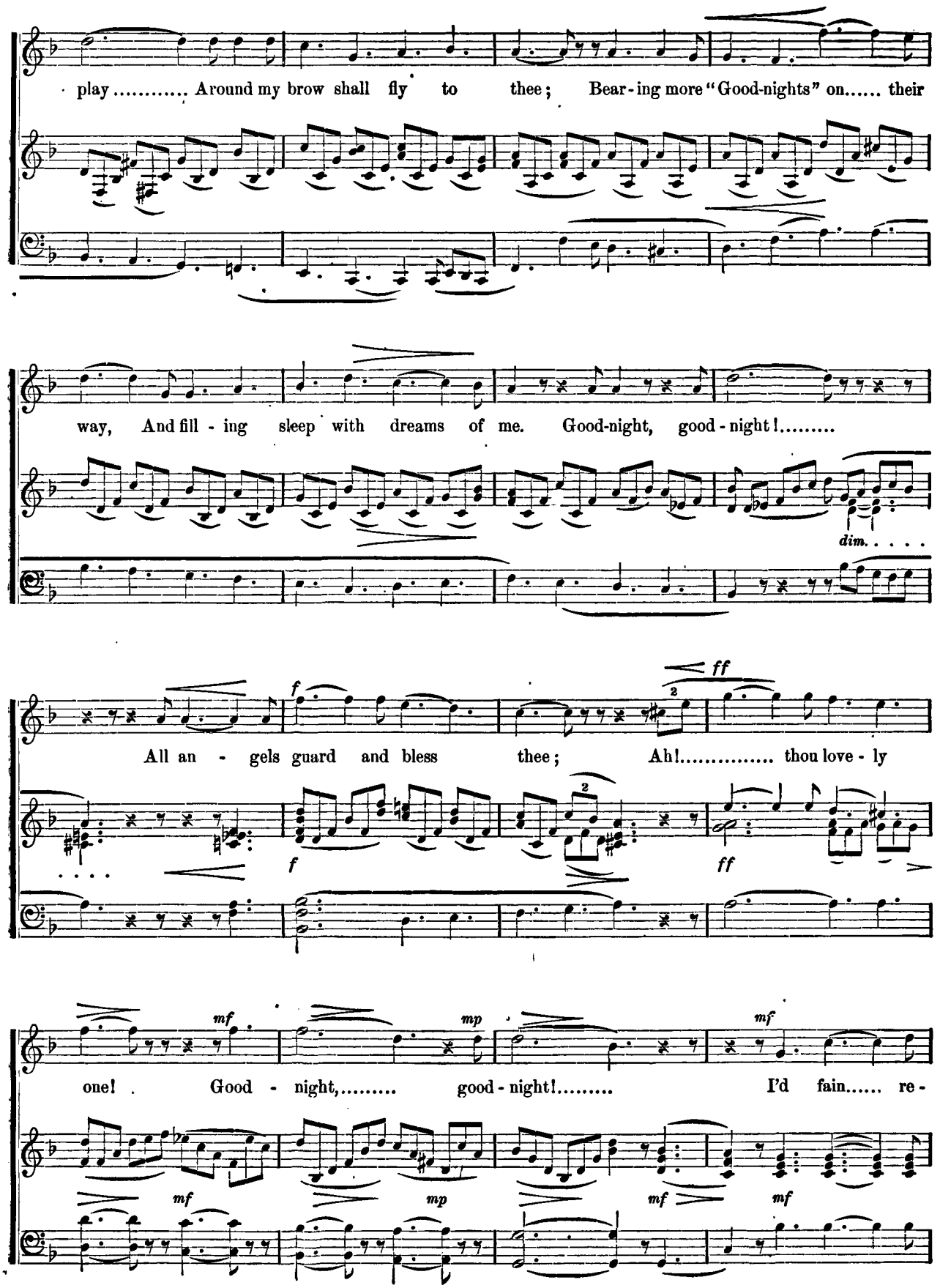
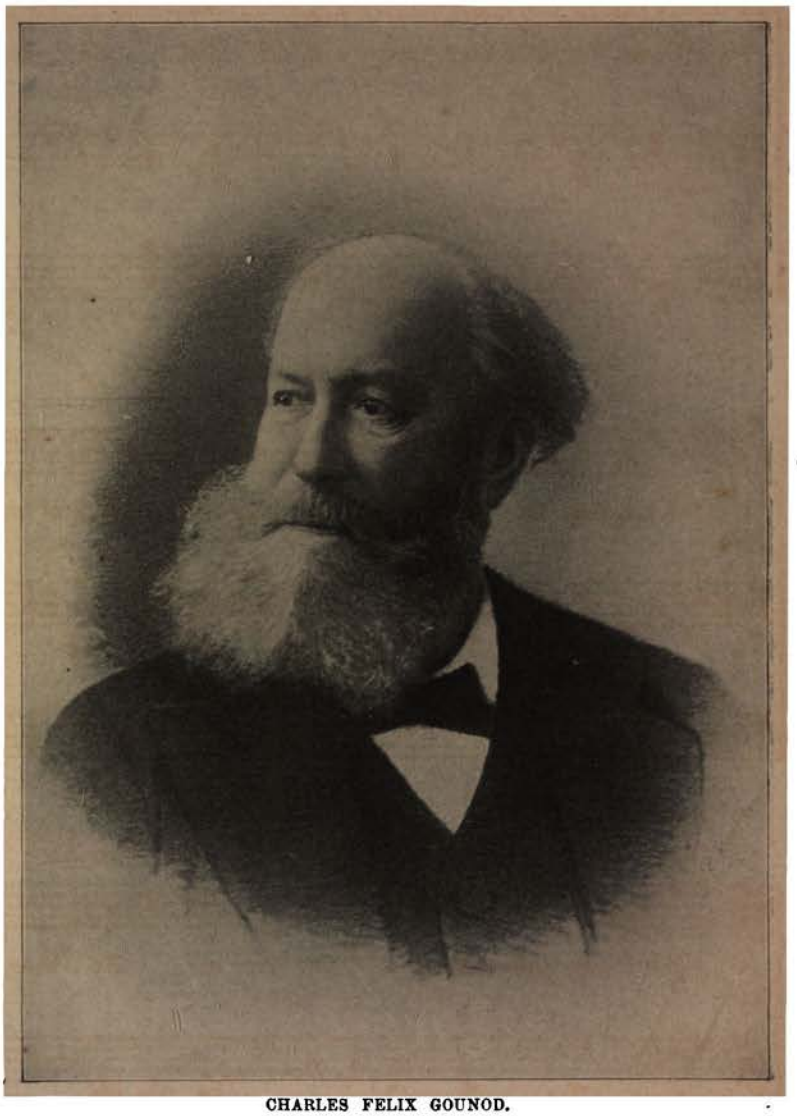

night!..... All an - gels guard and bless thee, Ah!..
dim.
f
f
ff
..... thou love - ly one! Good - night,..... good - night!.....
ff
mf
mp
mf
mf
cres. al ff
I'd fain re - peat, "Good-night," un - til..... the night be gone.
mf
cres. al ff
mf
mp
2. Good
3. Good - night! The winds that lightly
dim.
mp

play ..... Around my brow shall fly to thee; Bear-ing more "Good-nights" on..... their
way, And fill-ing sleep with dreams of me. Good-night, good-night!.....
dim. . . . .
All an-gels guard and bless thee; Ah!..... thou love-ly
one! Good-night,..... good-night!..... I'd fain..... re-

peat,..... I'd fain... re - peat,..... .... "Good - night,"

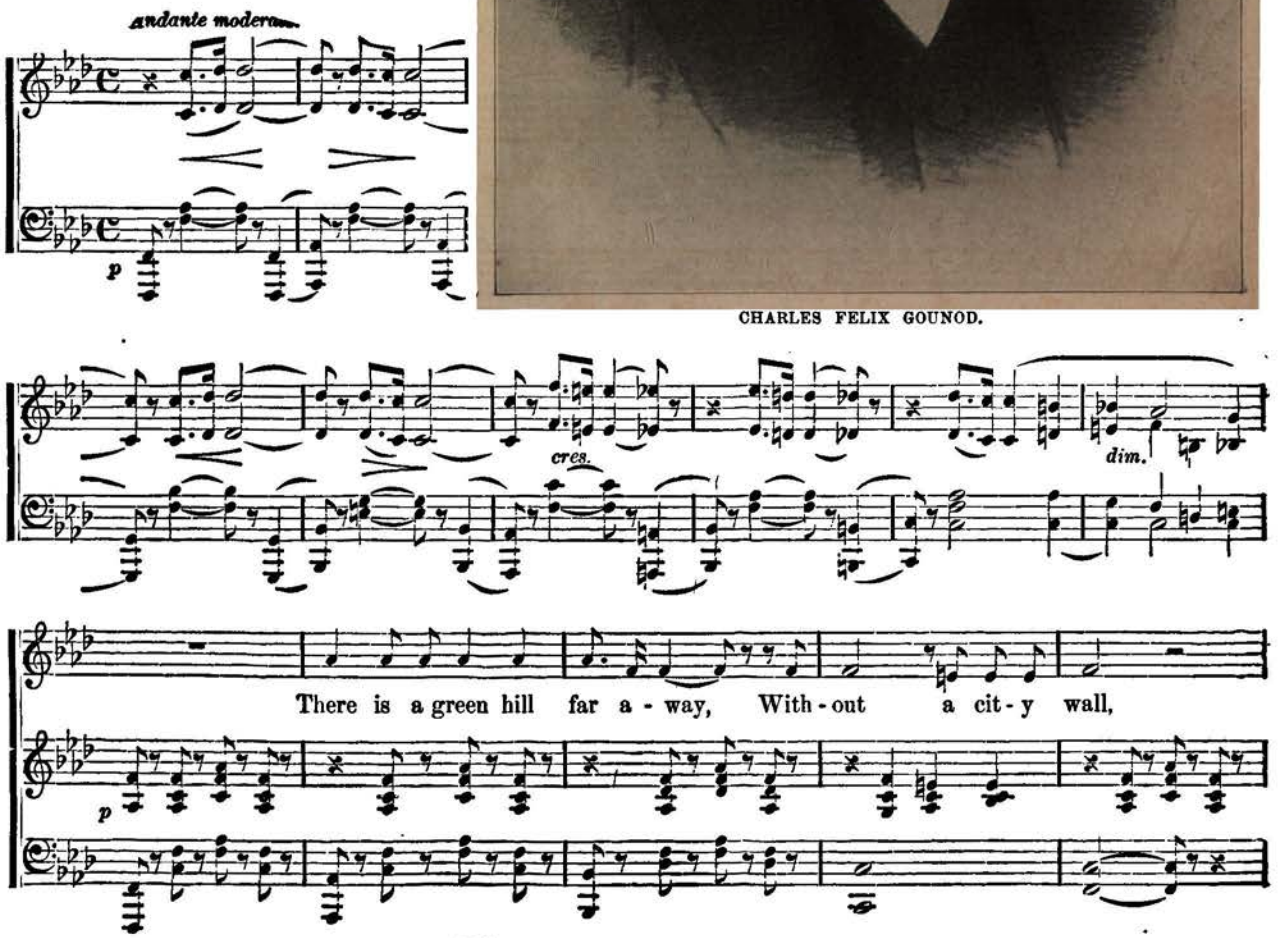
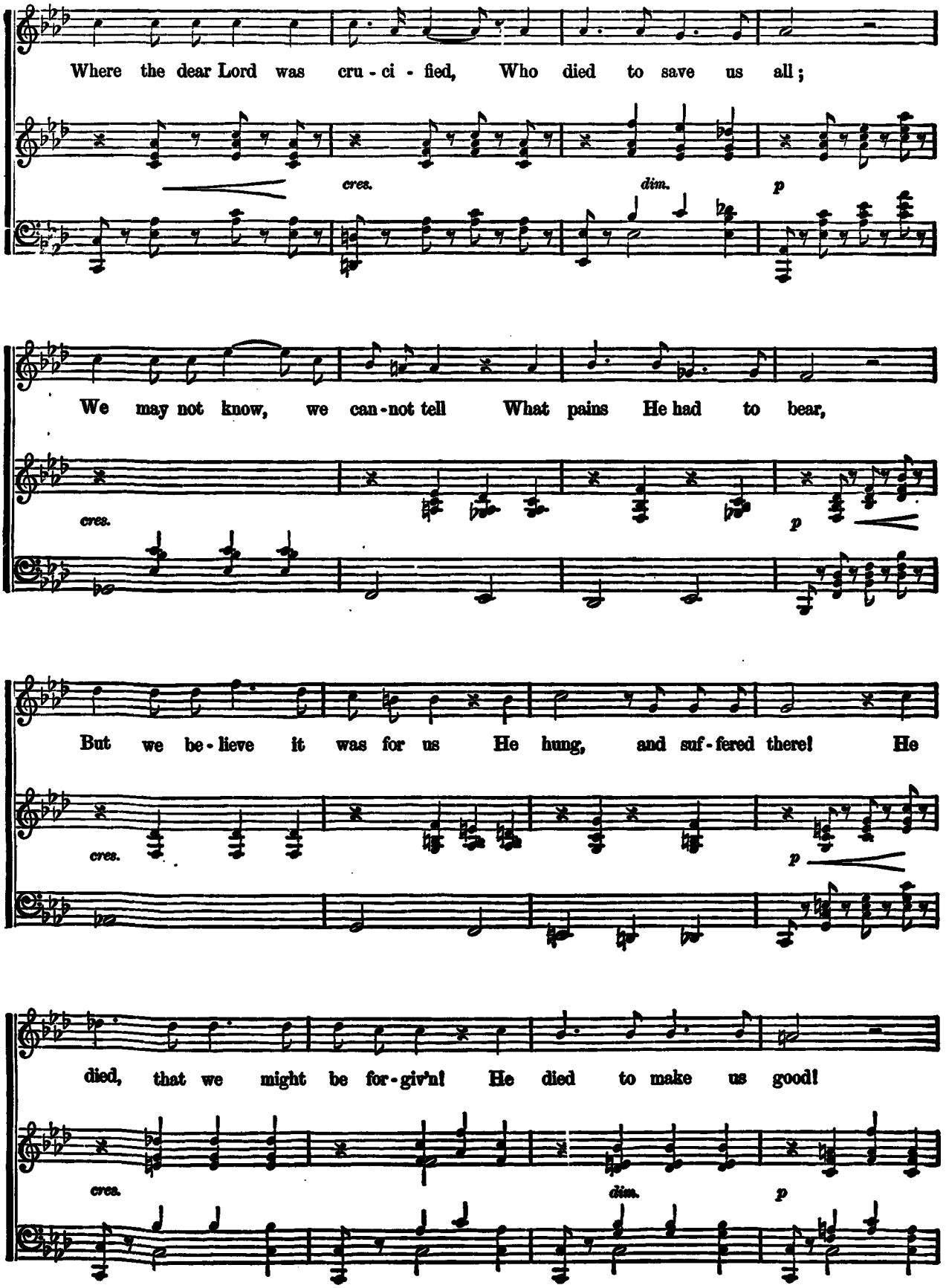
un - til the night, the night be done.

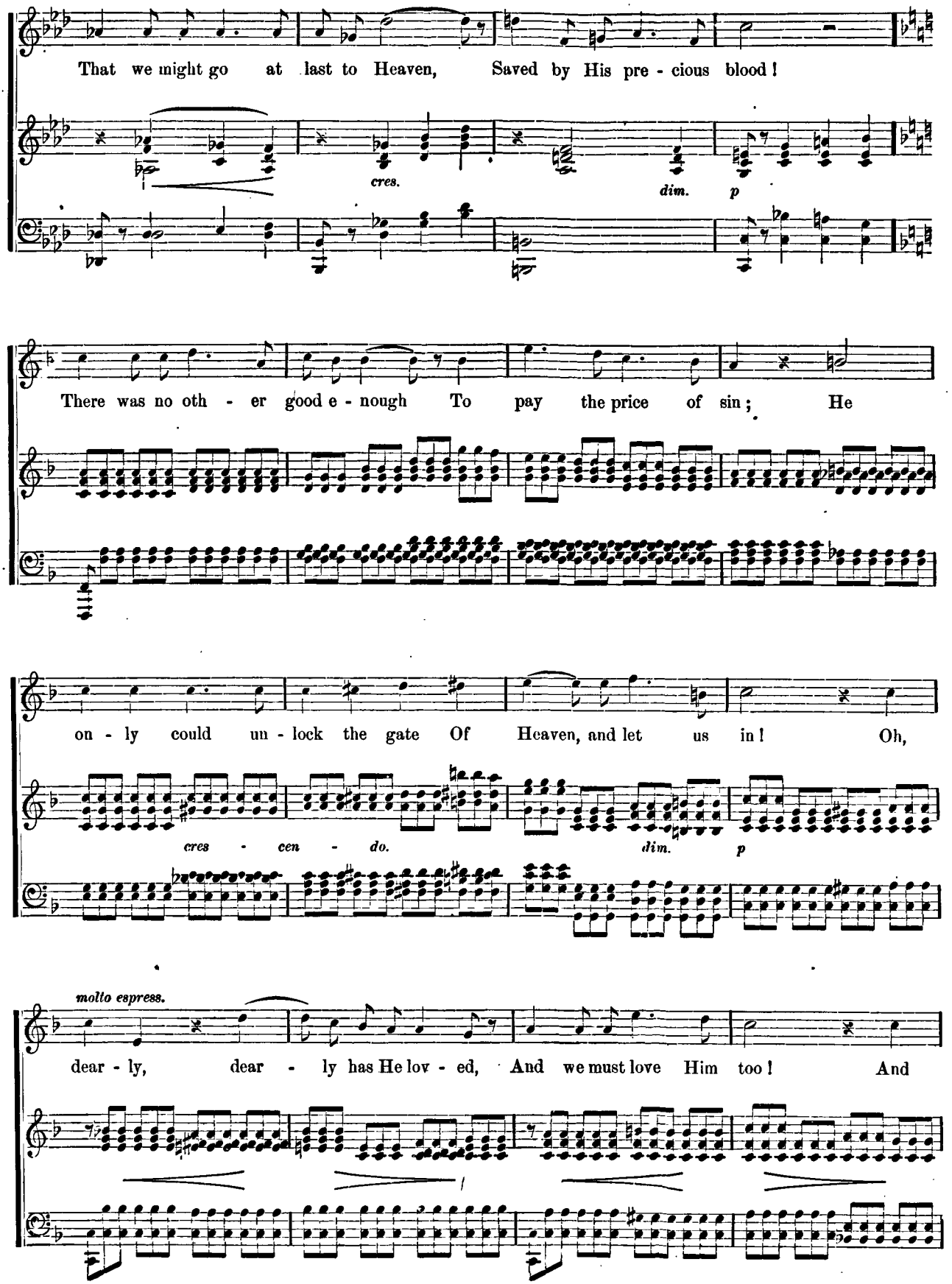
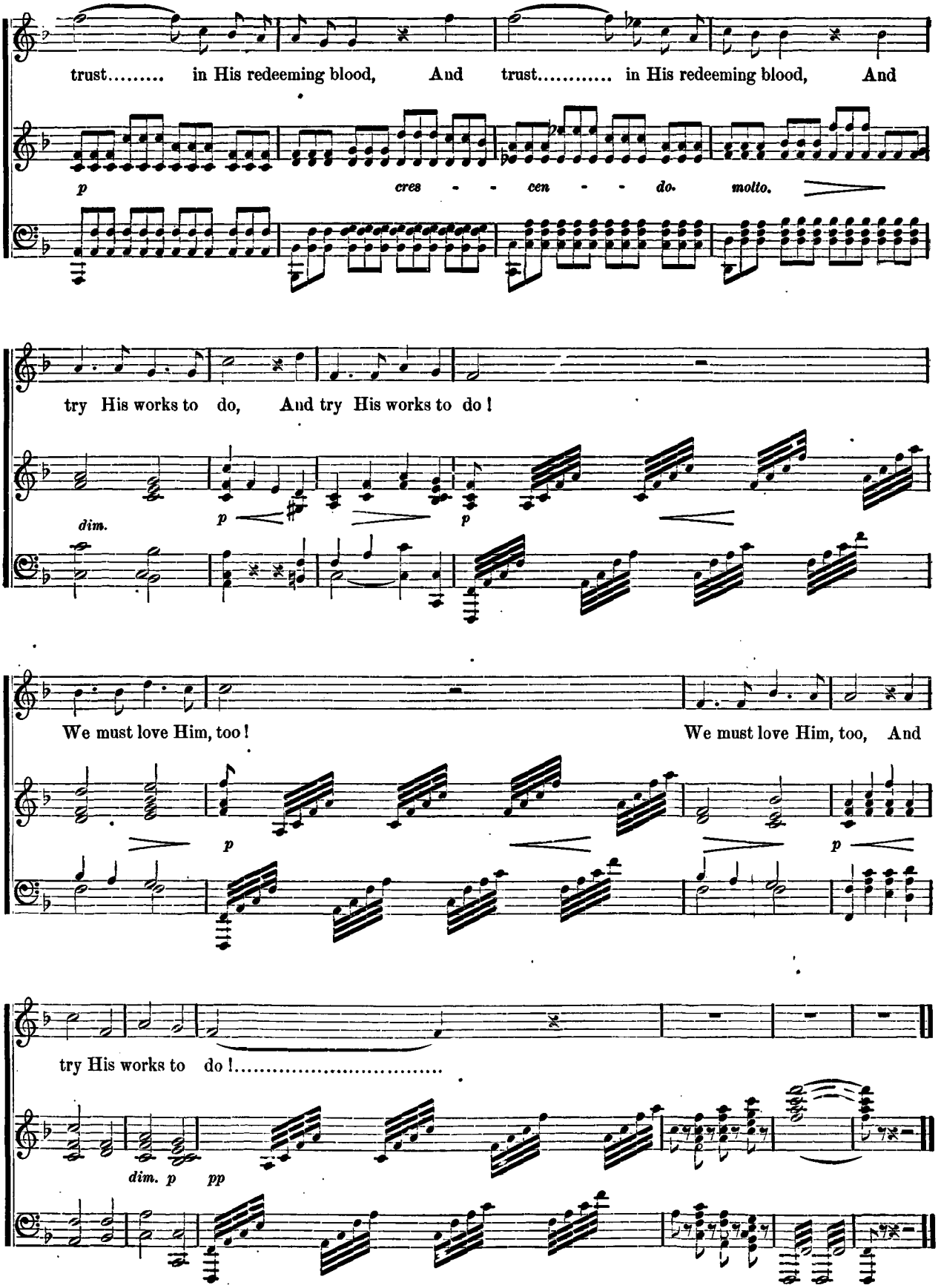
THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

THE words of this song have proved so acceptable to the world of singers that many composers have been led to write musical settings for them. Among the solo compositions none is more acceptable than that of the French composer, CHARLES FELIX GOUNOD, which is here given. The poem was written by MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, whose maiden name was Humphreys, born in Strabane, Ireland, in 1830, and in 1850 married to the Rev. William Alexander, afterwards Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, and himself a meritorious poet. Mrs. Alexander's poems were principally devotional writings and verses for children, many of which have been collected and published with illustrations as gift books. Between ten and twenty volumes from her pen have found acceptance with the public.



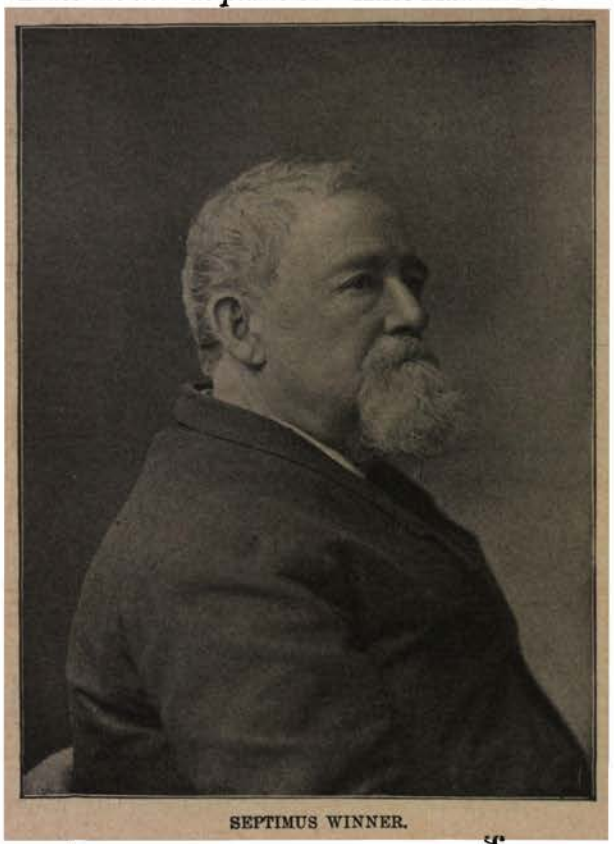
CHARLES FELIX GOUNOD.



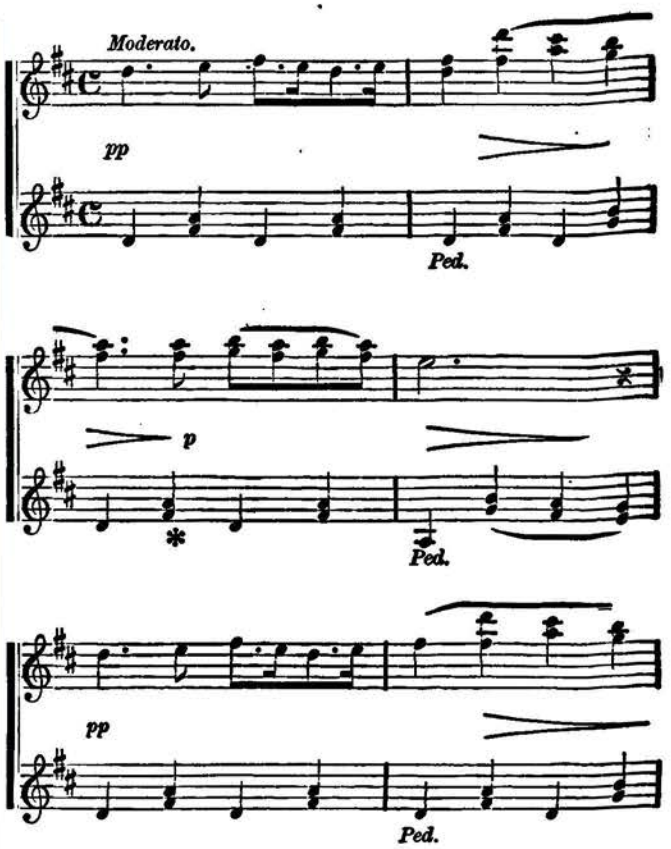
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all;
cres.
dim.
p
We may not know, we can-not tell What pains He had to bear,
cres.
p
But we be-lieve it was for us He hung, and suf-fered there! He
cres.
p
died, that we might be for-giv'n! He died to make us good!
cres.
dim.
p

That we might go at last to Heaven, Saved by His pre - cious blood!
cres.
dim.
p
There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin; He
on - ly could un - lock the gate Of Heaven, and let us in! Oh,
cres - cen - do.
dim.
p
molto espress.
dear - ly, dear - ly has He lov - ed, And we must love Him too! And

trust..... in His redeeming blood, And trust..... in His redeeming blood, And
p cres - - cen - - do. molto.
try His works to do, And try His works to do!
dim. p p
We must love Him, too! We must love Him, too, And
p p
try His works to do!.....
dim. p pp

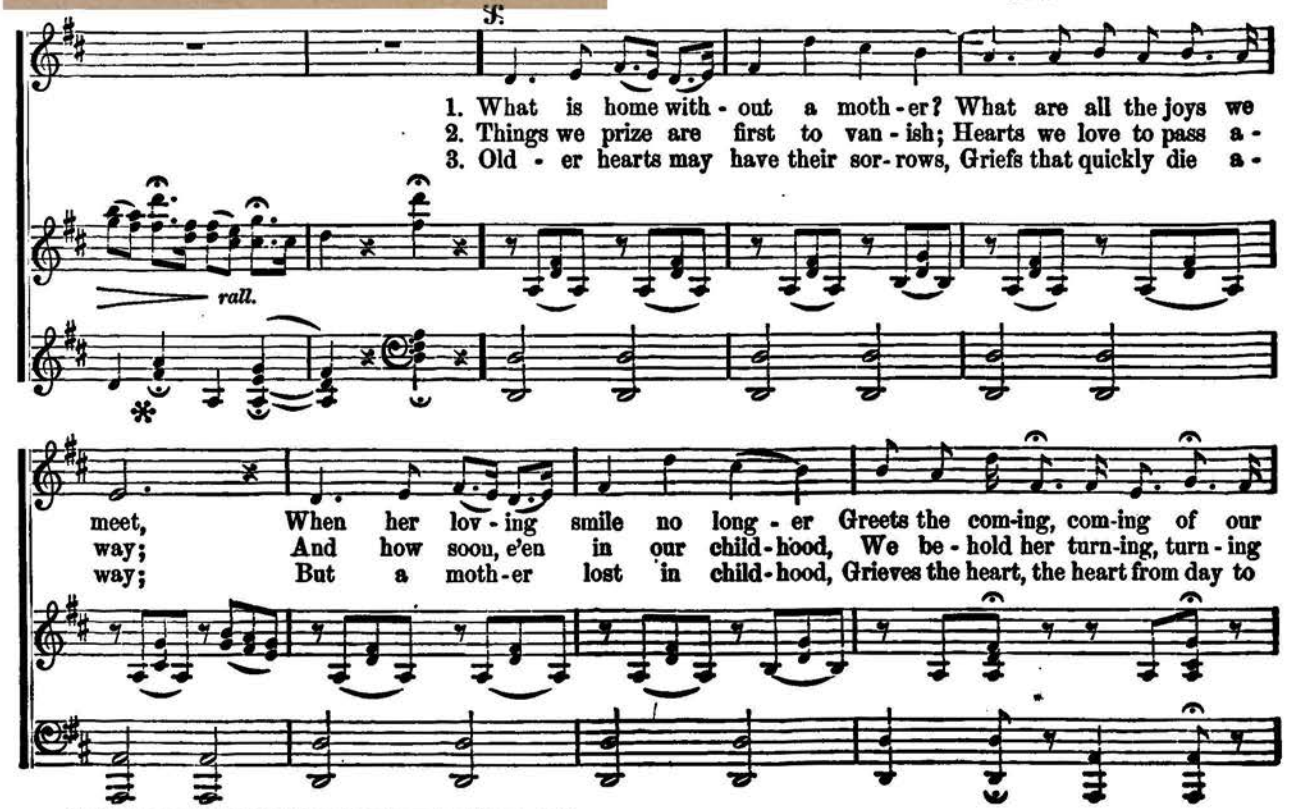
WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER?

THE words and music of this sweet old song of home and mother were written by SEP. WINNER, under the *nom de plume* of "Alice Hawthorne."



SEPTIMUS WINNER.




F.
1. What is home with - out a moth - er? What are all the joys we
2. Things we prize are first to van - ish; Hearts we love to pass a -
3. Old - er hearts may have their sor - rows, Griefs that quickly die a -
rall.
meet, When her lov - ing smile no long - er Greets the com-ing, com-ing of our
way; And how soon, e'en in our child - hood, We be - hold her turn-ing, turn - ing
way; But a moth - er lost in child - hood, Grieves the heart, the heart from day to

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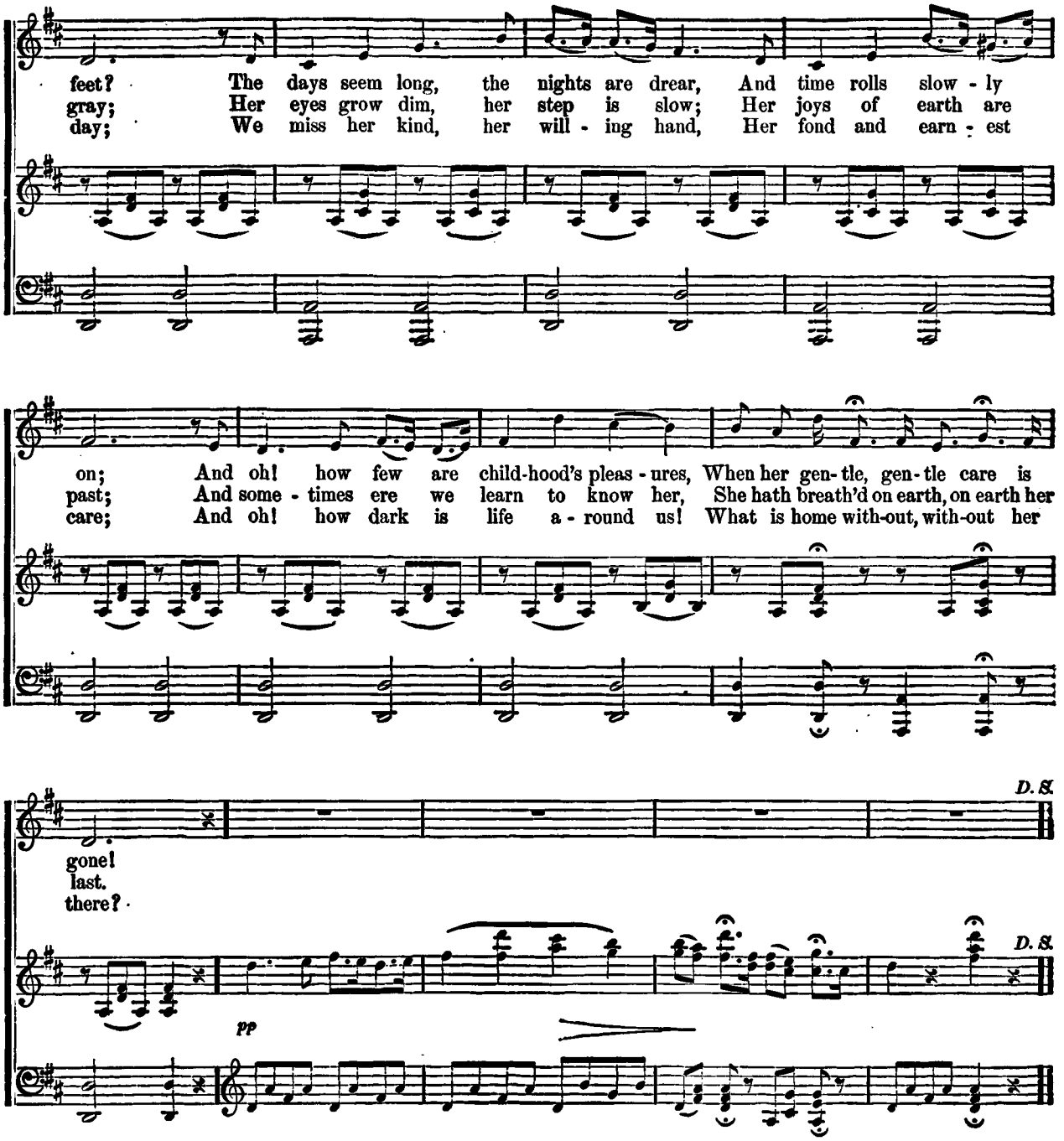
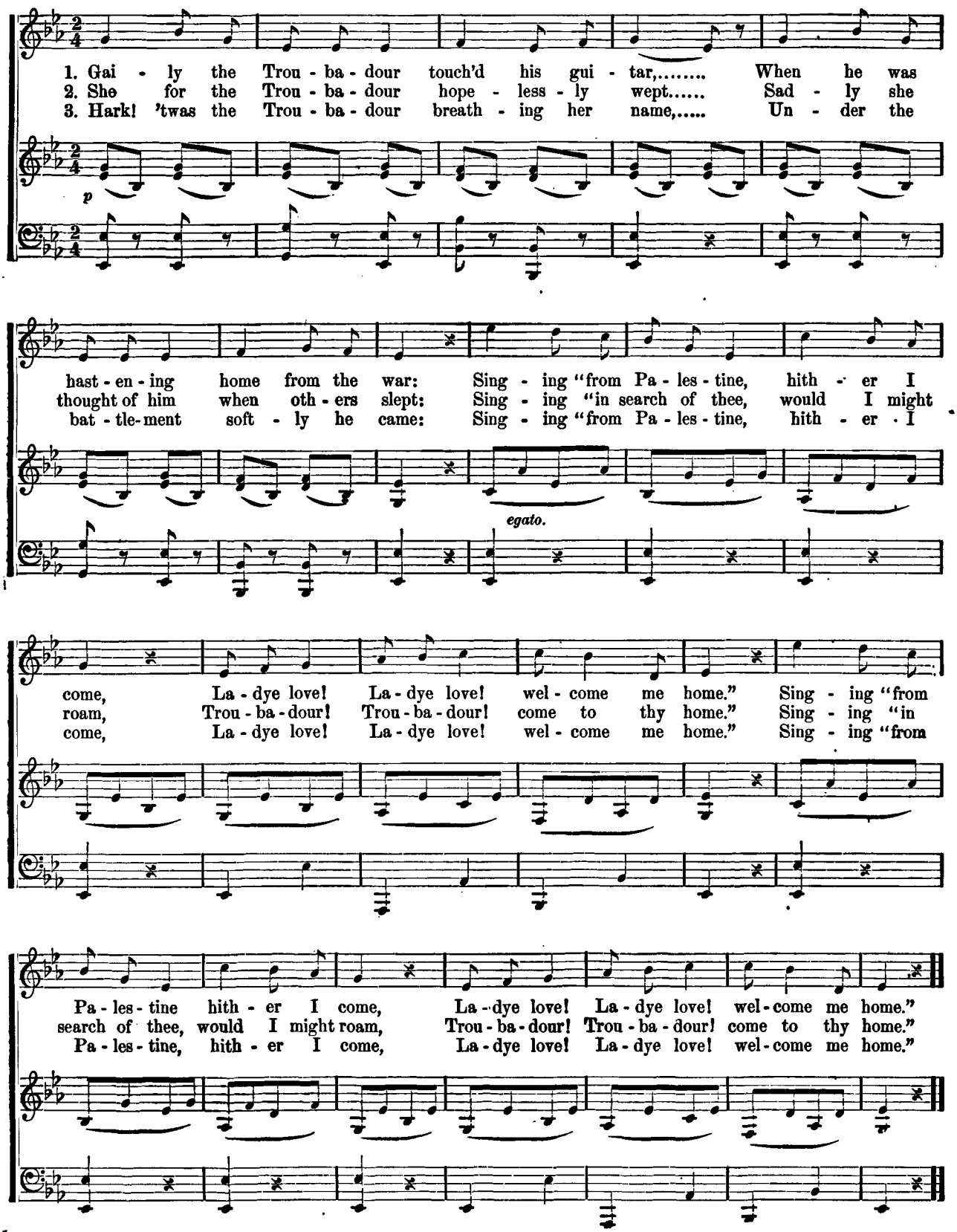

feet? The days seem long, the nights are drear, And time rolls slow - ly
gray; Her eyes grow dim, her step is slow; Her joys of earth are
day; We miss her kind, her will - ing hand, Her fond and earn - est
on; And oh! how few are child-hood's pleas - ures, When her gen- tle, gen- tle care is
past; And some - times ere we learn to know her, She hath breath'd on earth, on earth her
care; And oh! how dark is life a - round us! What is home with-out, with-out her
D. S.
gone!
last.
there?
pp
D. S.

What is home without a mother?
What are all the joys we meet,
When her loving smile no longer
Greets the coming, coming of our feet?
The days seem long, the nights are drear,
And time rolls slowly on;
And oh! how few are childhood's pleasures,
When her gentle, gentle care is gone!

Things we prize are first to vanish;
Hearts we love to pass away;
And how soon, e'en in our childhood,
We behold her turning, turning gray;
Her eyes grow dim, her step is slow;
Her joys of earth are past;
And sometimes ere we learn to know her,
She hath breathed on earth, on earth her last.

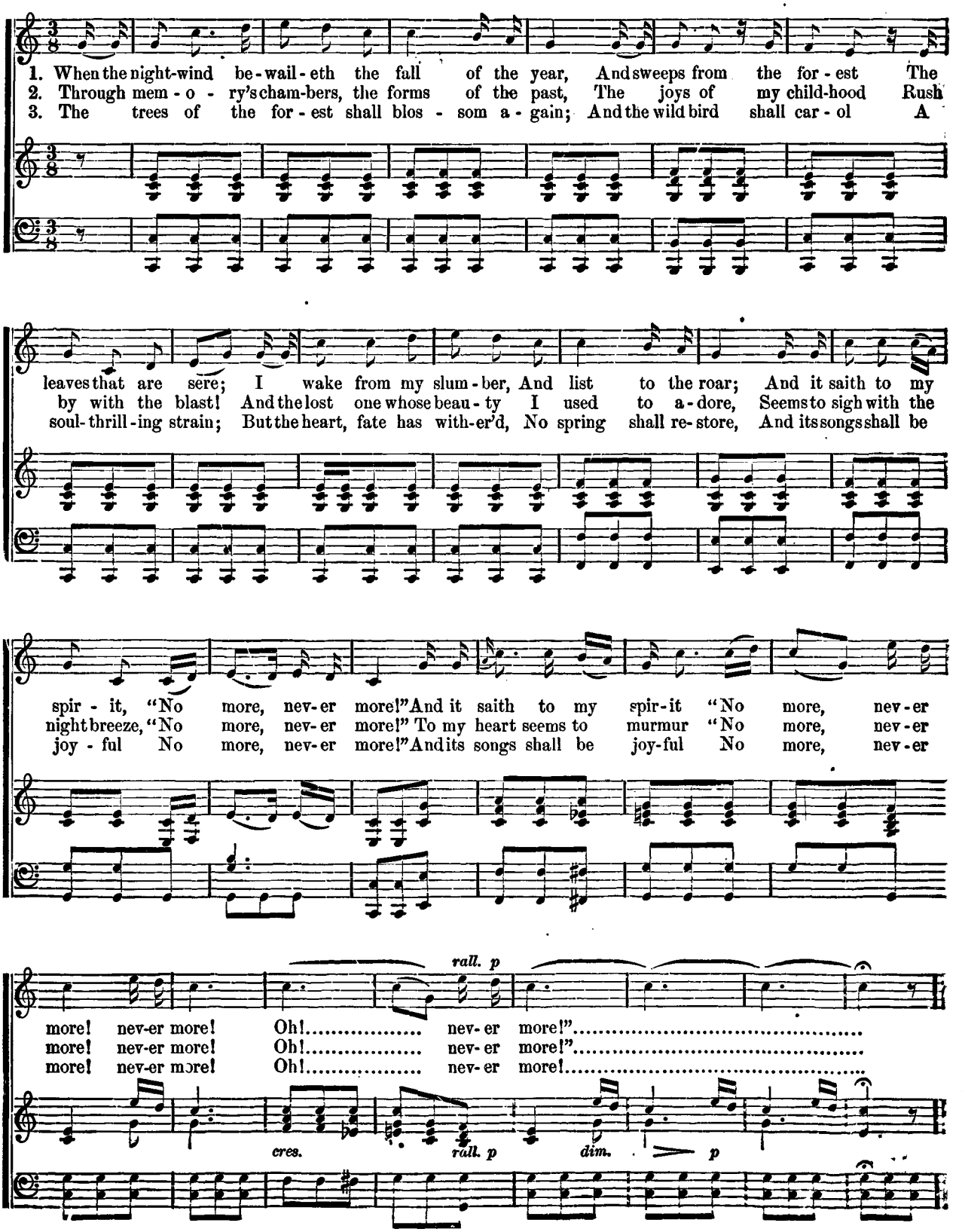
Older hearts may have their sorrows,
Griefs that quickly die away;
But a mother lost in childhood,
Grieves the heart, the heart from day to day;
We miss her kind, her willing hand,
Her fond and earnest care;
And oh! how dark is life around us!
What is home without, without her there?

GAILY THE TROUBADOUR.

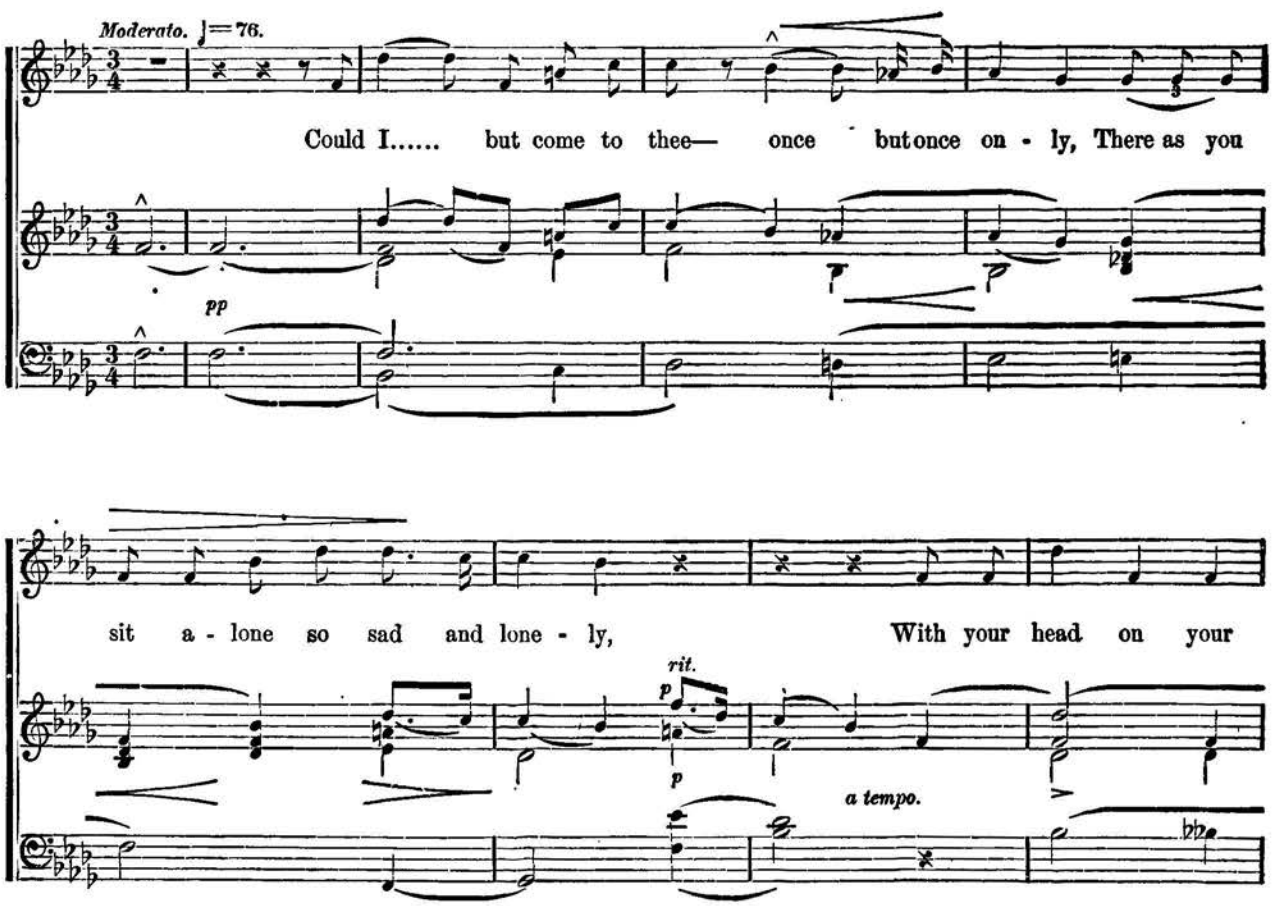
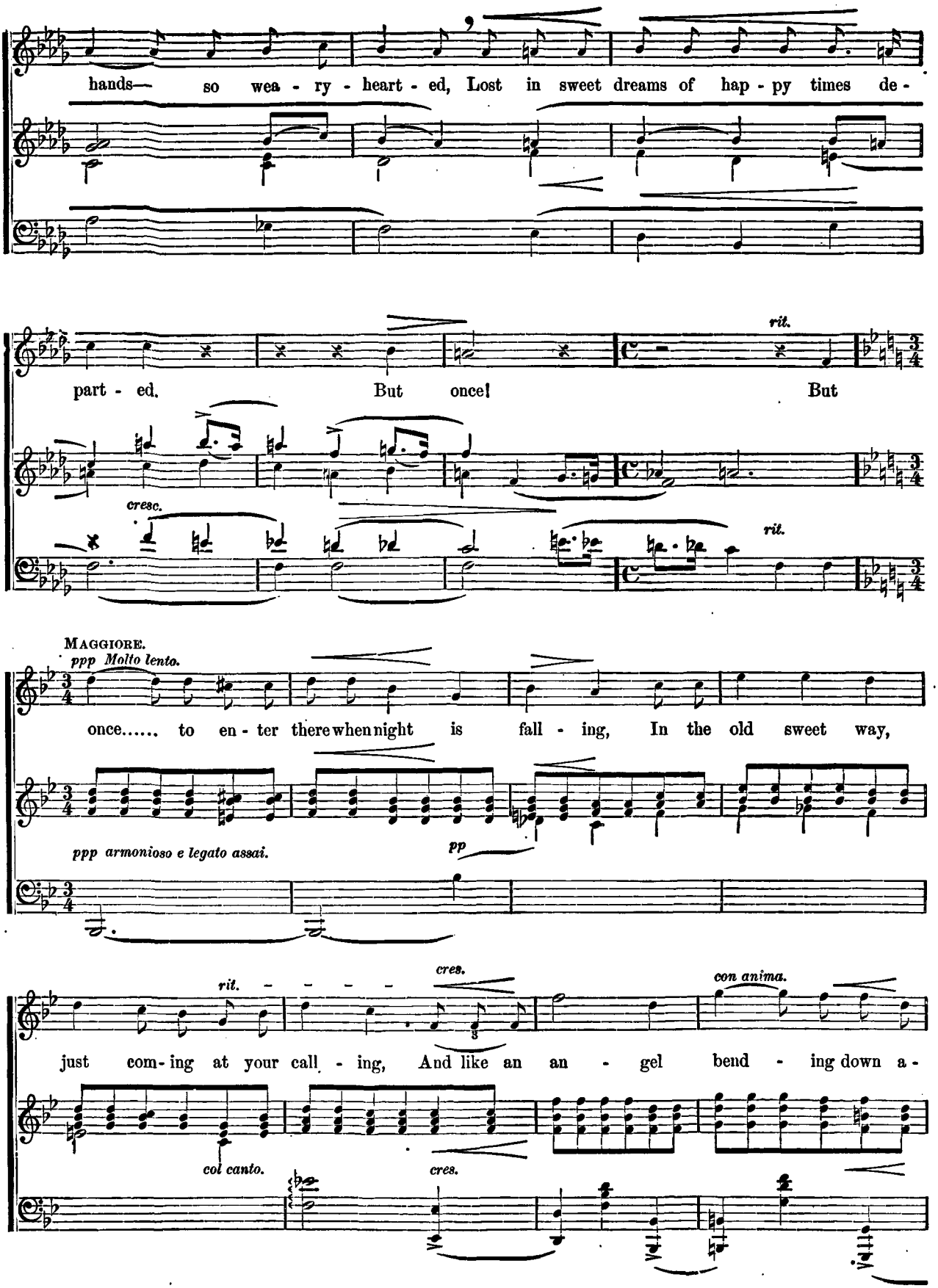
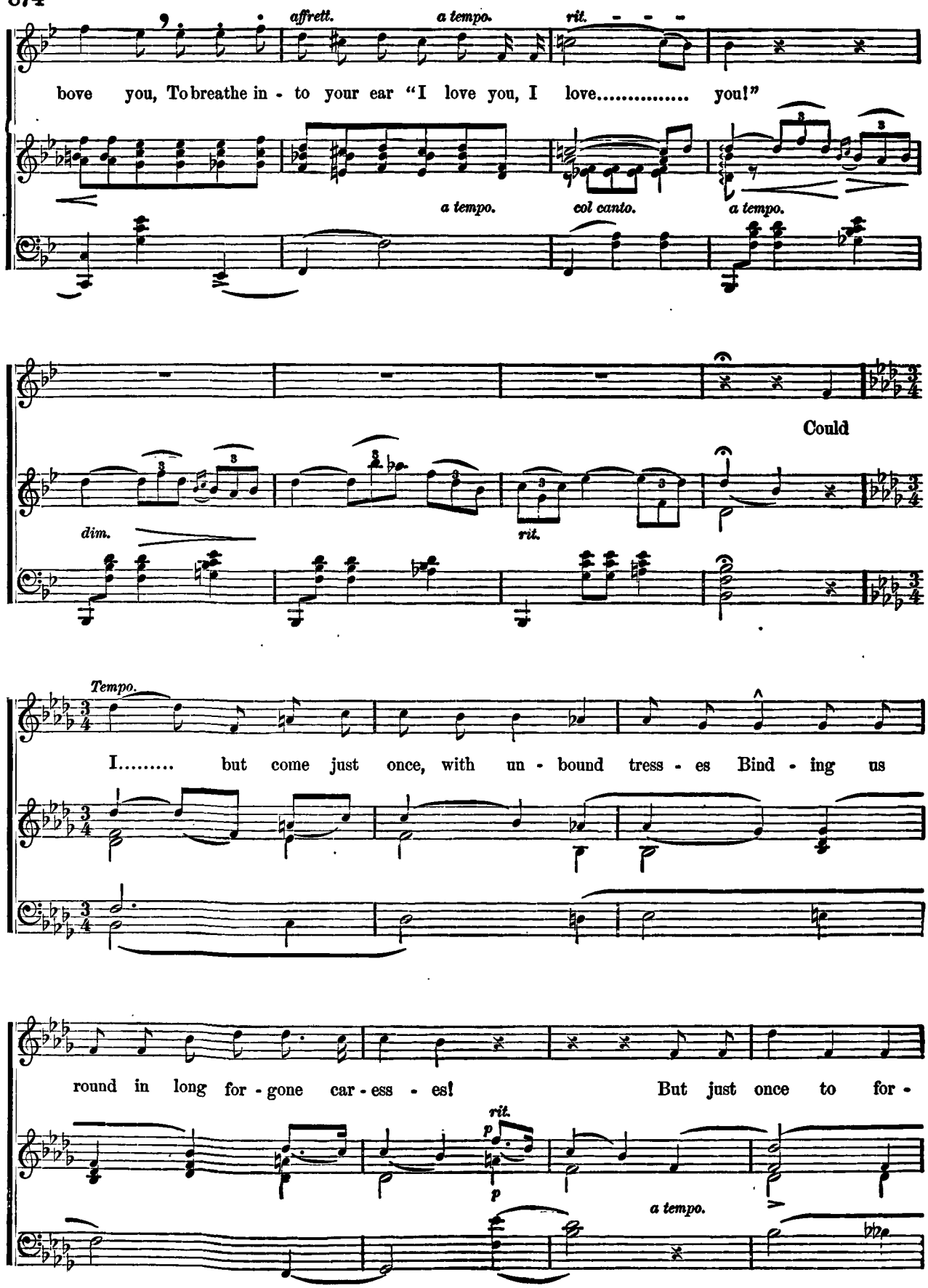
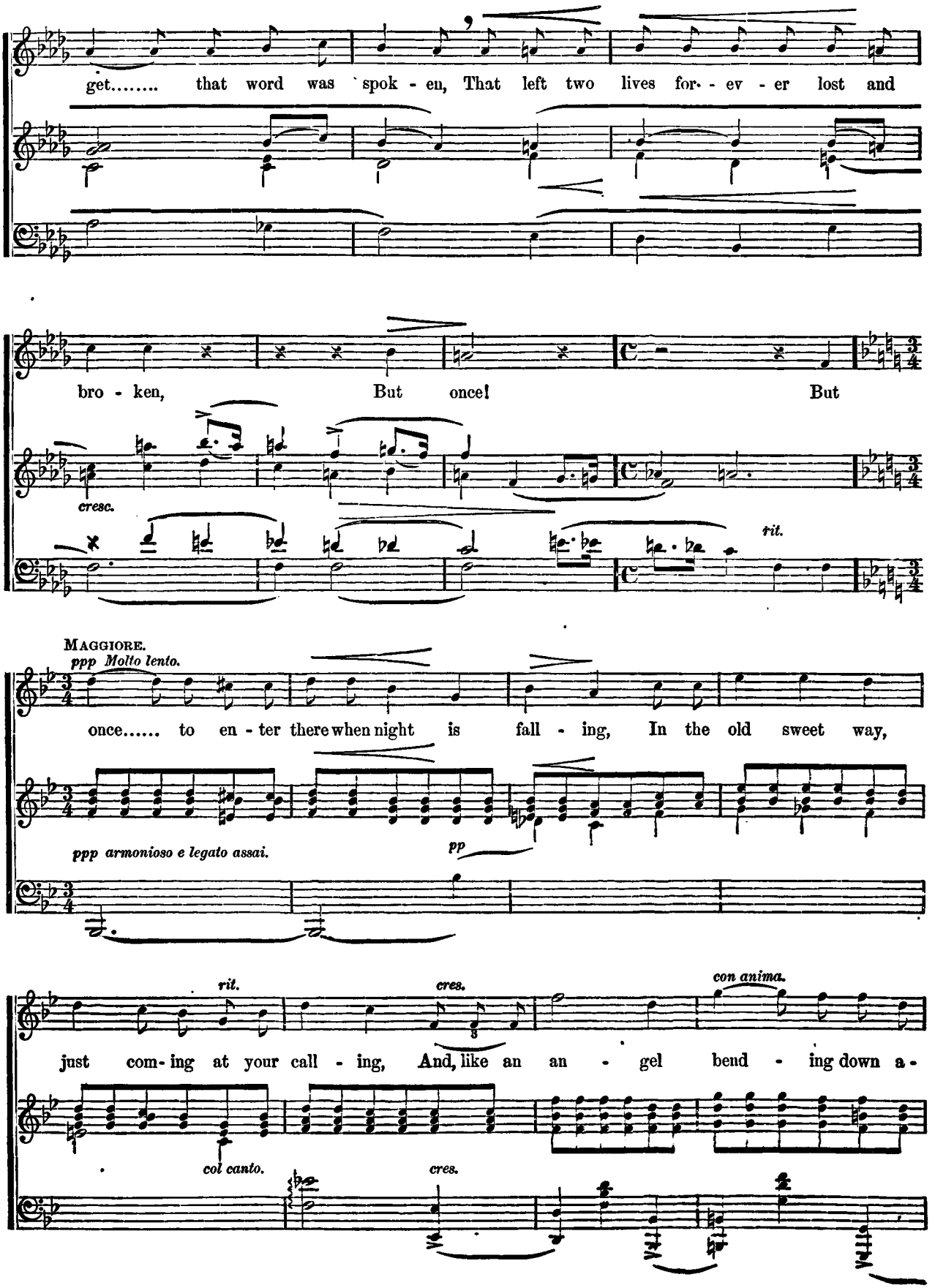
BOTH the words and the music of this song were made by THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

1. Gai - ly the Trou - ba - dour touch'd his gui - tar,..... When he was
2. She for the Trou - ba - dour hope - less - ly wept..... Sad - ly she
3. Hark! 'twas the Trou - ba - dour breath - ing her name,..... Un - der the
p
hast - en - ing home from the war: Sing - ing "from Pa - les - tine, hith - er I
thought of him when oth - ers slept: Sing - ing "in search of thee, would I might
bat - tle-ment soft - ly he came: Sing - ing "from Pa - les - tine, hith - er I
egato.
come, La - dye love! La - dye love! wel - come me home." Sing - ing "from
roam, Trou - ba - dour! Trou - ba - dour! come to thy home." Sing - ing "in
come, La - dye love! La - dye love! wel - come me home." Sing - ing "from
Pa - les - tine hith - er I come, La - dye love! La - dye love! wel - come me home."
search of thee, would I might roam, Trou - ba - dour! Trou - ba - dour! come to thy home."
Pa - les - tine, hith - er I come, La - dye love! La - dye love! wel - come me home."

"WHEN THE NIGHT WIND BEWAILETH!"

WHEN THE NIGHT-WIND BEWAILETH.

THE words of this song were written by EPES SARGENT, and the music was composed by WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER.

1. When the night-wind be-wail-eth the fall of the year, And sweeps from the for-est The
2. Through mem-o-ry's cham-bers, the forms of the past, The joys of my child-hood Rush
3. The trees of the for-est shall blos-som a-gain; And the wild bird shall car-ol A
leaves that are sere; I wake from my slum-ber, And list to the roar; And it saith to my
by with the blast! And the lost one whose beau-ty I used to a-dore, Seems to sigh with the
soul-thrill-ing strain; But the heart, fate has with-er'd, No spring shall re-store, And its songs shall be
spir-it, "No more, nev-er more!" And it saith to my spir-it "No more, nev-er
night breeze, "No more, nev-er more!" To my heart seems to murmur "No more, nev-er
joy-ful No more, nev-er more!" And its songs shall be joy-ful No more, nev-er
rall. p
more! nev-er more! Oh!..... nev-er more!".....
more! nev-er more! Oh!..... nev-er more!".....
more! nev-er more! Oh!..... nev-er more!.....
cres.
rall. p
dim.
p

COULD I?

THE composer of this music, FRANCESCO PAOLO TOSTI, achieved such eminence in his profession as a teacher of singing that he was selected vocal instructor of the Queen of Italy and also of the Royal Family of Great Britain. He was a master of the most perfect system of vocalization in the world—the Italian. He pursued the study of musical composition successfully, as is evidenced by the number of his published songs, and the degree of popularity achieved by them. Few singers have failed to learn Tosti's "Good By," and "Could I?" has enjoyed an almost equal popularity. Many of his songs are best known by their Italian names. Among his favorite compositions are "At Vespers," "Forever and Forever," "Mother," "Aprile" and many others.

Moderato. ♩=76.
Could I..... but come to thee— once but once on - ly, There as you
pp
sit a - lone so sad and lone - ly, With your head on your
rit.
p
p
a tempo.

hands— so wea - ry - heart - ed, Lost in sweet dreams of hap - py times de -
part - ed. But once! But
rit.
cresc.
rit.
MAGGIORE.
ppp Molto lento.
once..... to en - ter there when night is fall - ing, In the old sweet way,
ppp armonioso e legato assai.
pp
rit.
cres.
con anima.
just com - ing at your call - ing, And like an an - gel bend - ing down a -
col canto.
cres.

affrett.
a tempo.
rit.
bove you, To breathe in - to your ear "I love you, I love..... you!"
a tempo.
col canto.
a tempo.
Could
dim.
rit.
Tempo.
I..... but come just once, with un - bound tress - es Bind - ing us
round in long for - gone car - ess - es! But just once to for -
rit.
p
p
a tempo.

get..... that word was spok - en, That left two lives for- ev - er lost and
bro - ken, But once! But
cresc.
rit.
MAGGIORE.
ppp Molto lento.
once..... to en - ter there when night is fall - ing, In the old sweet way,
ppp armonioso e legato assai.
pp
rit.
cres.
con anima.
just com- ing at your call - ing, And, like an an - gel bend - ing down a-
col canto.
cres.

affrett.

bove you, To breathe in - to your ear "I love you, I love..... you!"

col canto. col canto. a tempo.

pp ppp un fil de voce.

To breathe in - to your ear, "I love you, I love you!"

Lento.

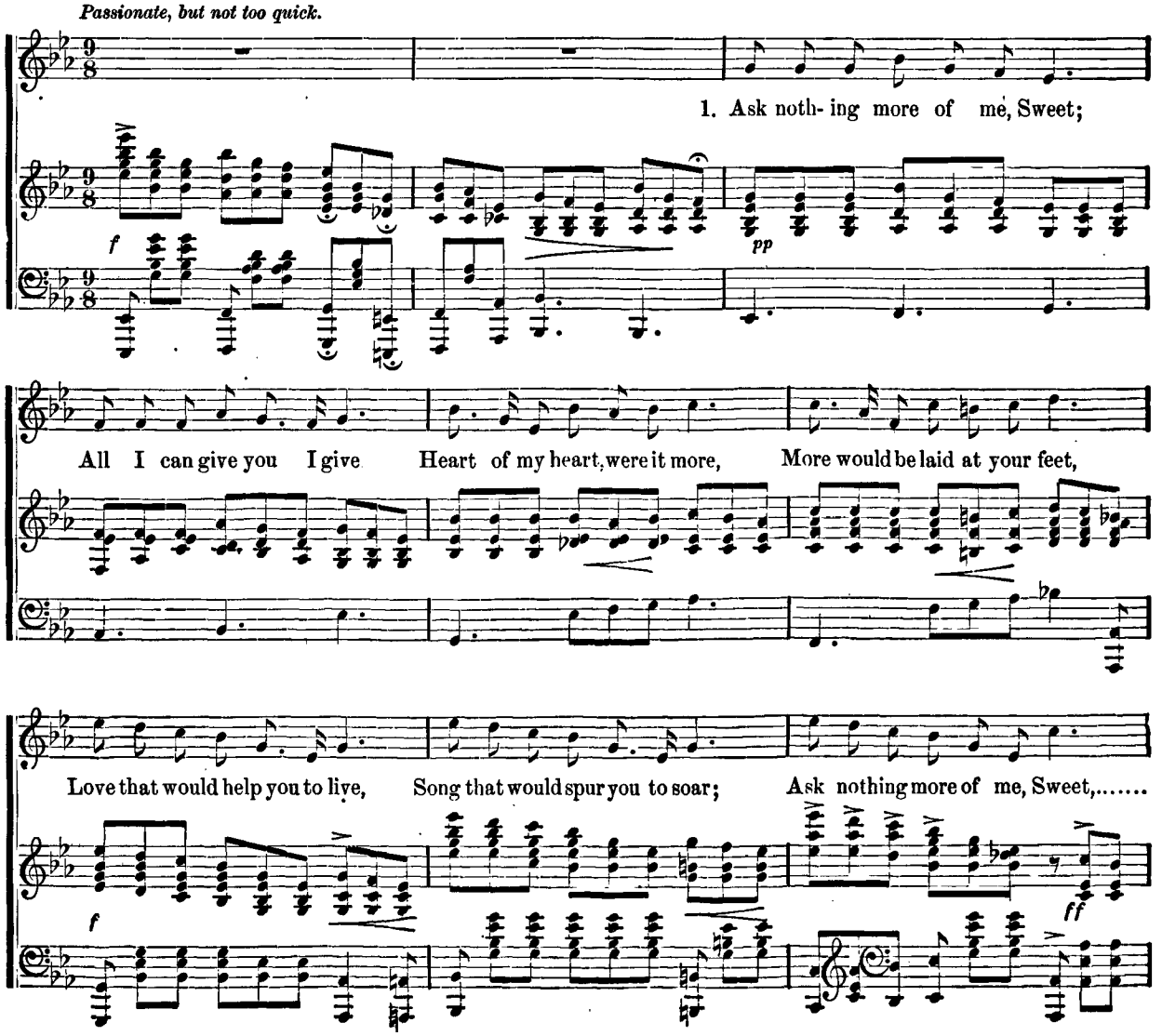
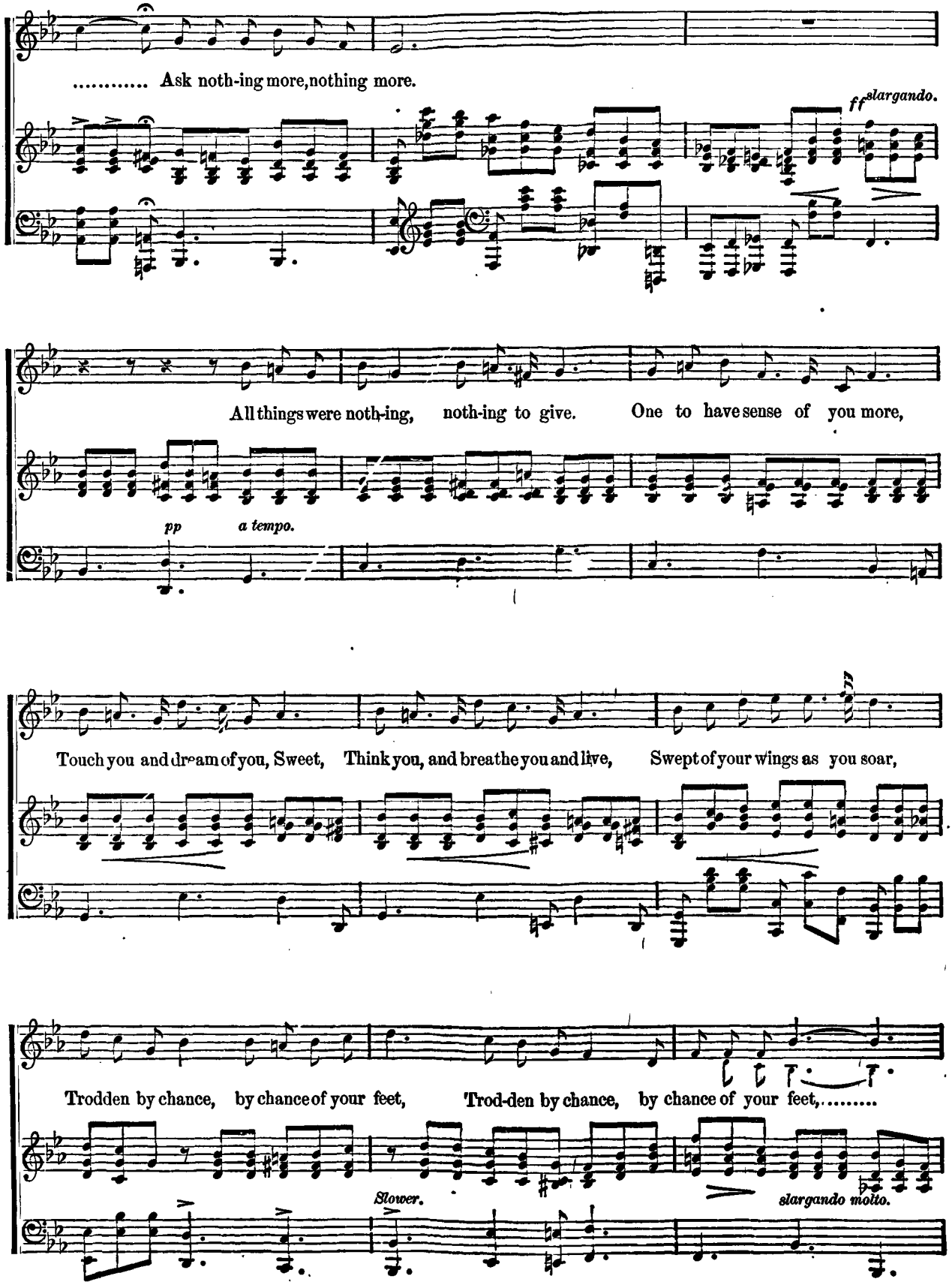
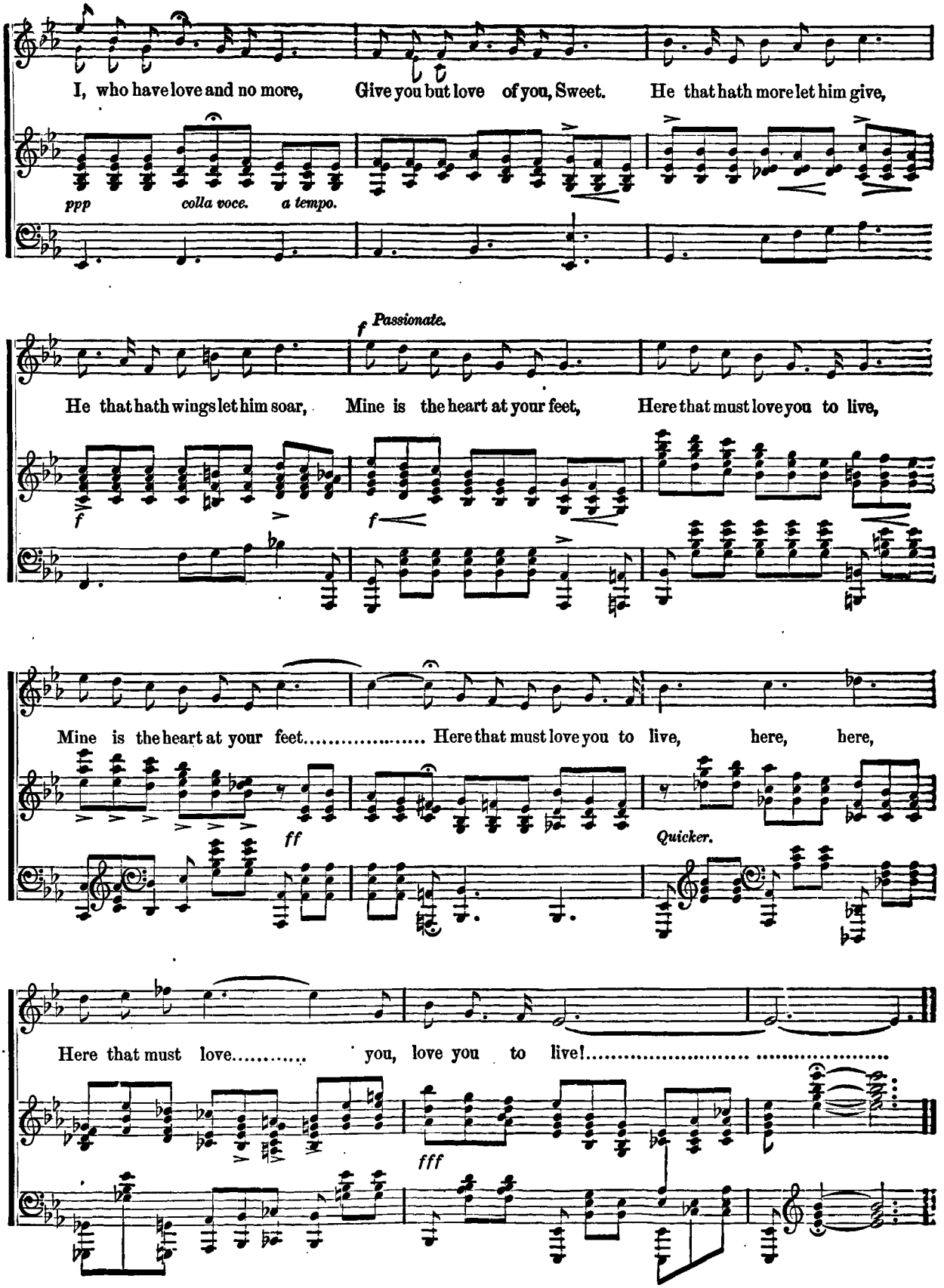
ppp

p pp dim. col canto.

ppp

ASK NOTHING MORE.

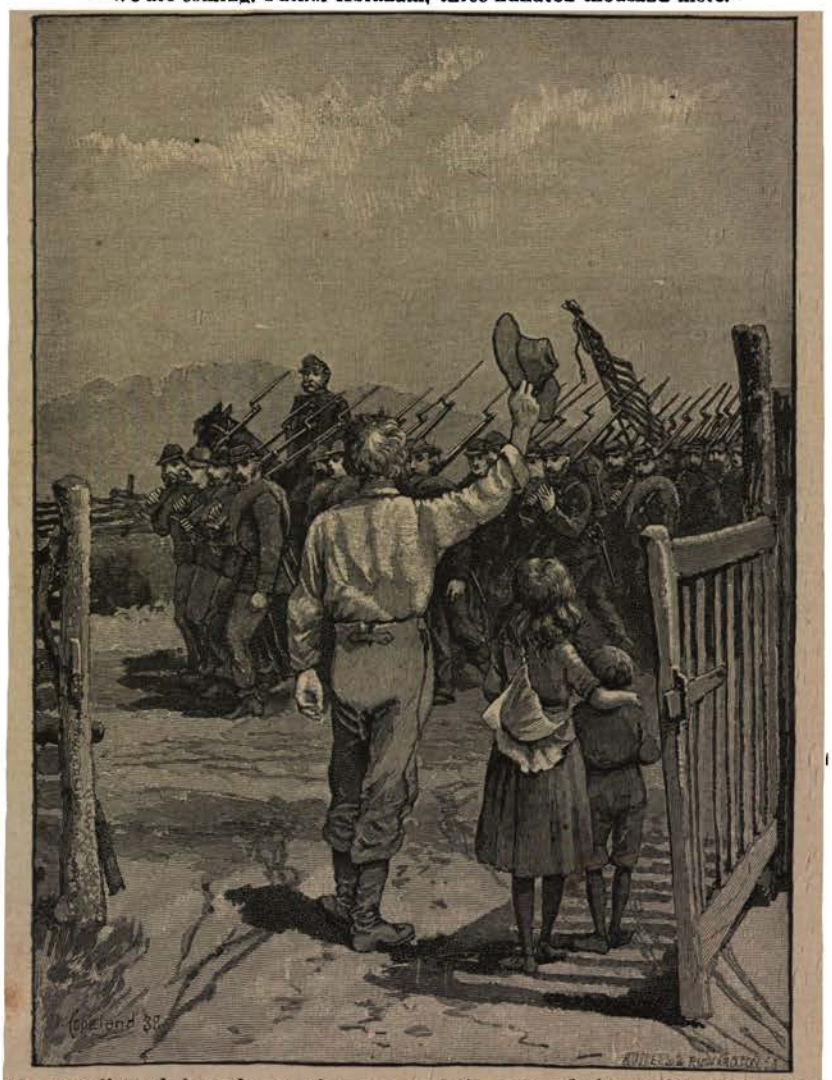
THE music of this song was composed by the gifted THEOPHILUS MARZIALS, best known as the composer of "Twickenham Ferry." The words are by one of England's most famous contemporary poets, ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, who was born in 1837, the son of Admiral Charles H. Swinburne, of the English navy, and grandson (through his mother) of the Earl of Ashburnham. During the period of his studies at Eton and Oxford, and, indeed, during his earlier boyhood, he was an eager reader of poetry, which he loved for its music as well as for its thought. The tastes thus developed led to his acquiring a knowledge of literature which was almost phenomenal, although he left the university without taking a degree. His active work as a literary producer began without delay, his first publications being two dramas, "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamund," in 1861. His fame dates from the appearance in 1865, of "Atalanta," a tragedy upon the severest Greek model. To fame was added notoriety when, in 1866, he published "Poems and Ballads," produced in America under the title of "Laus Veneris." The great merit of many of the poems in this volume was obscured by the reprehensibly erotic character of others, which was so strongly condemned that the original English publisher withdrew the book from circulation. Since then, Swinburne has written industriously, and with such a display of genius that he was for a time mentioned among the possible successors to the post of Poet Laureate, made vacant by the death of Tennyson. Among his poetical works are; "Songs before Sunrise," "Bothwell, a Tragedy," a second series of "Poems and Ballads," "Marino Faliero," etc. During the same period he published many critical works of great value. Not all of Swinburne's shorter poems are adapted to musical setting, but the limpid flow and rhythmic beauty of some of them make exquisite song material.

Passionate, but not too quick.

1. Ask noth- ing more of me, Sweet;
All I can give you I give Heart of my heart, were it more, More would be laid at your feet,
Love that would help you to live, Song that would spur you to soar; Ask nothing more of me, Sweet,.....

..... Ask noth-ing more, nothing more.
ff slargando.
All things were noth-ing, noth-ing to give. One to have sense of you more,
pp
a tempo.
Touch you and dream of you, Sweet, Think you, and breathe you and live, Swept of your wings as you soar,
Trodden by chance, by chance of your feet, Trod-den by chance, by chance of your feet,.....
Slower.
slargando molto.

I, who have love and no more, Give you but love of you, Sweet. He that hath more let him give,
ppp colla voce. a tempo.
f Passionate.
He that hath wings let him soar, Mine is the heart at your feet, Here that must love you to live,
f
f
Mine is the heart at your feet..... Here that must love you to live, here, here,
ff
Quicker.
Here that must love..... you, love you to live!.....
fff

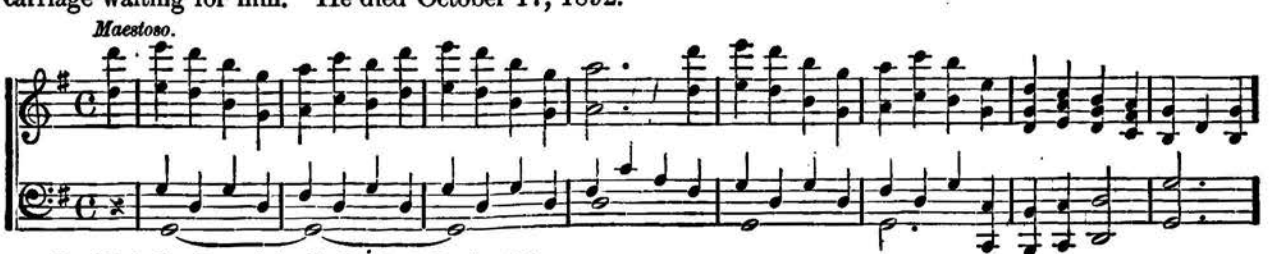
WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM.

In the dark days of 1862 President Lincoln issued a proclamation asking for three hundred thousand volunteers to fill the stricken ranks of the army, and to make the cry of "On to Richmond" an accomplished fact. Immediately after this call, Mr. James Sloane Gibbons, a native of Wilmington, Delaware, living in New York City, wrote:

"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more."



This must have contributed largely to the accomplishment of the military uprising which it relates. The stanzas were first published anonymously in the New York *Evening Post*, of July 16, 1862. Owing to this fact, perhaps, its authorship was at first attributed to William C. Bryant. Mr. Gibbons joined the abolition movement when only twenty years of age, and was for a time one of the editors of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*. When the Emancipation Proclamation was issued he illuminated his residence in New York City. A short time afterwards, during the draft riots, he was mobbed, and only by the assistance of friends was he able to save his life by escaping over the roofs of adjoining houses to another street, where a friend had a carriage waiting for him. He died October 17, 1892.



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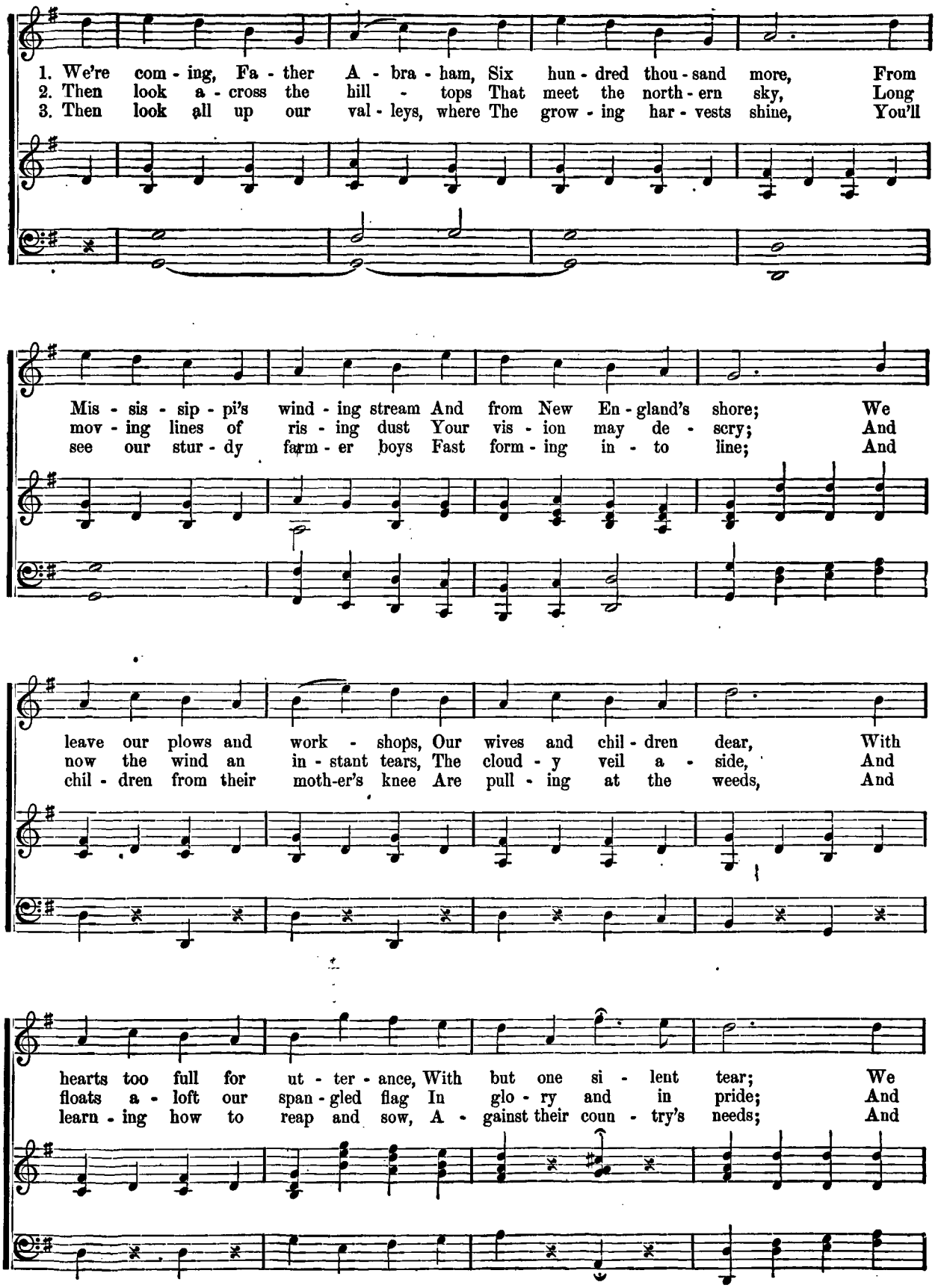
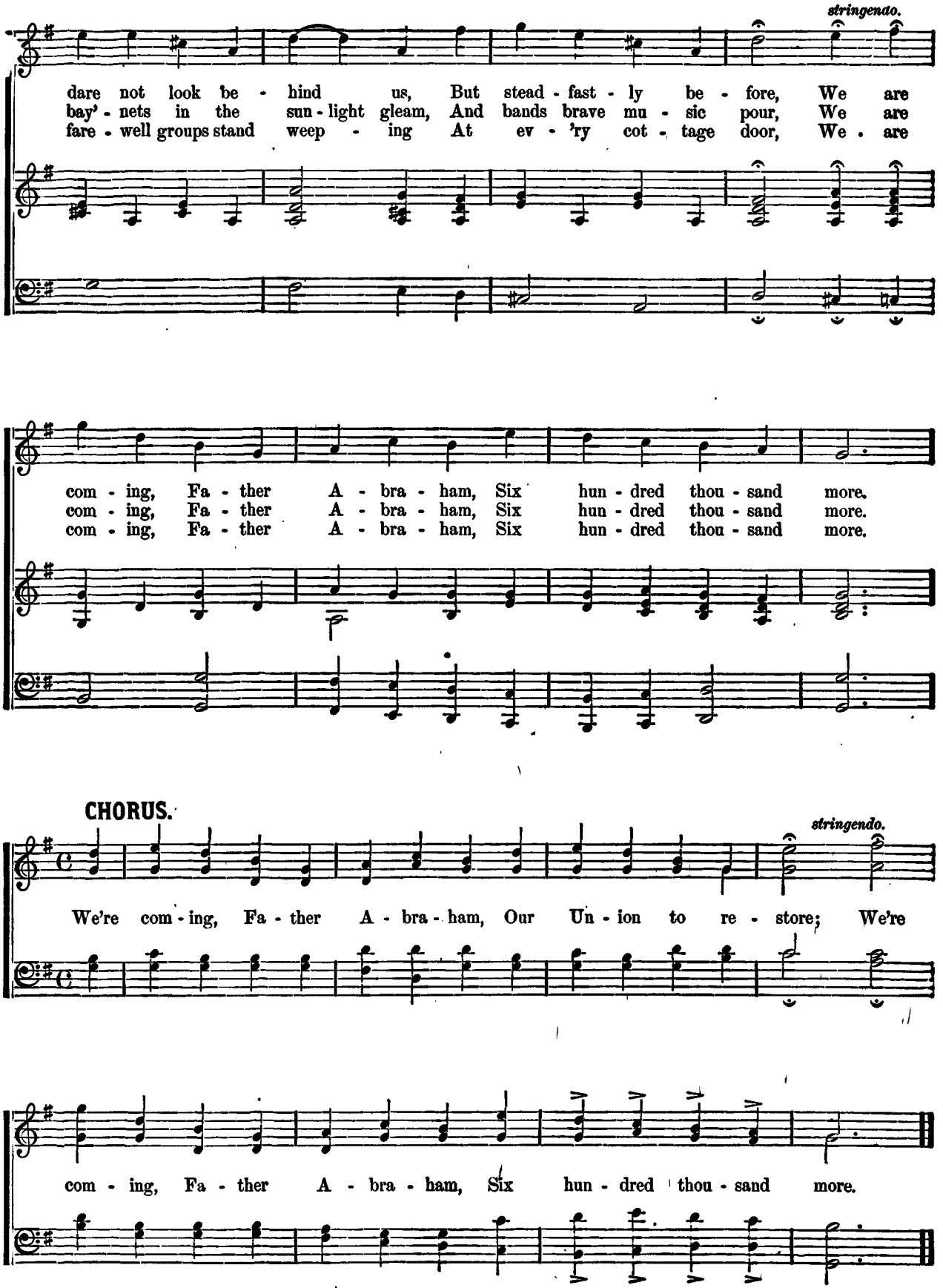

1. We're com - ing, Fa - ther A - bra - ham, Six hun - dred thou - sand more, From
2. Then look a - cross the hill - tops That meet the north - ern sky, Long
3. Then look all up our val - leys, where The grow - ing har - vests shine, You'll
Mis - sis - sip - pi's wind - ing stream And from New En - gland's shore; We
mov - ing lines of ris - ing dust Your vis - ion may de - scry; And
see our stur - dy farm - er boys Fast form - ing in - to line; And
leave our plows and work - shops, Our wives and chil - dren dear, With
now the wind an in - stant tears, The cloud - y veil a - side, And
chil - dren from their moth-er's knee Are pull - ing at the weeds, And
hearts too full for ut - ter - ance, With but one si - lent tear; We
floats a - loft our span - gled flag In glo - ry and in pride; And
learn - ing how to reap and sow, A - gainst their coun - try's needs; And


stringendo.
dare not look be - hind us, But stead - fast - ly be - fore, We are
bay' - nets in the sun - light gleam, And bands brave mu - sic pour, We are
fare - well groups stand weep - ing At ev - 'ry cot - tage door, We . are
com - ing, Fa - ther A - bra - ham, Six hun - dred thou - sand more.
com - ing, Fa - ther A - bra - ham, Six hun - dred thou - sand more.
com - ing, Fa - ther A - bra - ham, Six hun - dred thou - sand more.
CHORUS.
stringendo.
We're com - ing, Fa - ther A - bra - ham, Our Un - ion to re - store; We're
com - ing, Fa - ther A - bra - ham, Six hun - dred thou - sand more.

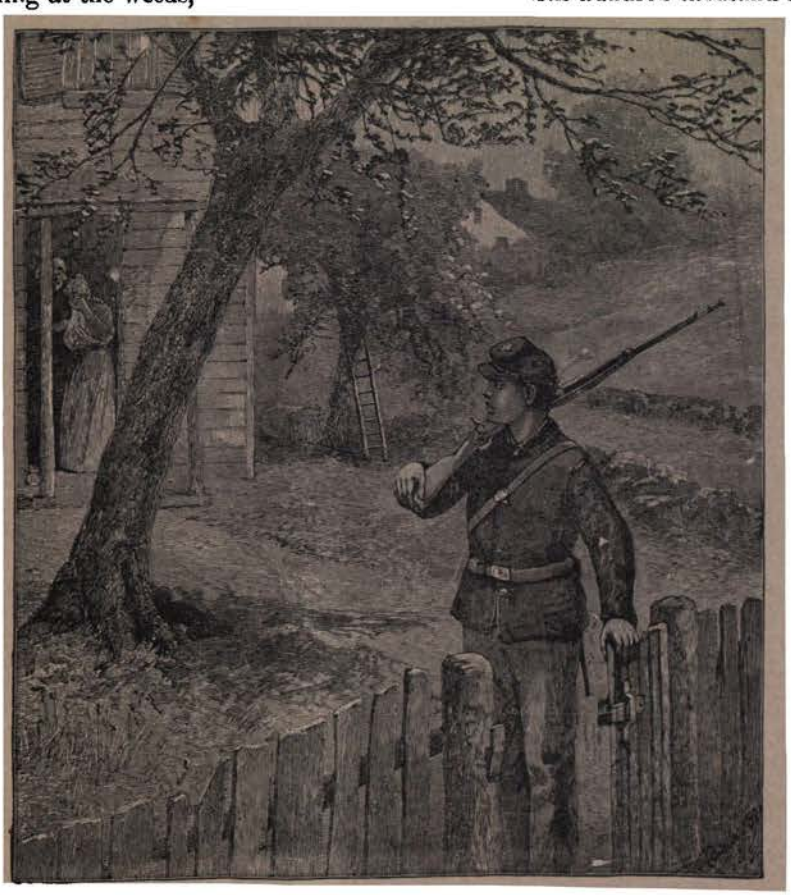
We're coming, Father Abraham,
Six hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream
And from New England's shore;
We leave our plows and work-shops,
Our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance,
With but one silent tear;
We dare not look behind us,
But steadfastly before,
We are coming Father Abraham,
Six hundred thousand more.

Then look across the hill-tops
That meet the northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust
Your vision may descry;
And now the wind an instant tears,
The cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag
In glory and in pride;
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam,
And bands brave music pour,
We are coming Father Abraham,
Six hundred thousand more.

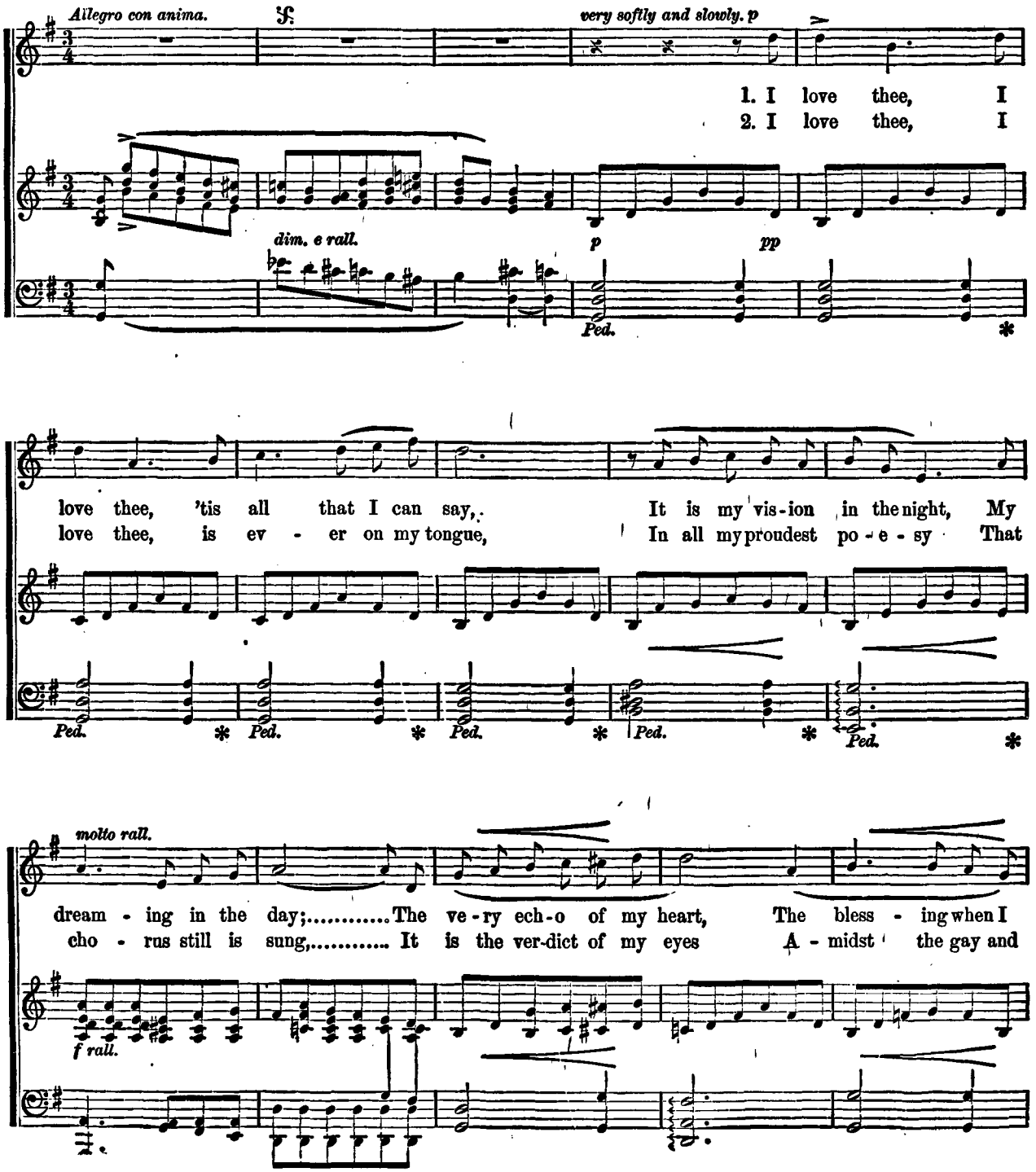
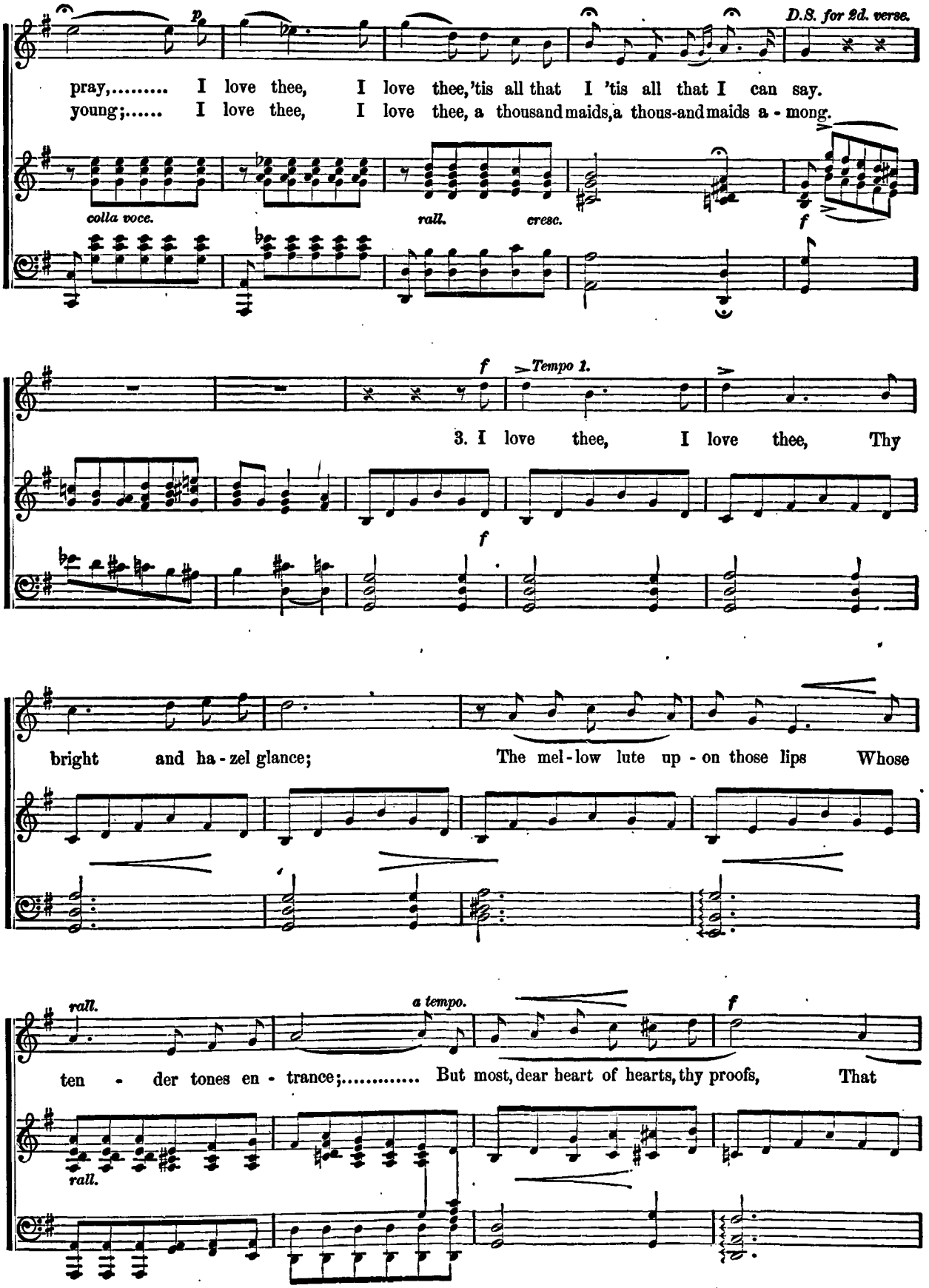
Then look all up our valleys, where
The growing harvests shine,
You'll see our sturdy farmer boys
Fast forming into line;
And children from their mother's knee
Are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow,
Against their country's needs;
And farewell groups stand weeping
At every cottage door,
We are coming Father Abraham,
Six hundred thousand more.

You've called us and we're coming,
By Richmond's bloody tide,
To lay us down for freedom's sake,
Our brothers bones beside;
Or from foul treason's savage grasp
To wrench the murderous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes
Its fragments to parade;
Six hundred thousand loyal men
And true have gone before,
We are coming Father Abraham,
Six hundred thousand more.

We're coming, Father Abraham,
Strong hearts and ready hands;
From river, lake and mountain
We are mustering our bands.
From boundless western prairie to
The old Atlantic shore
We're coming Father Abraham
Six hundred thousand more;
From boundless western prairie to
The old Atlantic shore,
We are coming Father Abraham,
Six hundred thousand more.



'TIS ALL THAT I CAN SAY.

MISS HOPE TEMPLE, whose complete success in enrolling herself among the leading song composers of England requires no qualification on account of her sex, has set the words of TOM HOOD'S poem to a melody as direct and simple and yet as sweet and comprehensive as the sentiment of the words—"I Love Thee; 'Tis All That I Can Say." All sentimental verse and song are merely amplifications of this one eternal theme, and in the present instance both poet and composer have come directly to the point, with an iteration of the phrase that has a power of its own.

Allegro con anima.
very softly and slowly. p
1. I love thee, I
2. I love thee, I
dim. e rall.
p
pp
Ped.
love thee, 'tis all that I can say,
love thee, is ev - er on my tongue,
It is my vis-ion in the night, My
In all my proudest po - e - sy That
molto rall.
dream - ing in the day;..... The ve-ry ech-o of my heart,
cho - rus still is sung,..... It is the ver-dict of my eyes
The bless - ing when I
A - midst the gay and
f rall.

D.S. for 2d. verse.
pray,..... I love thee, I love thee,'tis all that I 'tis all that I can say.
young;..... I love thee, I love thee, a thousand maids,a thous-and maids a - mong.
colla voce.
rall.
cresc.
f
Tempo 1.
3. I love thee, I love thee, Thy
bright and ha - zel glance; The mel - low lute up - on those lips Whose
rall.
a tempo.
ten - der tones en - trance;..... But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs, That
rall.

still those words en- - hance,..... I love thee,. I love thee what

ev - er be thy chance.

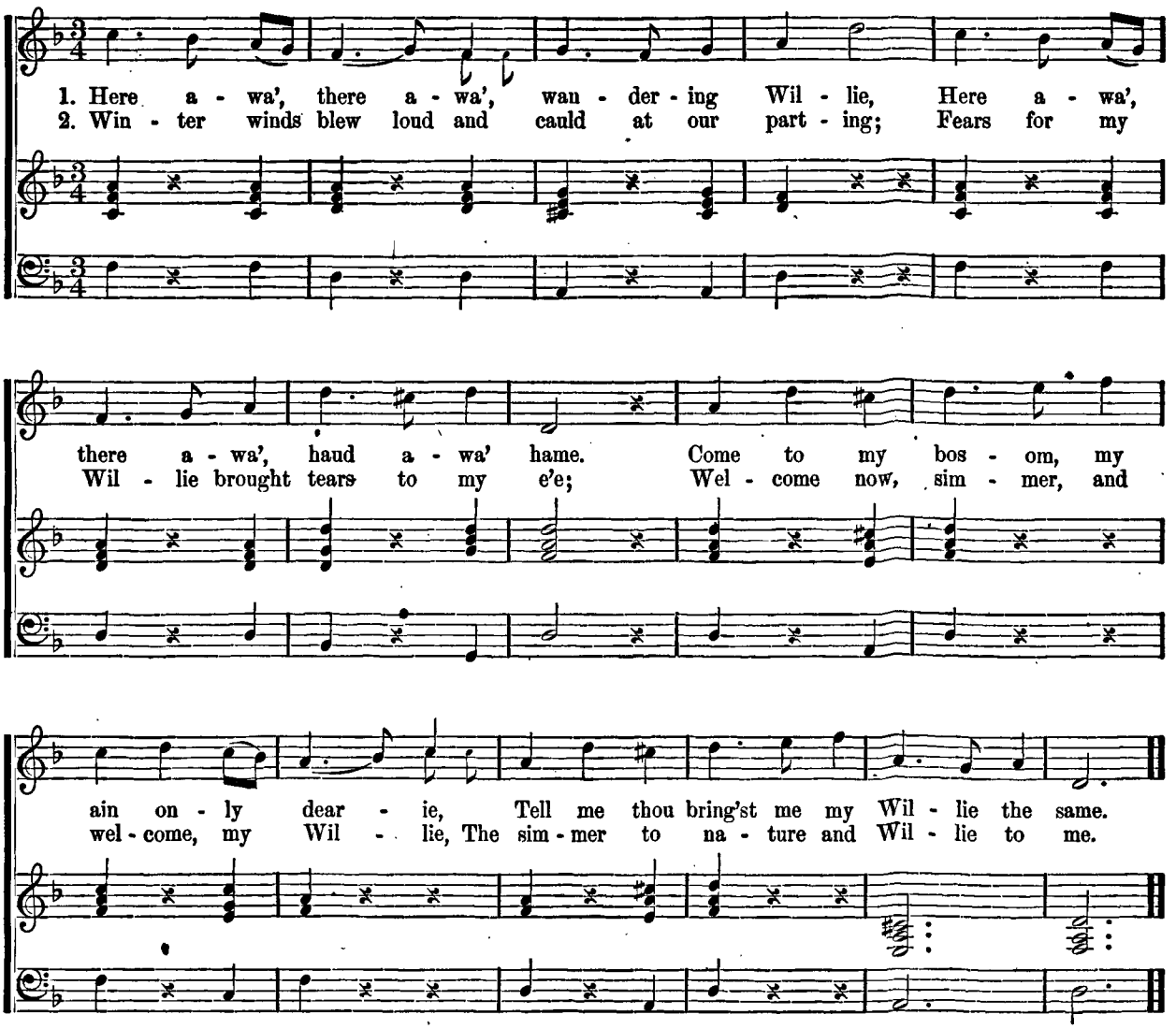
A SONG TO INSPIRE.

WANDERING WILLIE.

THE beautiful old Scottish air called "Here awa, there awa," was an especial favorite with BURNS. The original song written to it was very old, and thirty years before he wrote his beautiful words, with the added element of the possible grief which "love knows the secret of," the following three stanzas were all that had survived:

Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie,
Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;
Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee,
Now I have gotten my Willie again.

Through the lang muir I have followed my Willie,
Through the lang muir I have followed him hame;
Whatever betide us, naught shall divide us,
Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie,
Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;
Come, love, believe me, naething can grieve me,
Ilka thing pleases when Willie's at hame.

1. Here a - wa', there a - wa', wan - der - ing Wil - lie, Here a - wa',
2. Win - ter winds blew loud and cauld at our part - ing; Fears for my
there a - wa', haud a - wa' hame. Come to my bos - om, my
Wil - lie brought tears to my e'e; Wel - come now, sim - mer, and
ain on - ly dear - ie, Tell me thou bring'st me my Wil - lie the same.
wel - come, my Wil - lie, The sim - mer to na - ture and Wil - lie to me.

Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame.
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

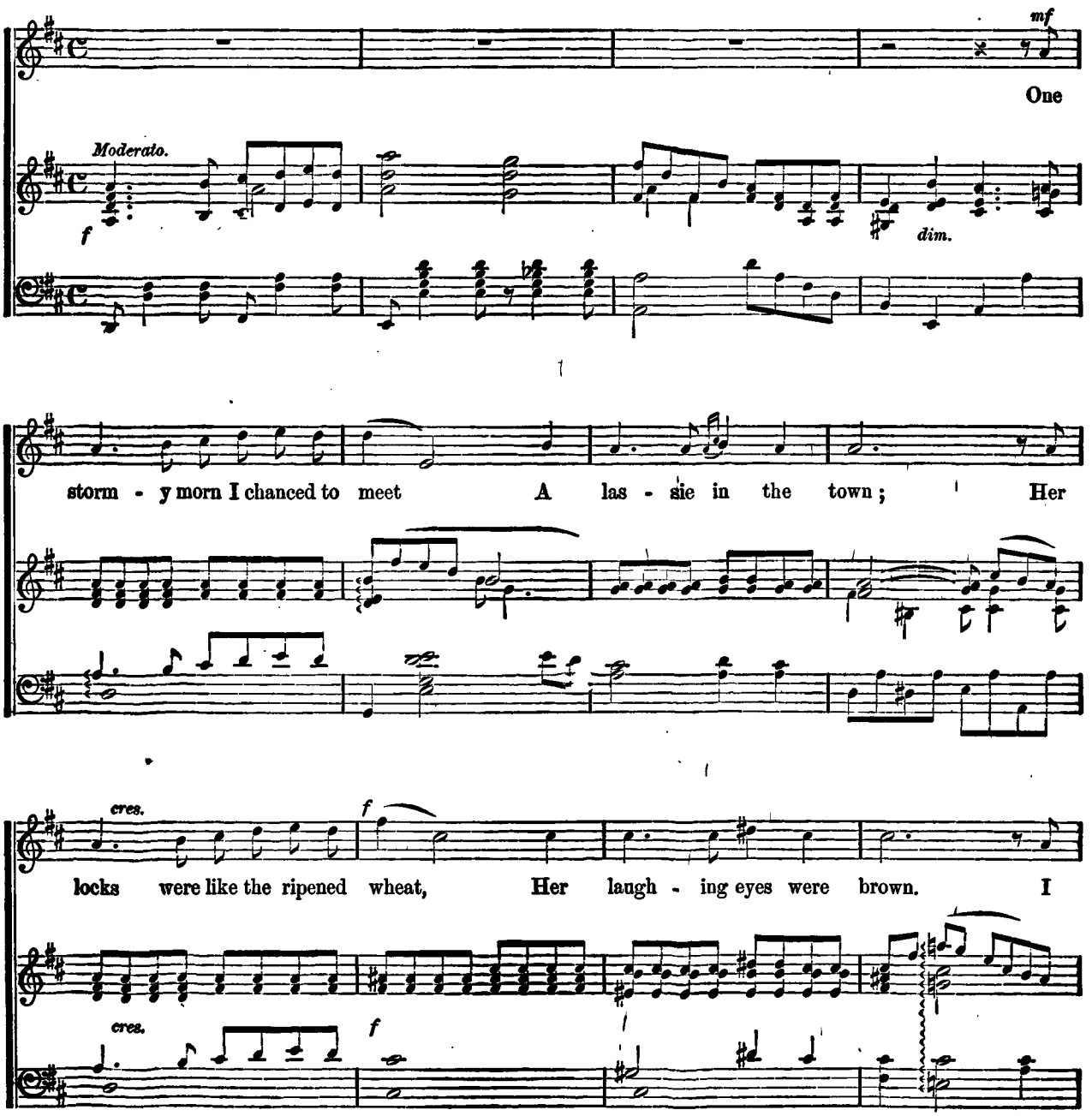
Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting;
Fears for my Willie brought tears to my e'e;
Welcome now, simmer, and welcome, my Willie,
The simmer to nature and Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers;
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But, oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main!
May I never see it, my I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

A KISS IN THE RAIN.

SONG FOR TENOR.

THIS osculatory poem is a gem of recent fugitive literature. Its tuneful setting is the composition of PETER A. SCHNECKER, the famous organist of West Church, New York. The choir of West Church is composed of leading artists; indeed it is considered by some to be the leading metropolitan choir in point of artistic merit. Professor Schnecker's popularity has been due largely to his wonderful facility of improvisation, to his adroit introduction of cleverly varied movements, and to his brilliant playing. A great many of the songs, or "converted ditties," as some have chosen to call them, which have been sung by the quartet, have been of his composition. A melody by the organist of West Church, played by himself, is always enthusiastically received.

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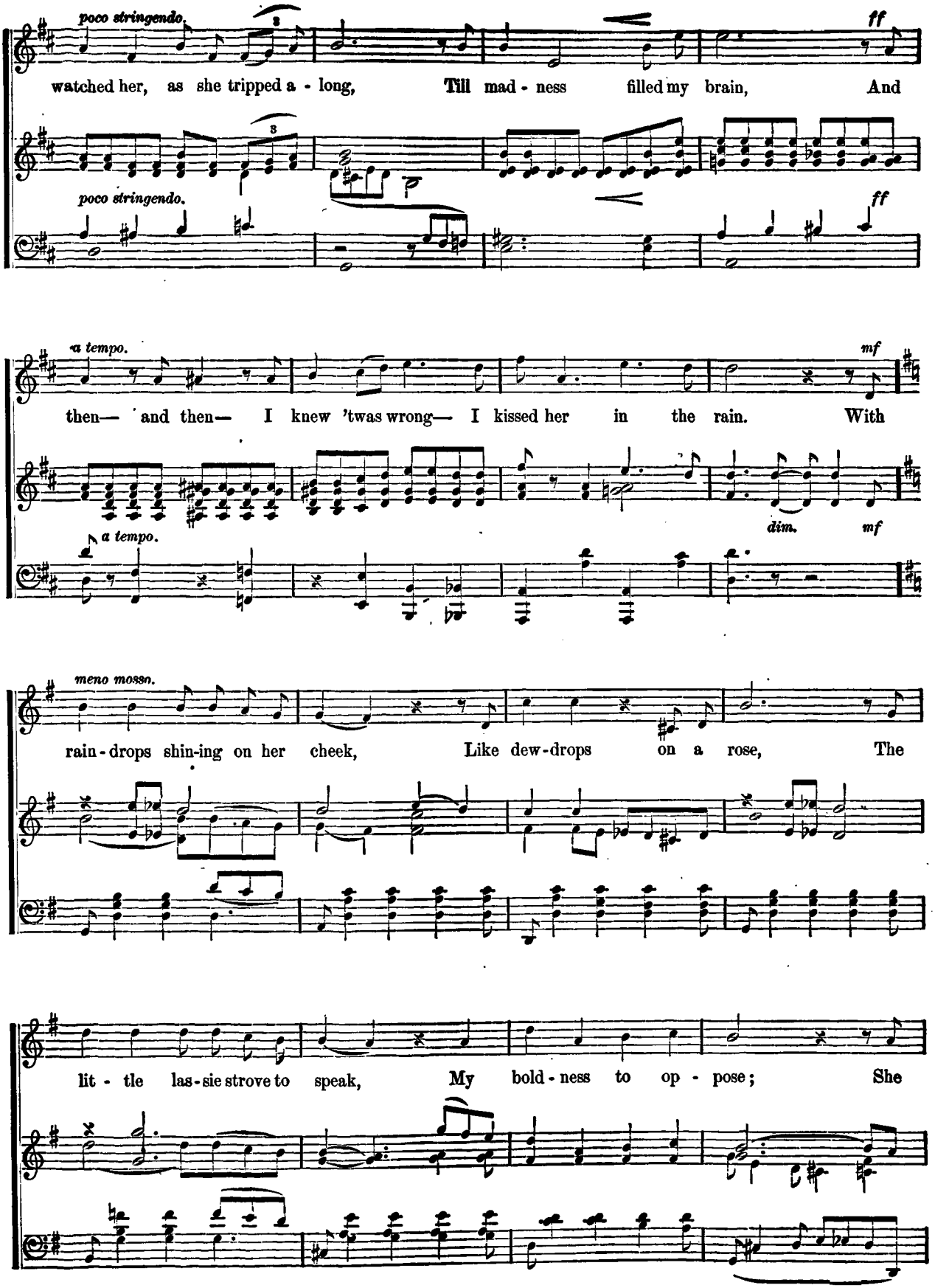
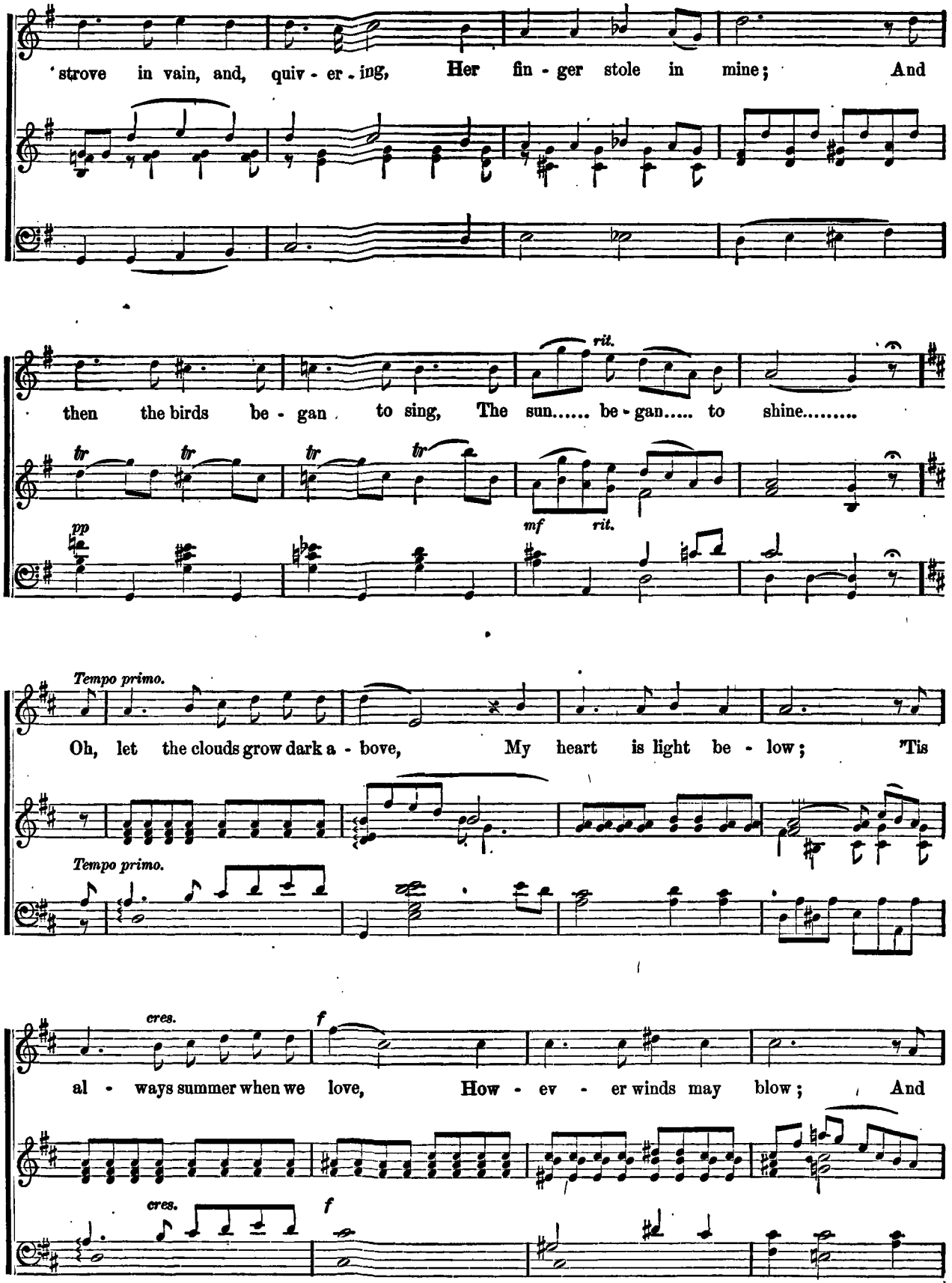
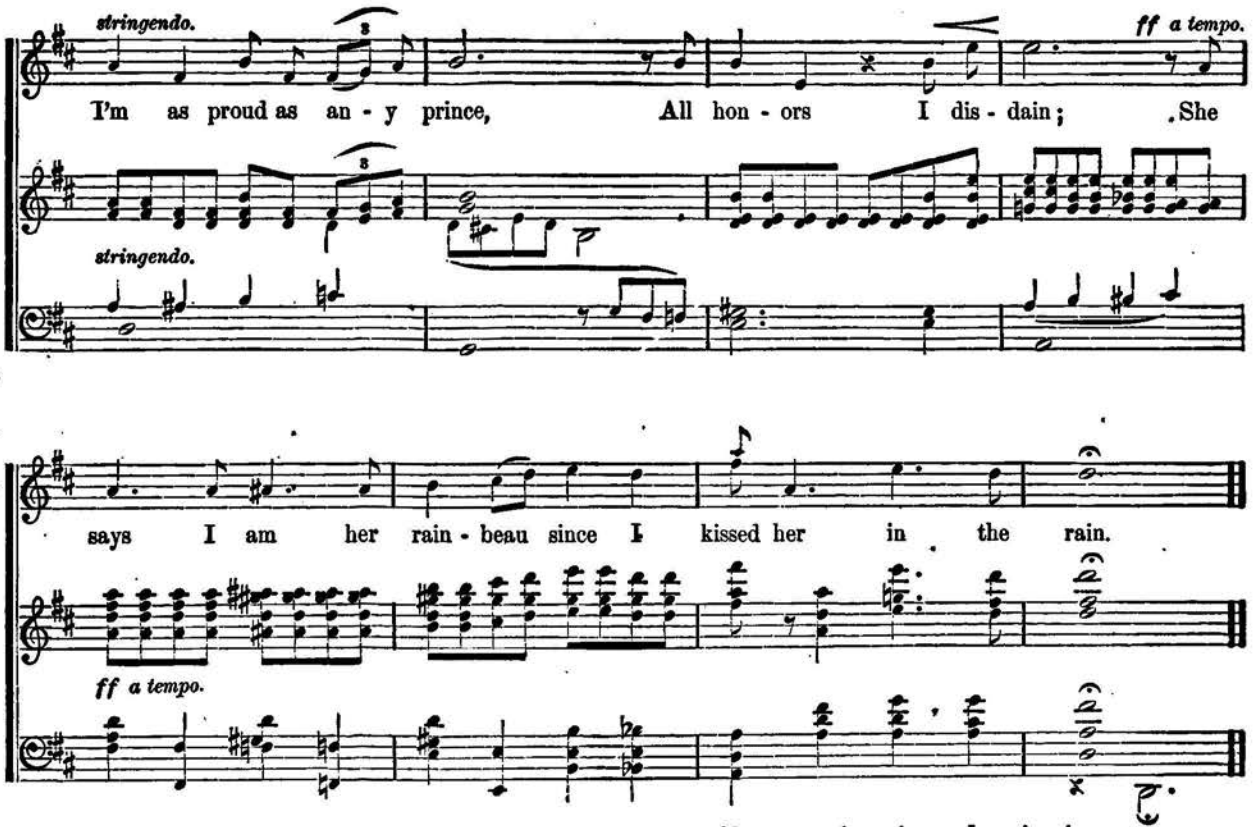
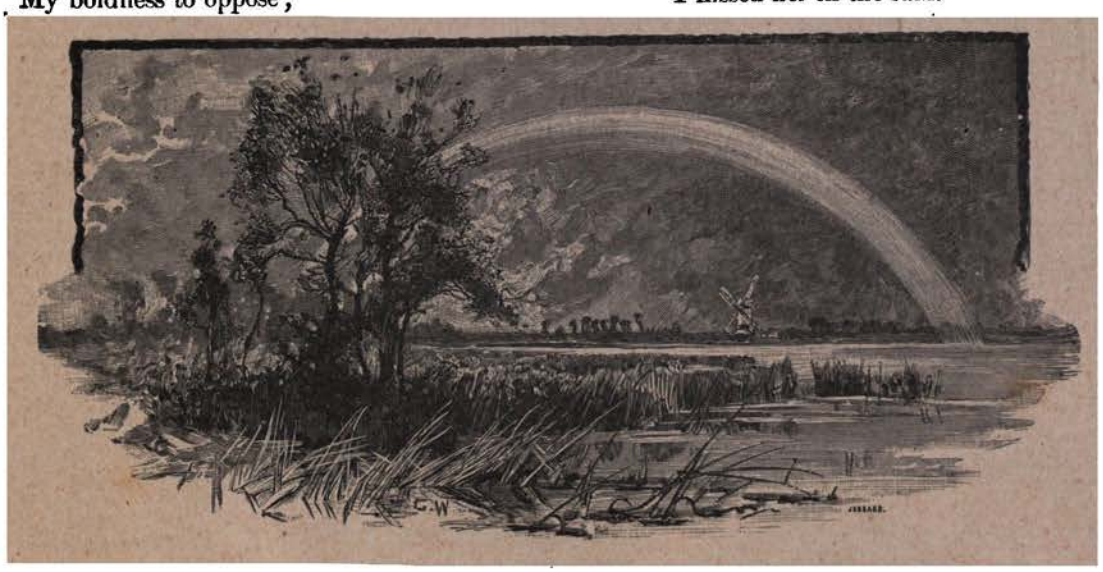

poco stringendo.
watched her, as she tripped a - long, Till mad - ness filled my brain, And
ff
poco stringendo.
ff
a tempo.
then— and then— I knew 'twas wrong— I kissed her in the rain. With
mf
a tempo.
dim.
mf
meno mosso.
rain - drops shin-ing on her cheek, Like dew - drops on a rose, The
lit - tle las-sie strove to speak, My bold - ness to op - pose; She

'strove in vain, and, quiv - er - ing, Her fin - ger stole in mine; And
then the birds be - gan to sing, The sun..... be - gan..... to shine.....
rit.
pp
mf
rit.
Tempo primo.
Oh, let the clouds grow dark a - bove, My heart is light be - low; 'Tis
Tempo primo.
cres.
f
al - ways summer when we love, How - ev - er winds may blow; And
cres.
f

stringendo.
ff a tempo.
I'm as proud as an - y prince, All hon - ors I dis - dain; She
stringendo.
says I am her rain - beau since I kissed her in the rain.
ff a tempo.

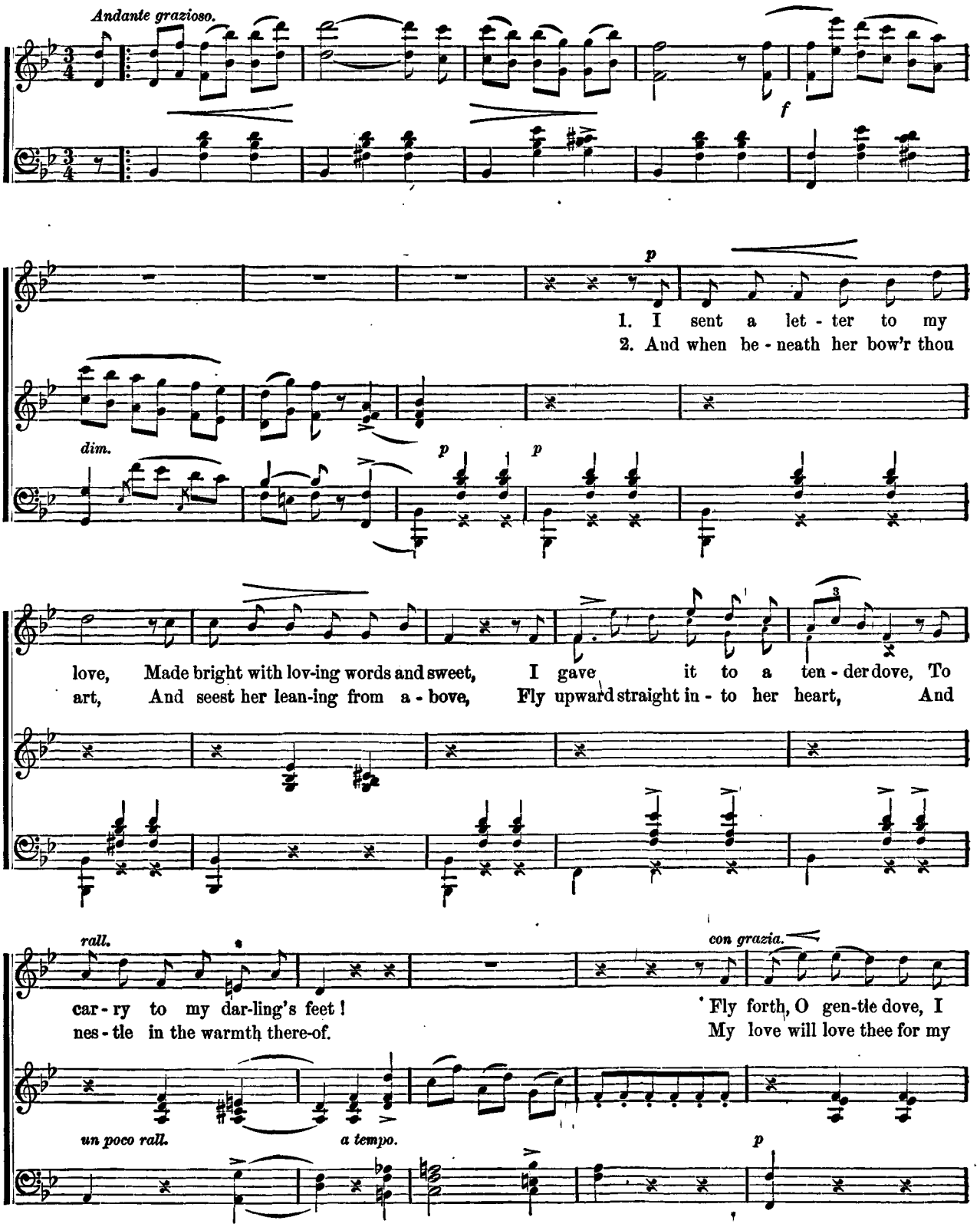
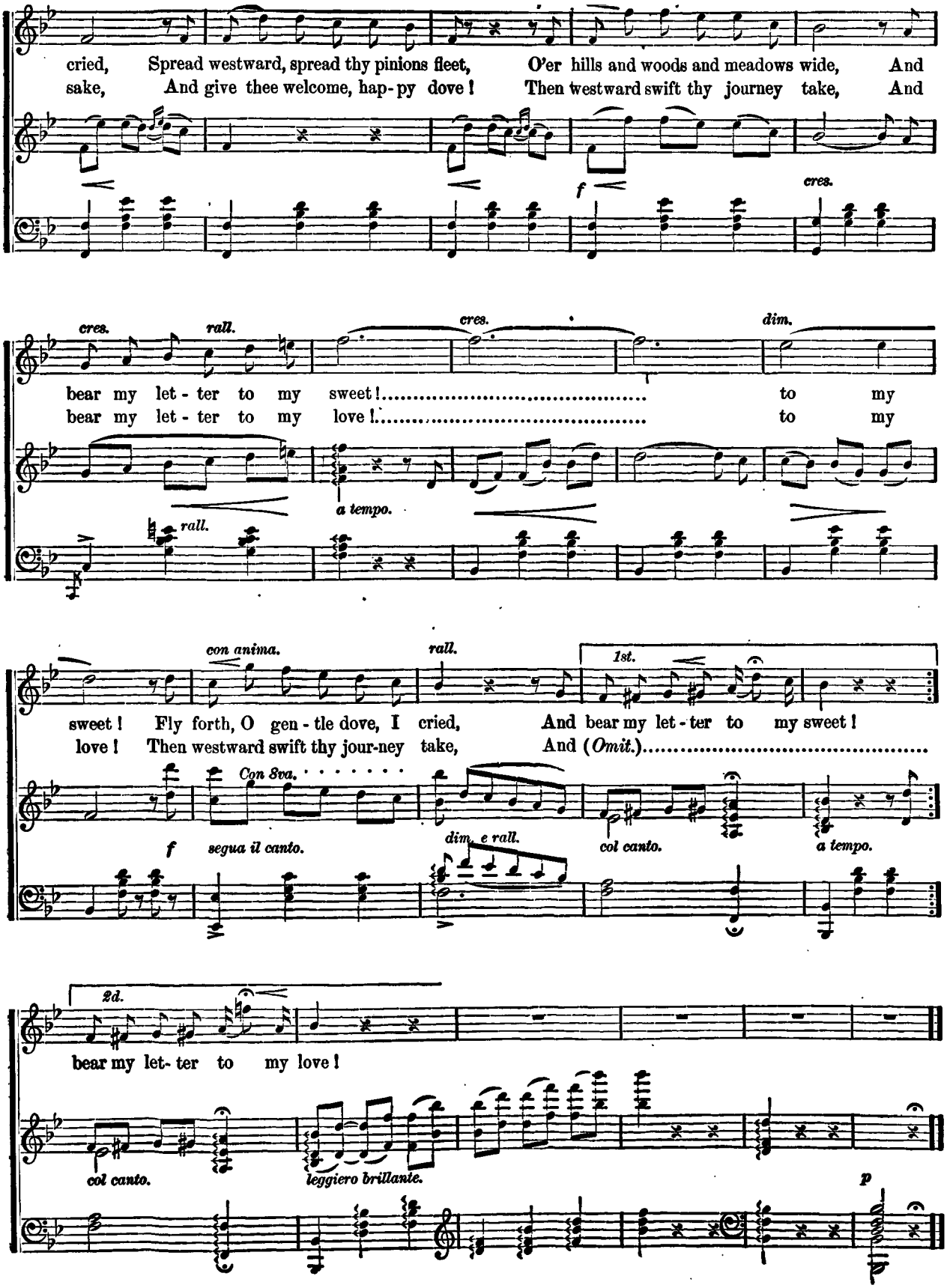
One stormy morn I chanced to meet
A lassie in the town;
Her locks were like the ripened wheat,
Her laughing eyes were brown.
I watched her, as she tripped along,
Till madness filled my brain,
And then—and then—I knew 'twas wrong—
I kissed her in the rain.

With rain-drops shining on her cheek,
Like dew-drops on a rose,
The little lassie strove to speak,
My boldness to oppose;
She strove in vain, and, quivering,
Her finger stole in mine;
And then the birds began to sing,
The sun began to shine.

Oh, let the clouds grow dark above,
My heart is light below;
'Tis always summer when we love,
However winds may blow;
And I'm as proud as any prince,
All honors I disdain;
She says I am her rain-beau since
I kissed her in the rain.

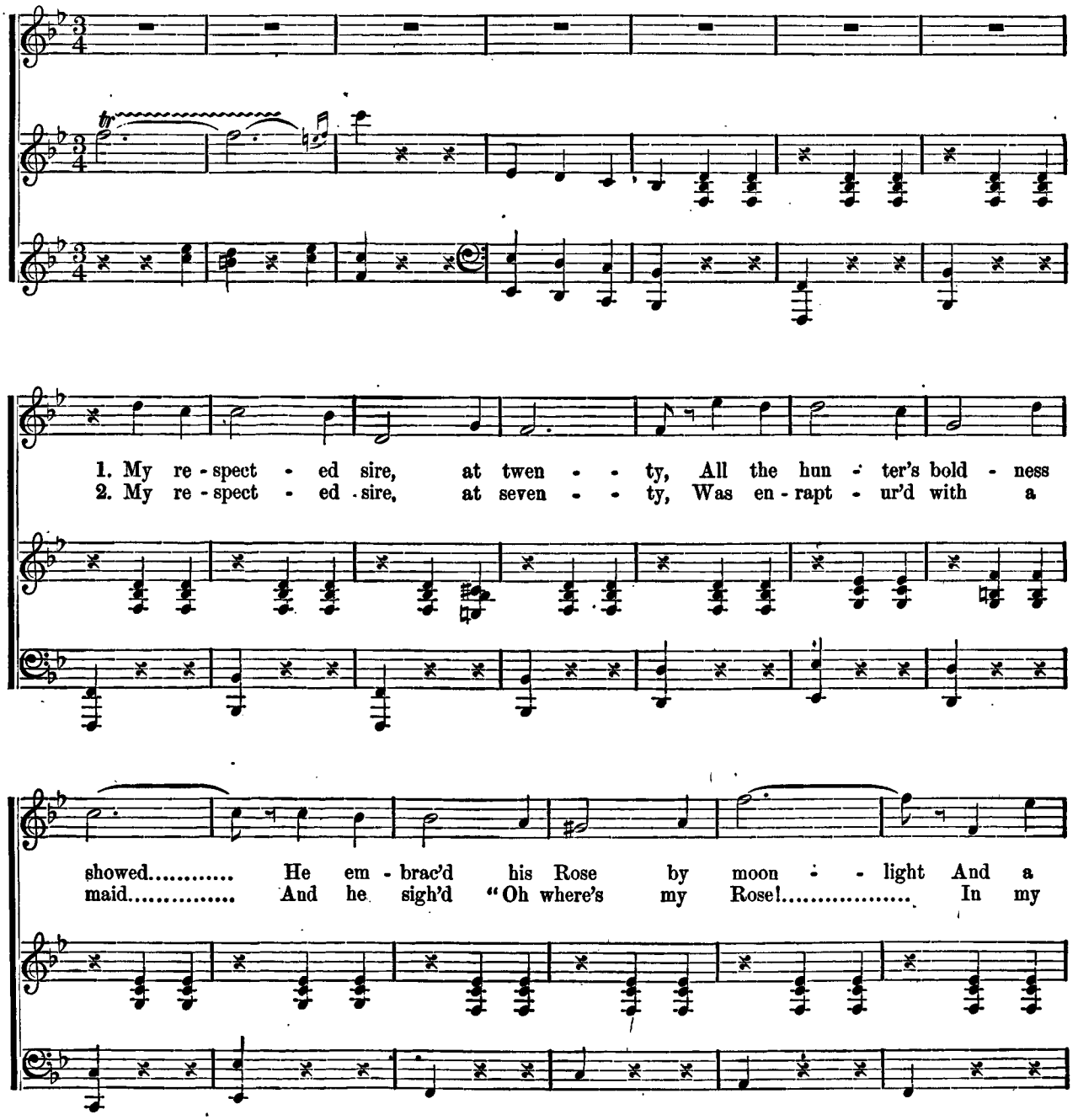


FLY FORTH, O GENTLE DOVE.

ONE of the least pretentious compositions of CIRO PINSUTI, this song has long been a favorite. In its simple directness the melody is in keeping with the joyous tendency of the verses, which are thoroughly characteristic of that deservedly popular writer of modern songs, FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

Andante grazioso.
f
p
1. I sent a let - ter to my
2. And when be - neath her bow'r thou
dim.
p
p
love, Made bright with lov-ing words and sweet, I gave it to a ten - der dove, To
art, And seest her lean-ing from a - bove, Fly upward straight in - to her heart, And
rall.
con grazia.
car - ry to my dar-ling's feet!
nes - tle in the warmth there-of.
Fly forth, O gen-tle dove, I
My love will love thee for my
un poco rall.
a tempo.
p

cried, Spread westward, spread thy pinions fleet, O'er hills and woods and meadows wide, And
sake, And give thee welcome, hap-py dove! Then westward swift thy journey take, And
cres.
f
cres.
cres.
rall.
dim.
bear my let-ter to my sweet!..... to my
bear my let-ter to my love!..... to my
a tempo.
rall.
con anima.
rall.
1st.
sweet! Fly forth, O gen-tle dove, I cried, And bear my let-ter to my sweet!
love! Then westward swift thy jour-ney take, And (Omit.).....
Con 8va.
f
segua il canto.
dim. e rall.
col canto.
a tempo.
2d.
bear my let-ter to my love!
col canto.
leggiero brillante.
p

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

TYROLESE.

AN immense popularity has attended the operatic compositions of CARL ZELLER, a contemporary German composer. The most successful of these were "Der Obersteiger" and "Der Vogelhändler" (The Bird Fancier,) the latter of which had a long and successful series of performances on the Continent and in England. The words of this comic opera were written by M. MEST and L. HELD. The most pleasing numbers, which obtained a wide circulation as separate songs, were a parasol song and chorus and the "Nightingale Song." The latter was made familiar to the American public by Miss Marie Tempest, an English operatic singer, who introduced it into the piece in which she made her first appearance in New York. The song has the waltz movement which characterizes most of the music in the opera, a rhythm which not unfrequently prevails in German comic opera, and though it is found by many to become monotonous during an entire evening, it often conduces to a ready reception of the music.

1. My re - spect - ed sire, at twen - - ty, All the hun - ter's bold - ness
2. My re - spect - ed sire, at seven - - ty, Was en - rapt - ur'd with a
showed..... He em - brac'd his Rose by moon - - light And a
maid..... And he sigh'd "Oh where's my Rose!..... In my

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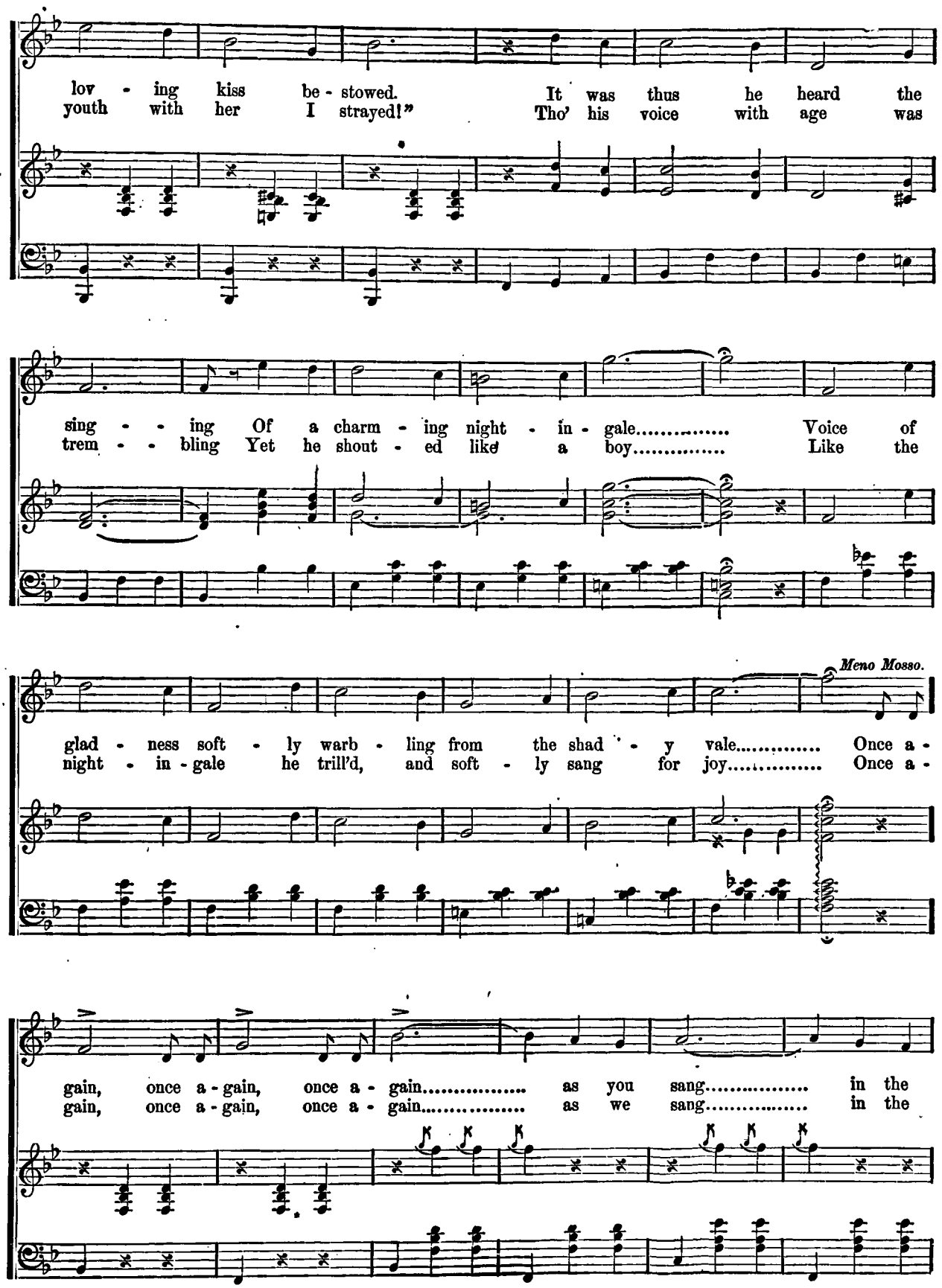
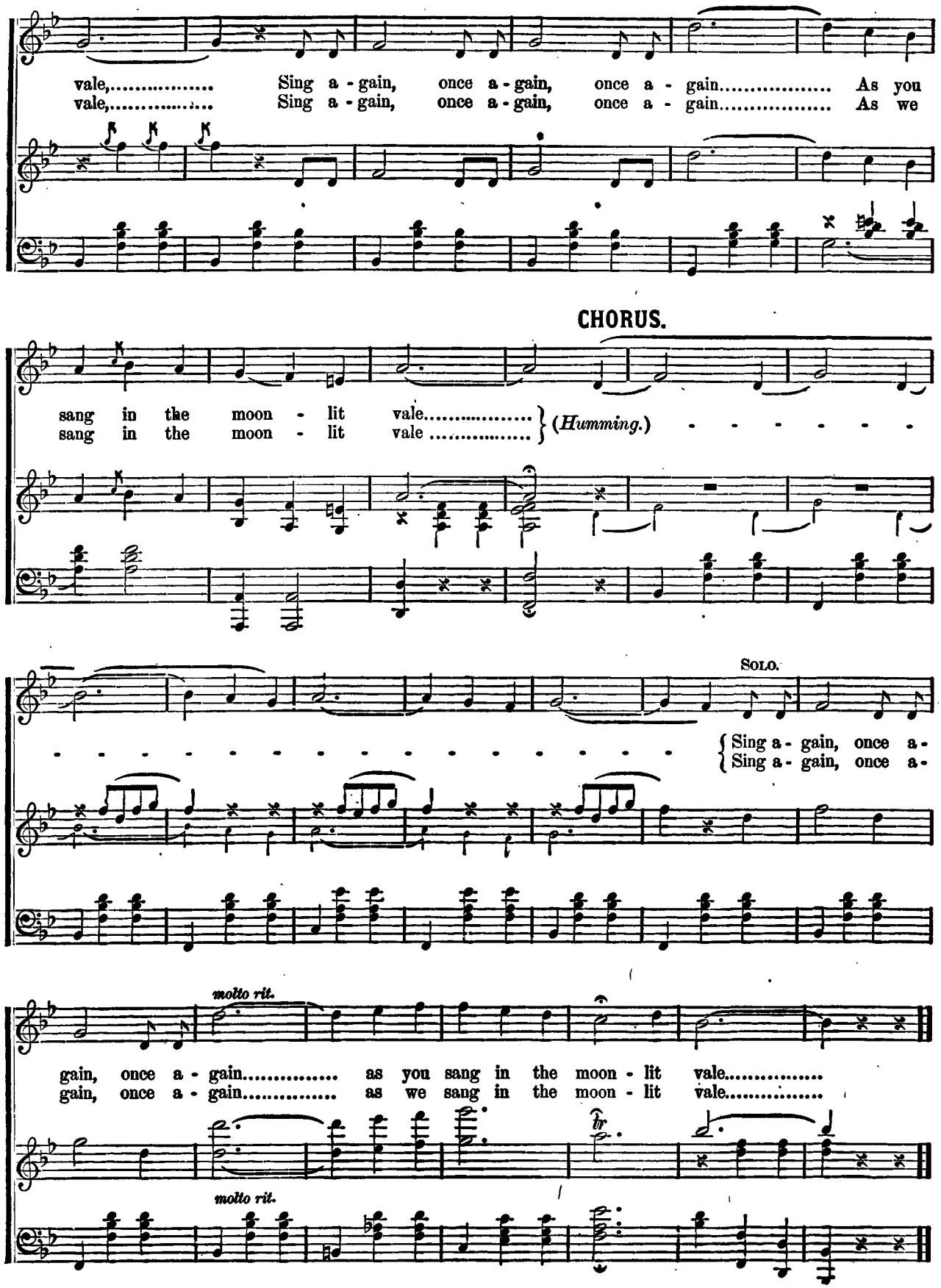
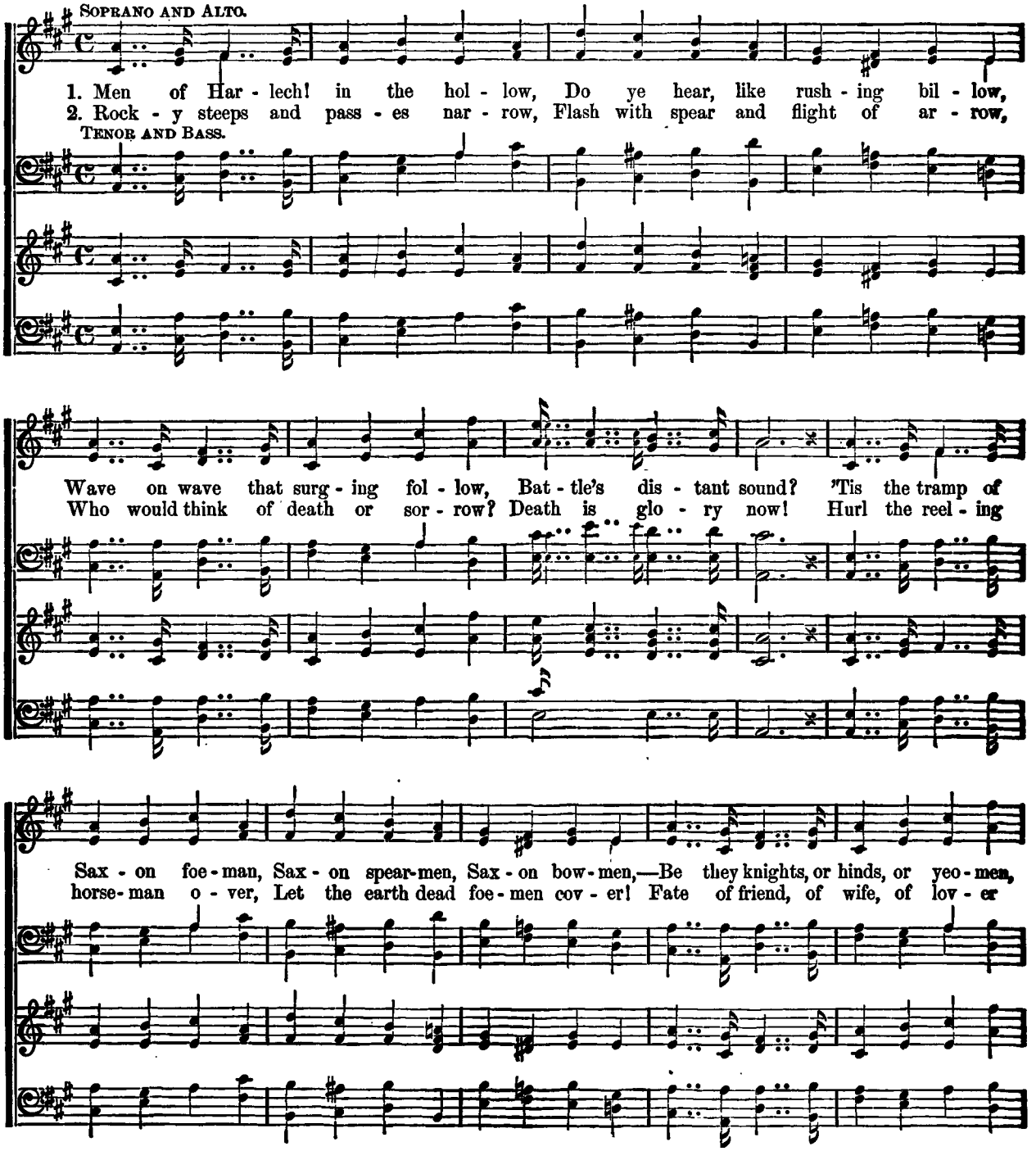
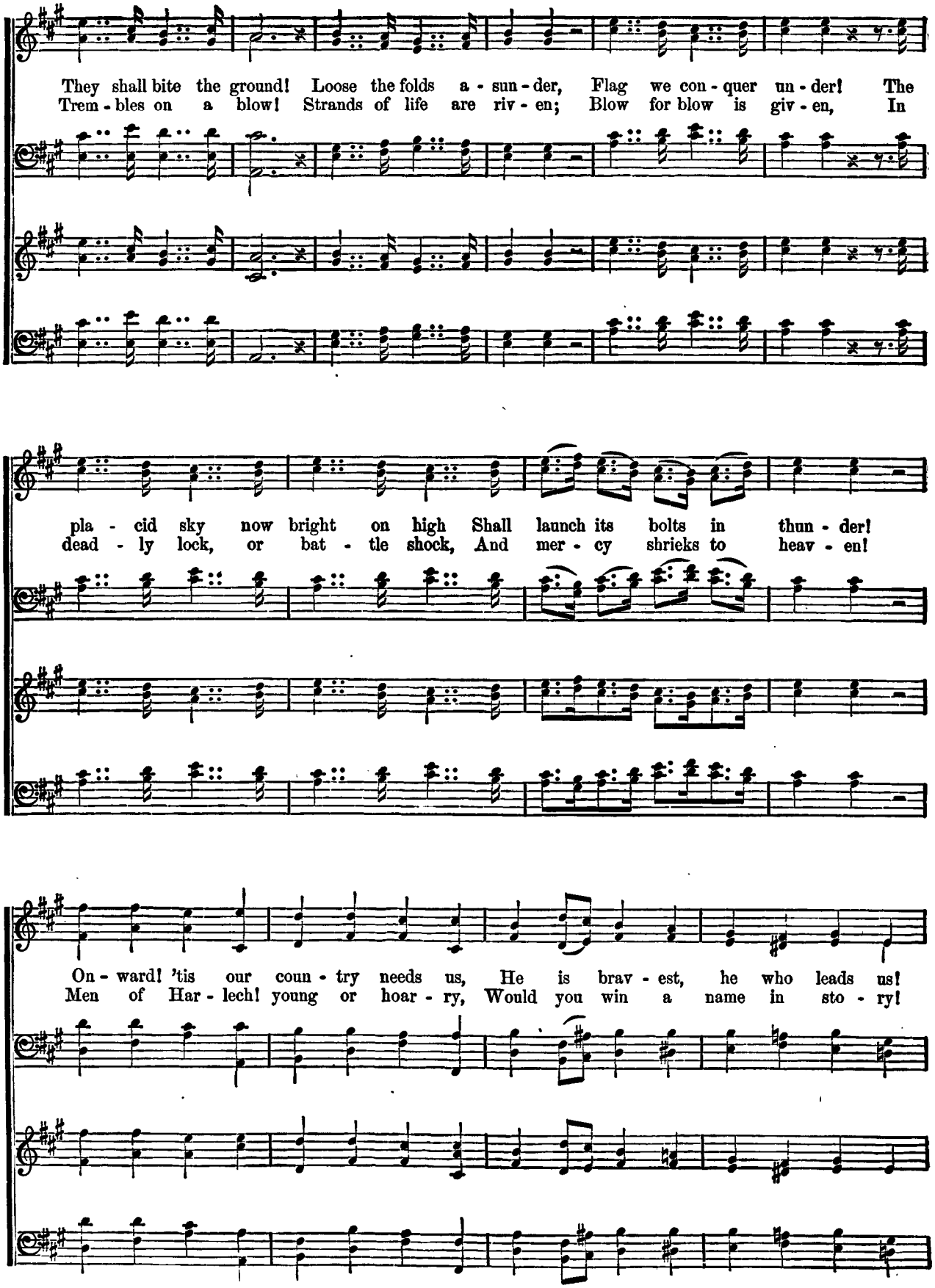

lov - ing kiss be - stowed. It was thus he heard the
youth with her I strayed!" Tho' his voice with age was
sing - - ing Of a charm - ing night - in - gale..... Voice of
trem - - bling Yet he shout - ed like a boy..... Like the
Meno Mosso.
glad - ness soft - ly warb - ling from the shad - y vale..... Once a -
night - in - gale he trill'd, and soft - ly sang for joy..... Once a -
gain, once a - gain, once a - gain..... as you sang..... in the
gain, once a - gain, once a - gain..... as we sang..... in the

vale,..... Sing a - gain, once a - gain, once a - gain..... As you
vale,..... Sing a - gain, once a - gain, once a - gain..... As we
CHORUS.
sang in the moon - lit vale.....
sang in the moon - lit vale .....
(Humming.) - - - - - - -
Solo.
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Sing a - gain, once a -
Sing a - gain, once a -
molto rit.
gain, once a - gain..... as you sang in the moon - lit vale.....
gain, once a - gain..... as we sang in the moon - lit vale.....
molto rit.

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

PATRIOTIC SONG OF WALES.

"MEN of Harlech" is an old Welsh air and is charged with true military power. SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, recognizing its great merits, harmonized it some years ago and had it sung at one of his choral festivals. Its success was instantaneous and now it is a well known and true friend to every choral conductor who has an English speaking body of singers about him. Barnby was one of England's greatest composers. For years he had steadily pursued the road to greatness and in some branches of composition had reached the pinnacle of success in his own land. Known and honored at home and abroad, his music loved and cherished wherever it is heard, Barnby died in his fifty-ninth year, one of the great favorites of England.

Queen Victoria had recently knighted him for his special services to art. He died in 1896.


SOPRANO AND ALTO.
1. Men of Har - lech! in the hol - low, Do ye hear, like rush - ing bil - low,
2. Rock - y steeps and pass - es nar - row, Flash with spear and flight of ar - row,
TENOR AND BASS.
Wave on wave that surg - ing fol - low, Bat - tle's dis - tant sound? 'Tis the tramp of
Who would think of death or sor - row? Death is glo - ry now! Hurl the reel - ing
Sax - on foe - man, Sax - on spear-men, Sax - on bow - men,—Be they knights, or hinds, or yeo - men,
horse - man o - ver, Let the earth dead foe - men cov - er! Fate of friend, of wife, of lov - er

They shall bite the ground! Loose the folds a - sun - der, Flag we con - quer un - der! The
Trem - bles on a blow! Strands of life are riv - en; Blow for blow is giv - en, In
pla - cid sky now bright on high Shall launch its bolts in thun - der!
dead - ly lock, or bat - tle shock, And mer - cy shrieks to heav - en!
On - ward! 'tis our coun - try needs us, He is brav - est, he who leads us!
Men of Har - lech! young or hoar - ry, Would you win a name in sto - ry!

Last verse only.

Hon - or's self now proud - ly heads us! Free - dom! God, and Right.
Strike for home, for life, for glo - ry! Free - dom! God, and Right.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Now to all a kind good-night, Sweet - ly sleep till morn - ing light, Till

morn - ing light, To all good-night; Sweet - ly sleep till morn - ing light, Good-

night, good - night, Good-night, good - night, Good - night, good - night, good - night.

R.C 41

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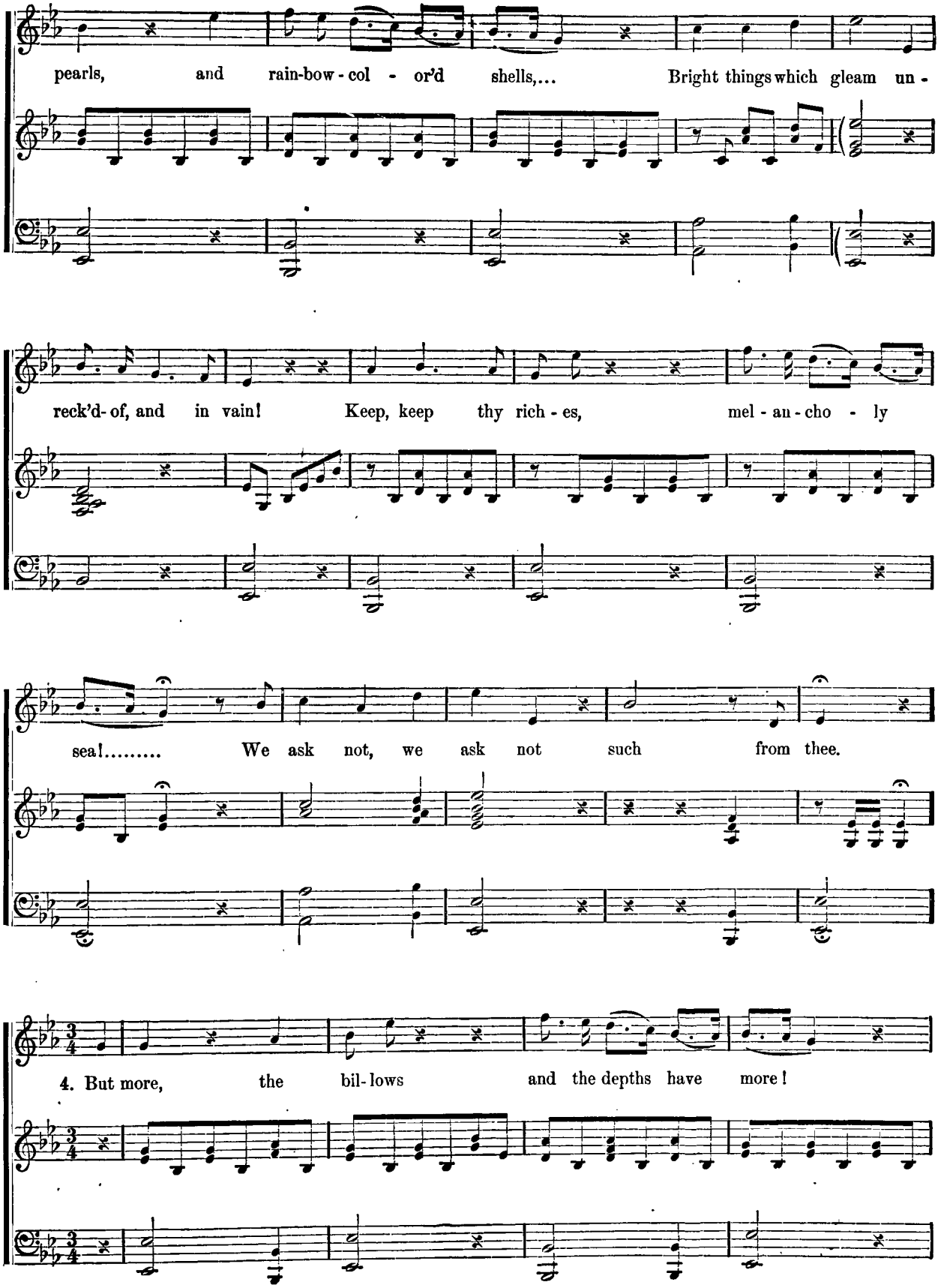
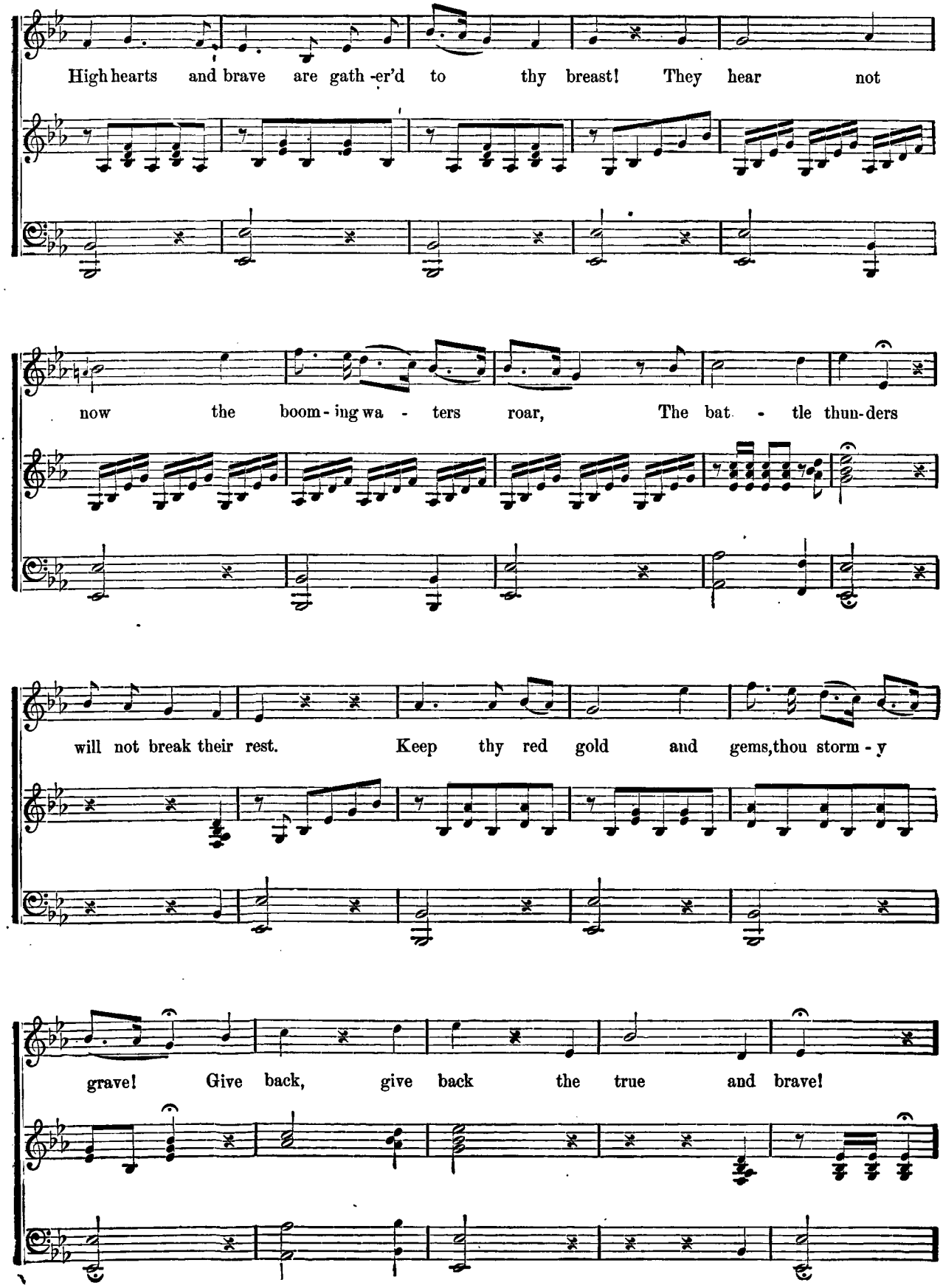
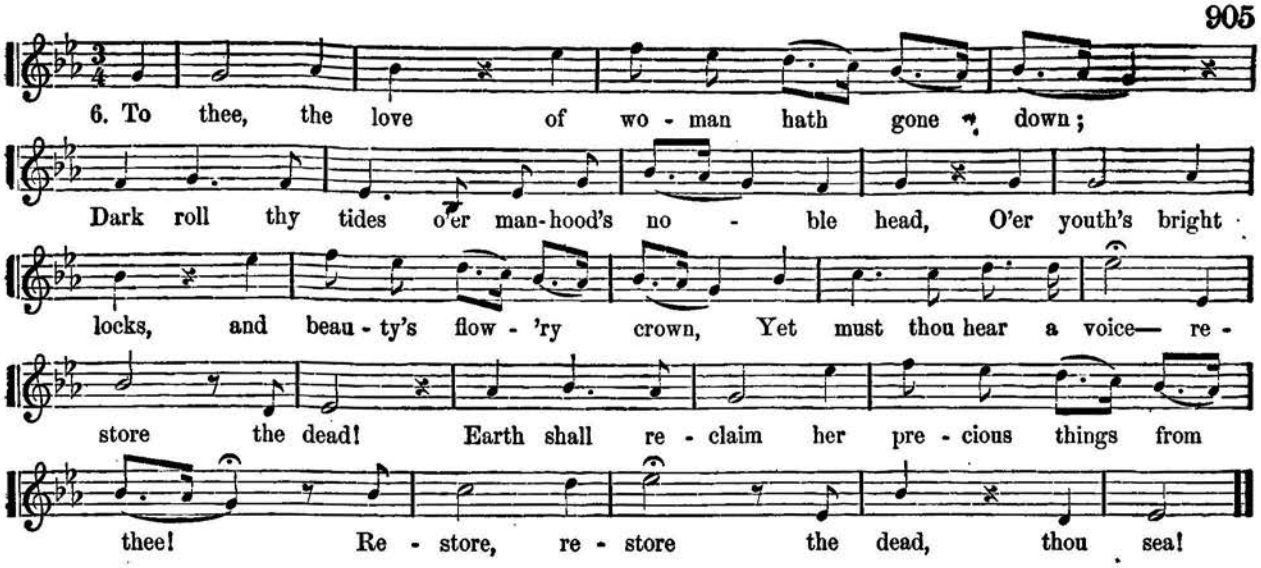
TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

IT is always pleasant to think of the gifted sisters, MRS. HEMANS and MRS. ARKWRIGHT, supplementing each other's work. In this song, they seem to have been unusually happy: it is one of the finest of their joint compositions.

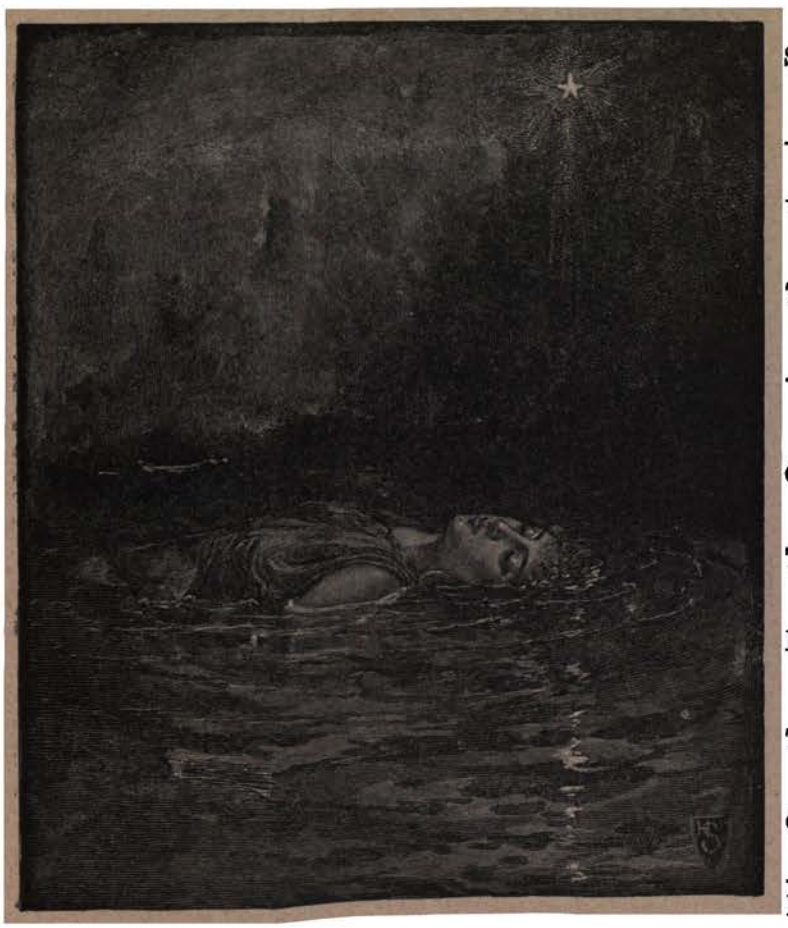
1. What hid'st thou in thy treas- ure - caves and cells,

Thou ev - er sound - ing and mys - te - rious main? Pale, glist - 'ning

pearls, and rain-bow-col - or'd shells,... Bright things which gleam un -
reck'd-of, and in vain! Keep, keep thy rich - es, mel - an - cho - ly
sea!..... We ask not, we ask not such from thee.
4. But more, the bil-lows and the depths have more!

High hearts and brave are gath -er'd to thy breast! They hear not
now the boom - ing wa - ters roar, The bat - tle thun-ders
will not break their rest. Keep thy red gold and gems,thou storm - y
grave! Give back, give back the true and brave!


6. To thee, the love of wo - man hath gone down;
Dark roll thy tides o'er man-hood's no - ble head, O'er youth's bright
locks, and beau - ty's flow - 'ry crown, Yet must thou hear a voice— re -
store the dead! Earth shall re - claim her pre - cious things from
thee! Re - store, re - store the dead, thou sea!

What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells?
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main!
—Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colored shells,
Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in vain;
—Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more!—what wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal argosies!
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main:
Earth claims not *these* again.



Yet more, the depths have more! thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry. [ful play,
—Dash o'er them, ocean! in thy scorn-
Man yields them to decay.

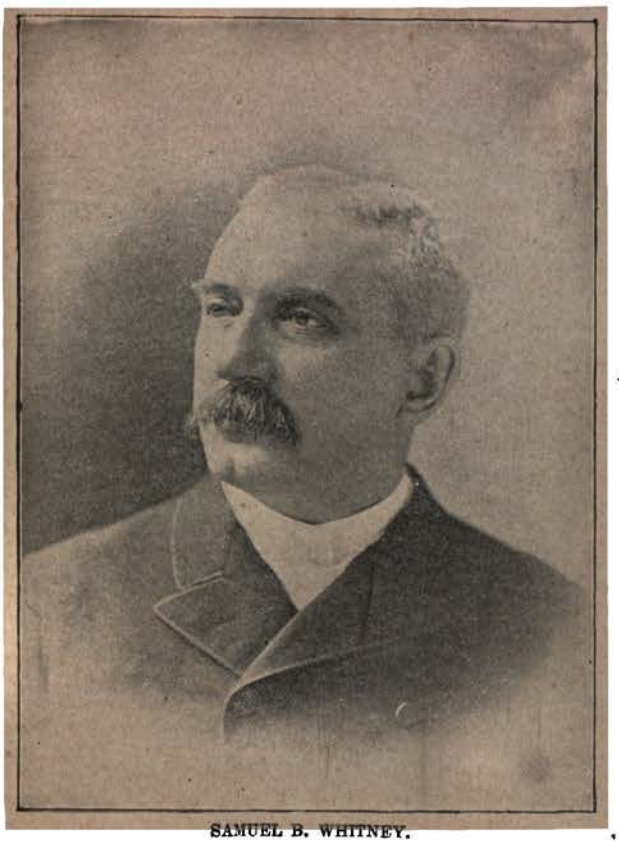
Yet more! the billows and the depths have more! [to thy breast!
High hearts and brave, are gathered
They hear not now the booming waters roar, [their rest.
The battle-thunders will not break
—Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—those for whom [hearth so long,
The place was kept at board and
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom, [festal song.
And the vain yearning woke 'midst
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,
But all is not thine own.

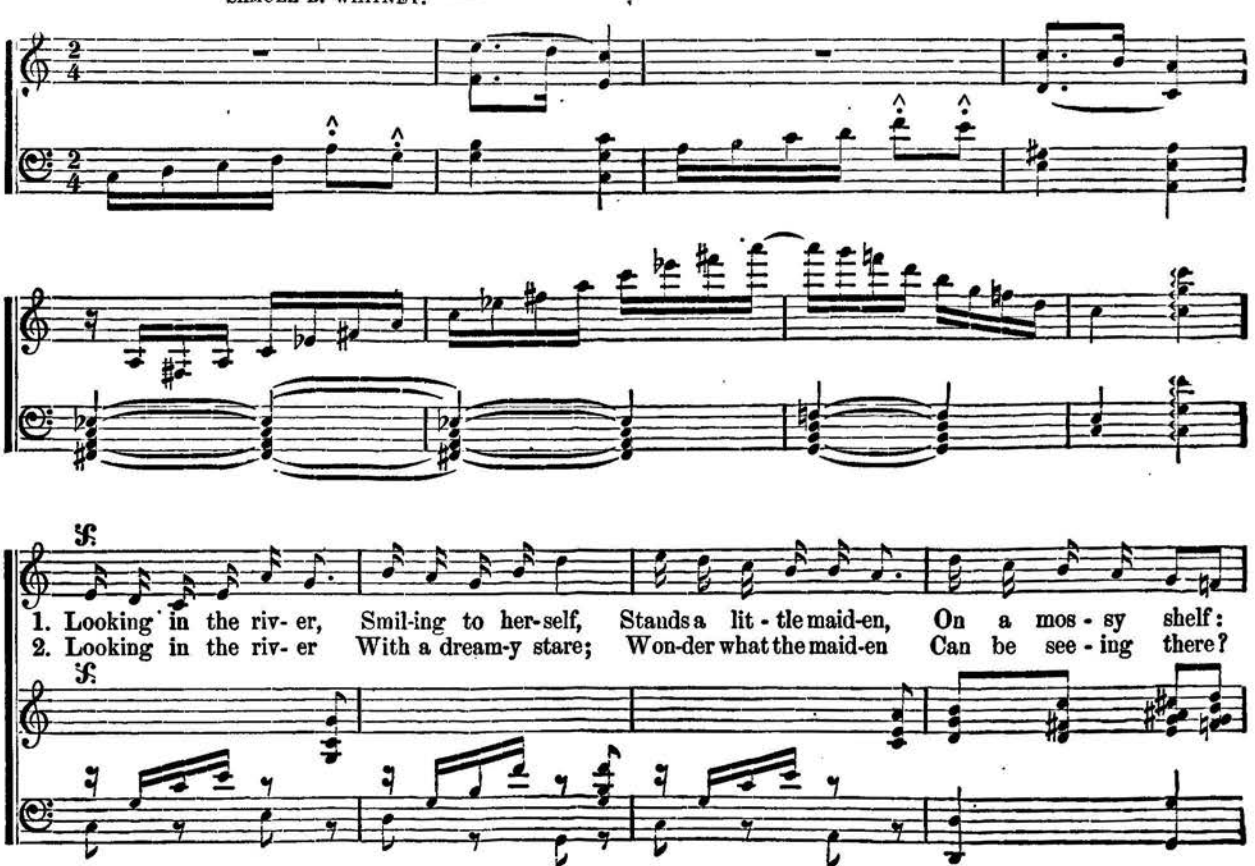
To thee, the love of woman hath gone down, [noble head,
Dark flew thy tides o'er manhood's
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown, [the dead!
—Yet must thou hear a voice—restore
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!
—Restore the dead, thou sea!

BOATING ON THE RIVER.

LOOKING IN THE RIVER.



SAMUEL B. WHITNEY.

THE composer of the sprightly ballad "Looking in the River" is SAMUEL B. WHITNEY, an eminent American musical director, for about a quarter of a century organist of the Church of the Advent in Boston. His fame as an instrumentalist is due in great part to a pleasing and brilliant style, to a wonderful mastery of the preludes, fugues and toccatas of Bach, and to his rich and solid improvisations. He was born in Woodstock, Vt., in 1842; and was educated at the public schools of his native town and at the Vermont Episcopal Institute in Burlington. He studied music under Carl Wels of New York and under Professor Paine of Harvard University. He was successively organist of churches in Montpelier, Albany, and Burlington; and in 1871 he took charge of the choir of the Church of the Advent in Boston. The verses to which this beautiful tune is set were written by Mr. Whitney's old friend and townsman, HON. CHARLES A. EASTMAN, a noted ante-bellum poet and journalist, founder of the Woodstock *Spirit of the Age* and of the *Lamoille River Express*, and long the publisher of the *Vermont Patriot* of Montpelier—where he died in 1860, at the age of forty-four.

1. Looking in the riv- er, Smil-ing to her-self, Stands a lit - tle maid-en, On a mos - sy shelf:
2. Looking in the riv- er With a dream-y stare; Won-der what the maid-en Can be see - ing there?

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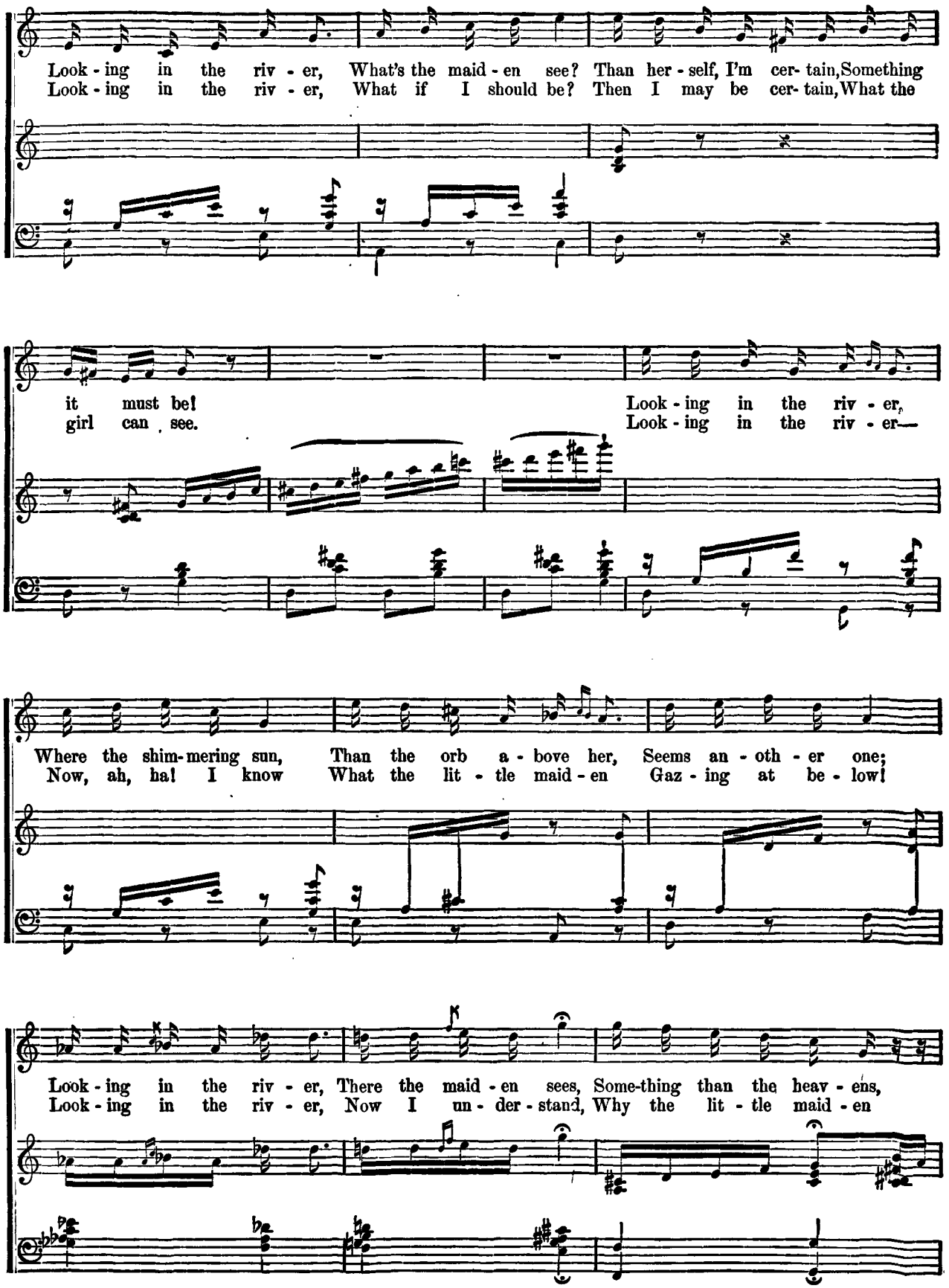
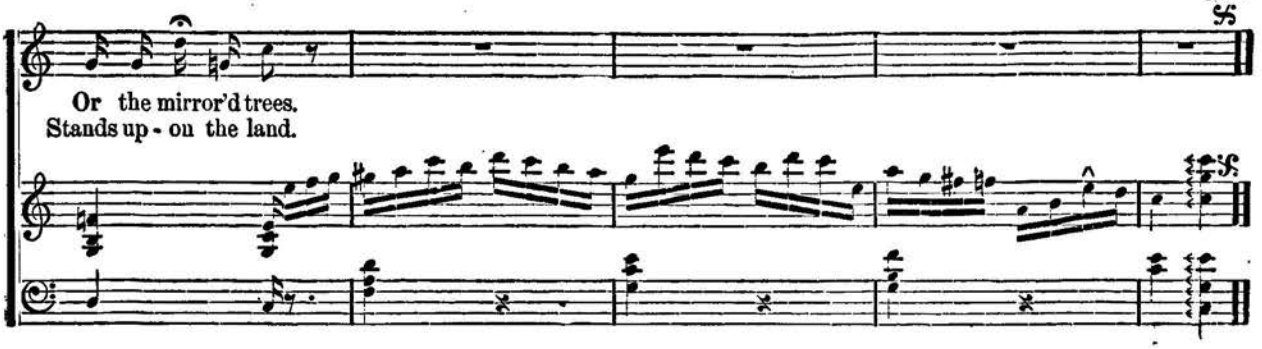

Look - ing in the riv - er, What's the maid - en see? Than her - self, I'm cer- tain, Something
Look - ing in the riv - er, What if I should be? Then I may be cer- tain, What the
it must be!
girl can see.
Look - ing in the riv - er,
Look - ing in the riv - er—
Where the shim-mering sun, Than the orb a - bove her, Seems an - oth - er one;
Now, ah, ha! I know What the lit - tle maid - en Gaz - ing at be - low!
Look - ing in the riv - er, There the maid - en sees, Some-thing than the heav - ens,
Look - ing in the riv - er, Now I un - der - stand, Why the lit - tle maid - en

Looking in the river,
Smiling to herself,
Stands a little maiden,
On the mossy shelf:
Looking in the river,
What's the maiden see?
Than herself I'm certain,
Something it must be!
Looking in the river,
Where the shimmering sun,
Than the orb above her,
Seems another one;
Looking in the river
There the maiden sees,
Something than the heavens,
Or the mirrored trees.

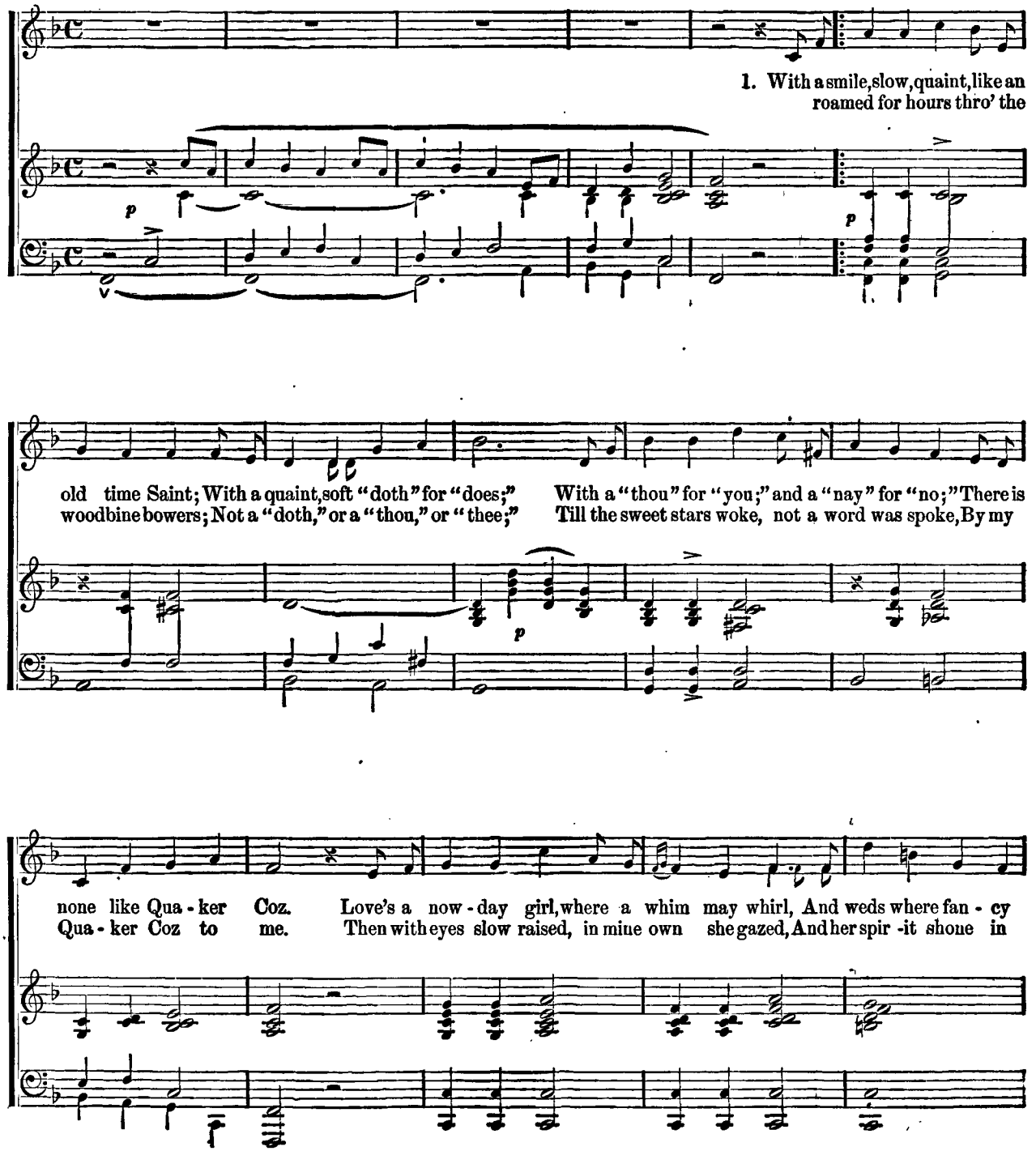
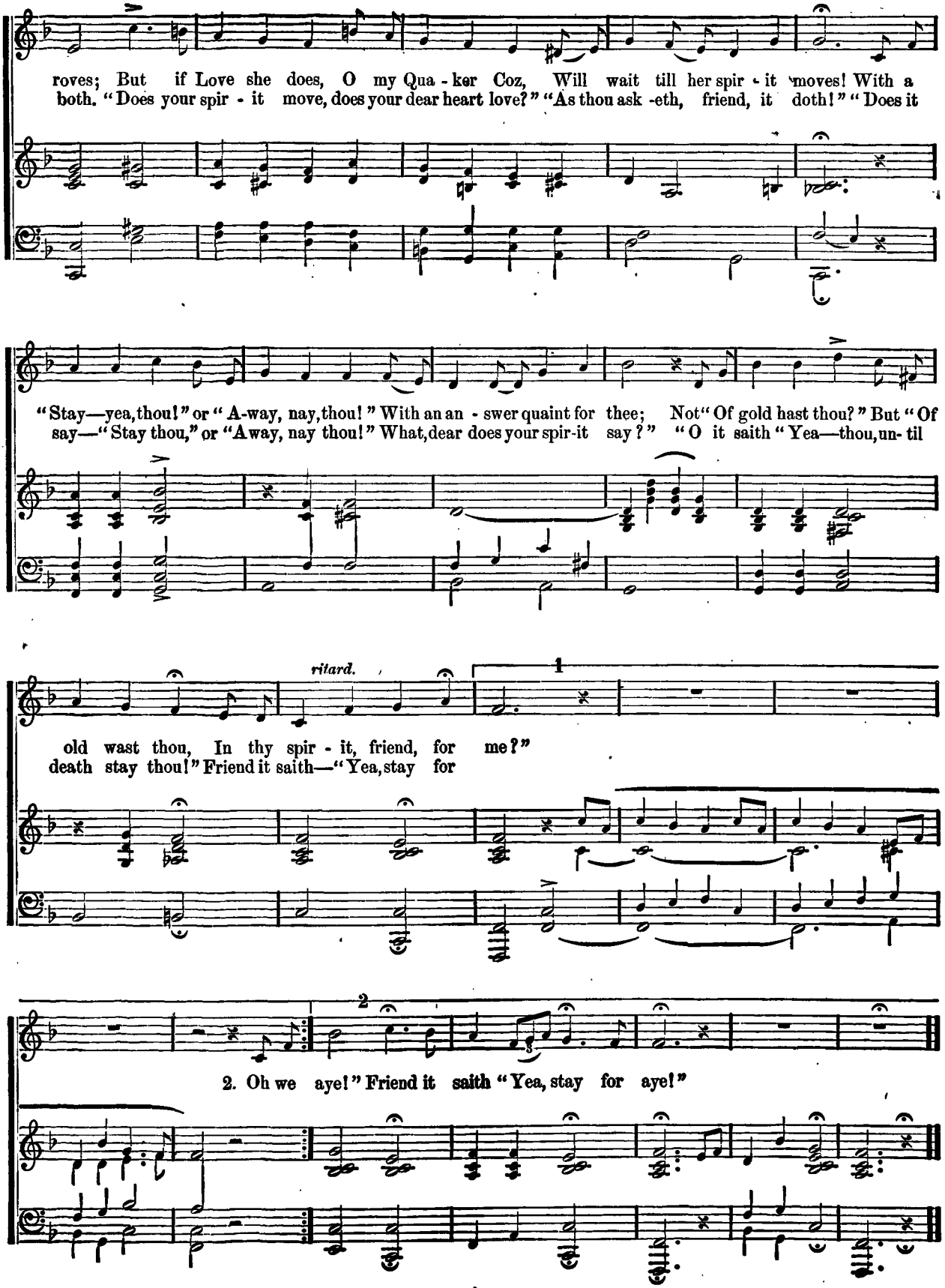
Looking in the river
With a dreamy stare;
Wonder what the maiden
Can be seeing there?
Looking in the river
What if I should be?
Then I may be certain,
What the girl can see.
Looking in the river—
Now, ah, ha! I know
What the little maiden
Gazes at below!
Looking in the river,
Now I understand,
Why the little maiden
Stands upon the land!

Looking in the river,
As the water stirs,
There I see another
Face beside of hers!
Looking in the river,
Close beside her own,
There I see another
Face in shadow thrown;
Looking in the river,
Just behind the maid,
There I see her lover
In the maple shade!
Looking in the river,
Now I understand
Why the little maiden
Stands upon the land!

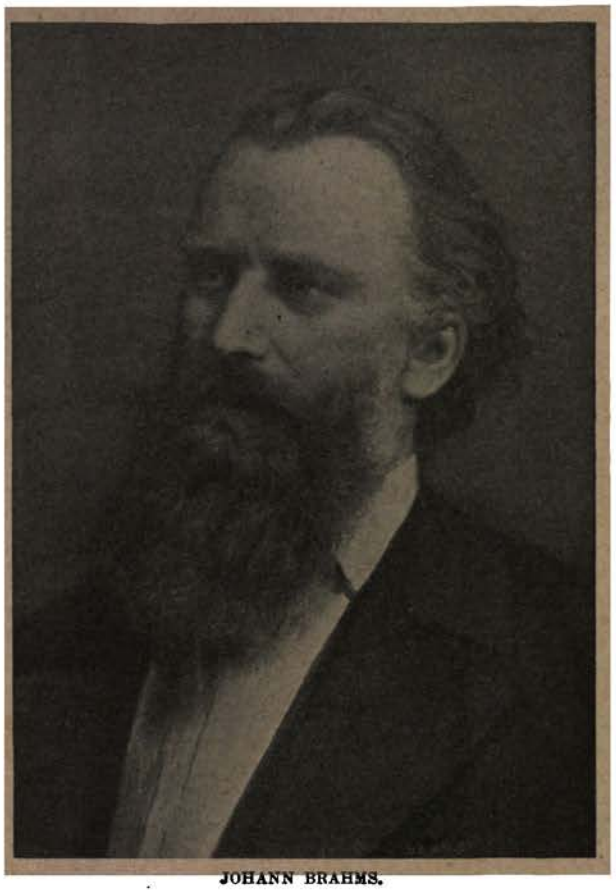
Looking in the river
With her other self,
Stands the little maiden
On a mossy shelf;
Looking in the river—
Maiden, never run!
That's a thing, I'm certain,
All of us have done;
Looking in the river
All of us have been,
And can tell the summer
We remember, when,
Looking in the river,
By the shadow thrown,
We have seen another
Face beside our own.

QUAKER COUSINS.

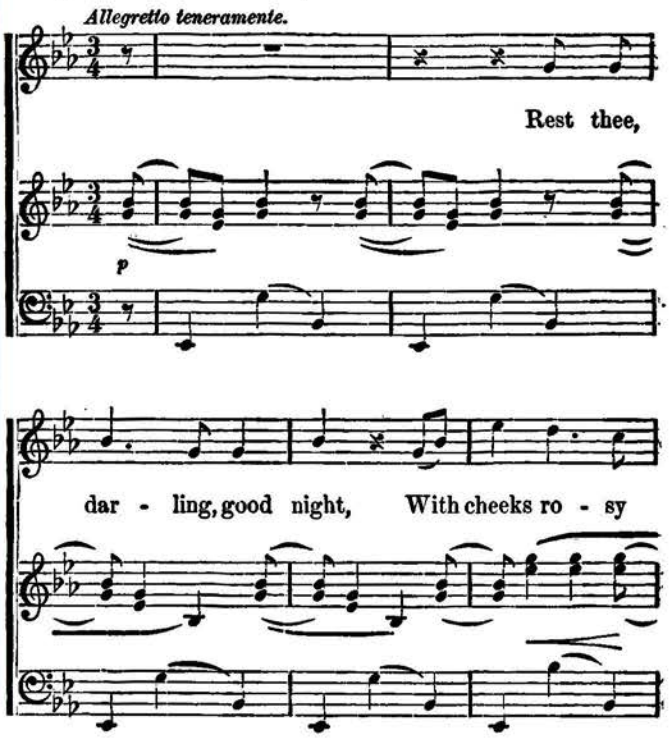
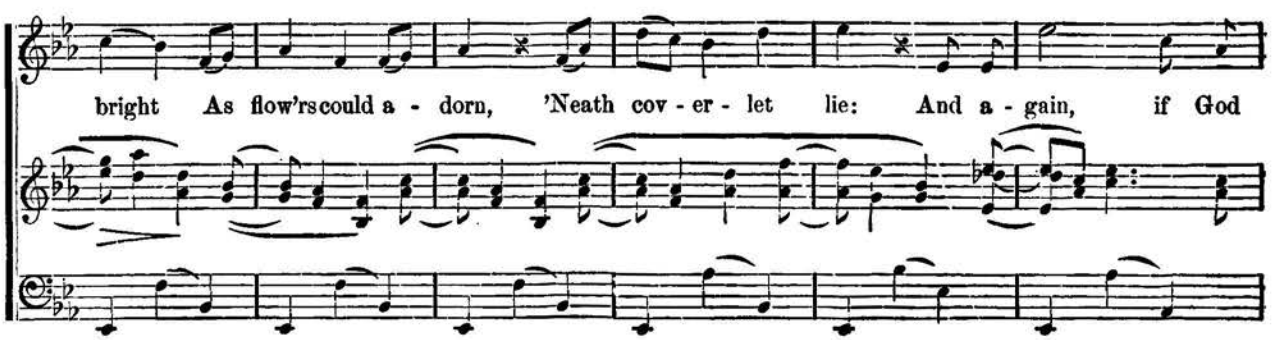
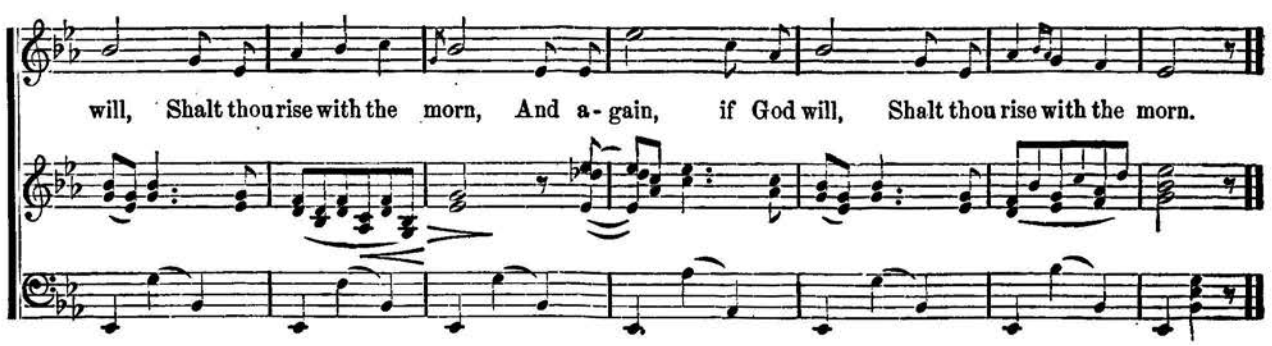
JAMES L. MOLLOY'S "Quaker Cousins" was a favorite song with the great English baritone Charles Santley, whose singing of ballads will be remembered fully as long as his greater work in the English festivals or on the operatic stage. Indeed, the English ballad concert, at which the programme contains no other kind of music, is an institution peculiar to that country where the ballad is most carefully cultivated; and "Quaker Cousins," with its quaint oddity of situation, is well adapted to the purposes of such a singer as Santley, in whose *repertoire* "Simon the Cellarer," and songs of like character, were so delightful a feature. The words of this song were written by SAMUEL K. COWAN.

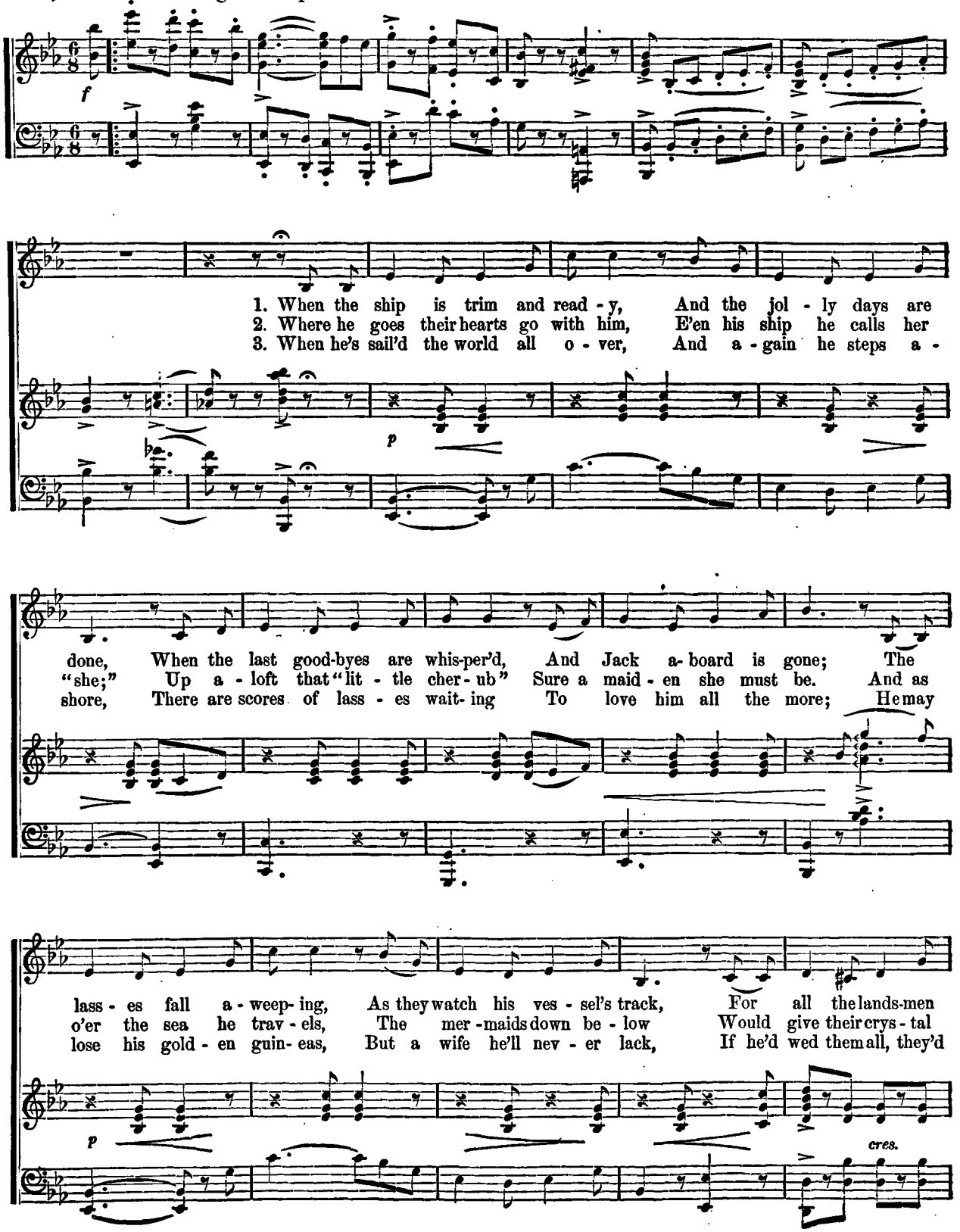
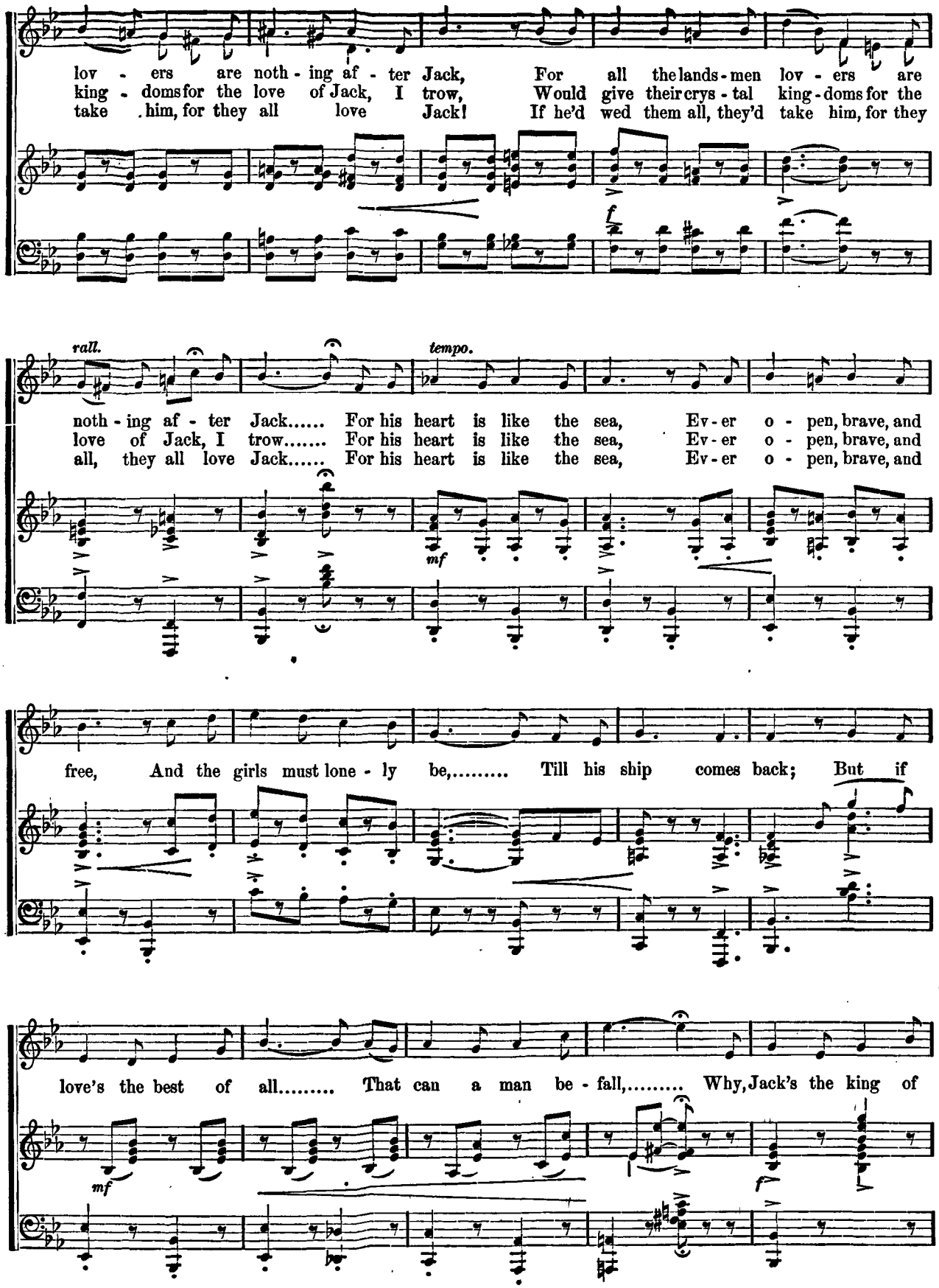
Andante e sempre tranquillo.

1. With a smile, slow, quaint, like an old time Saint; With a quaint, soft "doth" for "does;" With a "thou" for "you;" and a "nay" for "no;" There is none like Qua - ker Coz. Love's a now - day girl, where a whim may whirl, And weds where fan - cy
roamed for hours thro' the woodbine bowers; Not a "doth," or a "thou," or "thee;" Till the sweet stars woke, not a word was spoke, By my Qua - ker Coz to me. Then with eyes slow raised, in mine own she gazed, And her spir - it shone in
p
p

roves; But if Love she does, O my Qua - ker Coz, Will wait till her spir - it moves! With a
both. "Does your spir - it move, does your dear heart love?" "As thou ask -eth, friend, it doth!" "Does it
"Stay—yea, thou!" or "A-way, nay, thou!" With an an - swer quaint for thee; Not "Of gold hast thou?" But "Of
say—"Stay thou," or "Away, nay thou!" What, dear does your spir-it say?" "O it saith "Yea—thou, un- til
ritard.
1
old wast thou, In thy spir - it, friend, for me?"
death stay thou!" Friend it saith—"Yea, stay for
2
2. Oh we aye!" Friend it saith "Yea, stay for aye!"

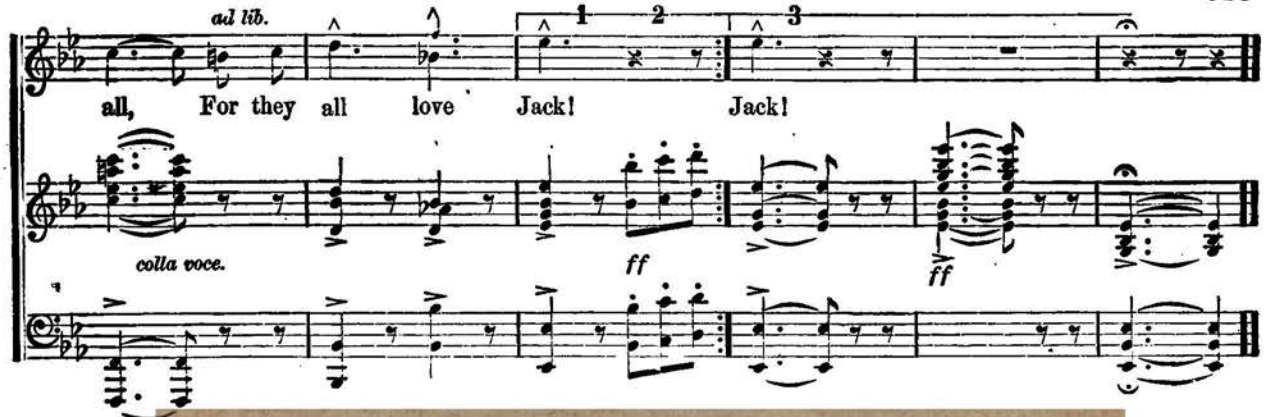
CRADLE SONG.



JOHANN BRAHMS.

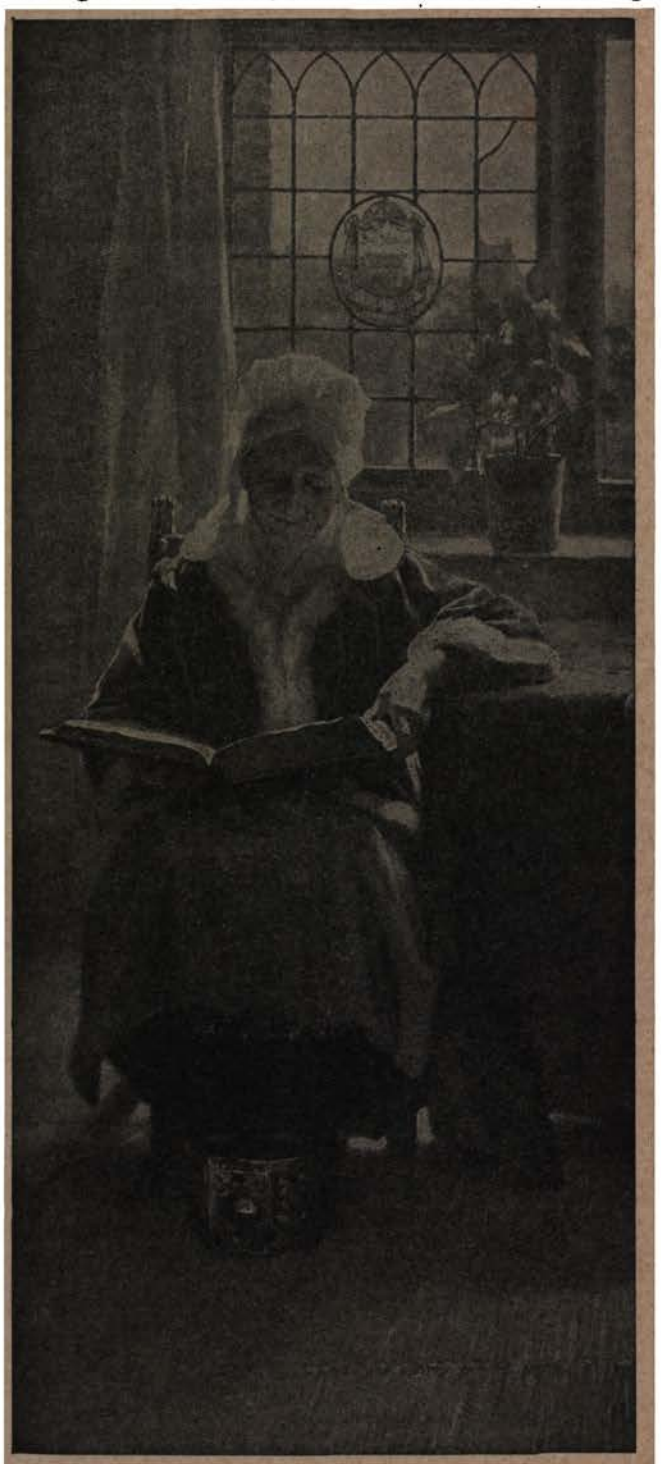
THE "Wiegenlied" of JOHANN BRAHMS is one of the sweet little "sleep songs" to the drowsy cadences of which the babies of the Fatherland are handed over into the land of happy dreams. The accompanying words are a nearly literal translation by L. L. SCAIFE.

THEY ALL LOVE JACK.

THIS spirited song is the joint work of that prolific writer of singable verses, FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY, and the noted English composer STEPHEN ADAMS.

f
1. When the ship is trim and read - y, And the jol - ly days are
2. Where he goes their hearts go with him, E'en his ship he calls her
3. When he's sail'd the world all o - ver, And a - gain he steps a -
p
done, When the last good-byes are whis-per'd, And Jack a- board is gone; The
"she;" Up a - loft that "lit - tle cher - ub" Sure a maid - en she must be. And as
shore, There are scores of lass - es wait- ing To love him all the more; He may
lass - es fall a - weep- ing, As they watch his ves - sel's track, For all the lands-men
o'er the sea he trav - els, The mer - maids down be - low Would give their crys - tal
lose his gold - en guin- eas, But a wife he'll nev - er lack, If he'd wed them all, they'd
p
cres.

lov - ers are noth - ing af - ter Jack, For all the lands - men lov - ers are
king - doms for the love of Jack, I trow, Would give their crys - tal king - doms for the
take him, for they all love Jack! If he'd wed them all, they'd take him, for they
f
rall.
tempo.
noth - ing af - ter Jack..... For his heart is like the sea, Ev - er o - pen, brave, and
love of Jack, I trow..... For his heart is like the sea, Ev - er o - pen, brave, and
all, they all love Jack..... For his heart is like the sea, Ev - er o - pen, brave, and
mf
free, And the girls must lone - ly be,..... Till his ship comes back; But if
love's the best of all..... That can a man be - fall,..... Why, Jack's the king of
mf
f


ad lib.
1
2
3
all, For they all love Jack! Jack!
colla voce.
ff
ff

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

THE words of "My Mother's Bible," were written by GEORGE P. MORRIS. An English writer says of him: "You can hardly know the place General Morris has made himself among all classes here. His many songs and ballads are household words in every home in England. After all, what are all the throat-warblings in this world to one such heart-song as 'My Mother's Bible?'"

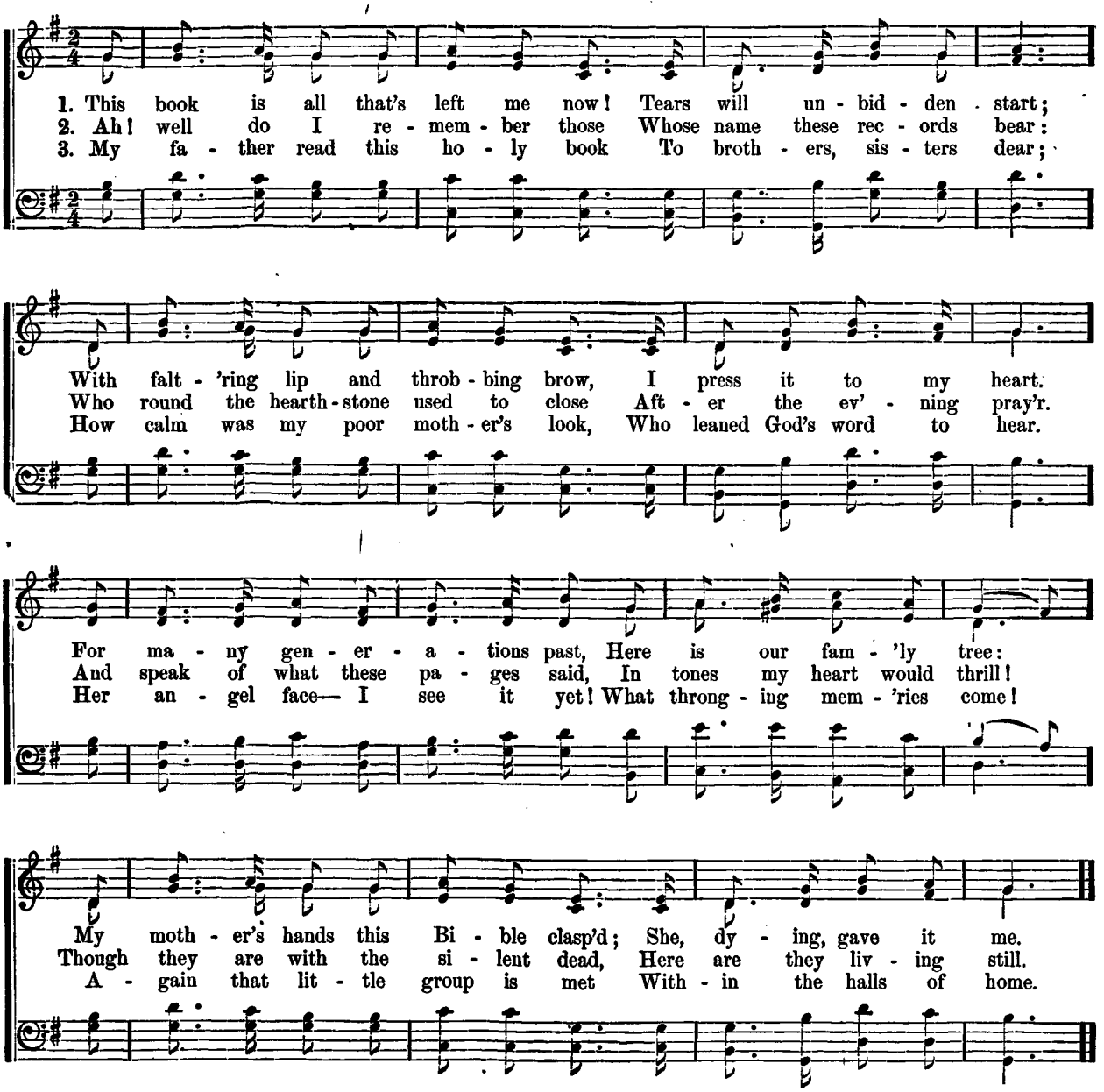


N. P. Willis, General Morris's life-long friend, wrote of him: "My dear sir: To ask me for my idea of Mr. Morris, is like asking the left hand's opinion of the dexterity of the right. I have lived so long with the 'Brigadier'—known him so intimately—worked so constantly at the same rope, and thought so little of ever separating from him (except by precedence of ferriage over the Styx,) that it is hard to shove him from me to the perspective distance—hard to shut my own partial eyes and look at him through other people's. I will try however, and as it is done with but one foot off the treadmill of my ceaseless vocation, you will excuse both abruptness and brevity.

"Morris is the best known poet of the country,—by acclamation, not by criticism. He is just what poets would be if they sang like birds, without criticism; and it is a peculiarity of his fame that it seems as regardless of criticism as a bird in the air. Nothing can stop a song of his. It is very easy to say that they are very easy to do. They have a momentum somehow, that is difficult for others to give, and that speeds them to the far goal of popularity—the best proof consisting in the fact that he can at any moment get fifty dollars for a song unread, when the whole remainder of the American Parnassus could not sell one to the same buyer for a shilling. It may or may not be one secret of his popularity, but it is a truth that Morris's heart is at the level of most other people's and his poetry flows out by that door. He stands breast-high in the common stream of sympathy, and the fine oil of his poetic feelings goes from him upon an element it is its nature to float upon, and which carries it safe to other bosoms with little need of high-flying or deep diving. His sentiments are simple, honest, truthful, and familiar; his language is pure and eminently musical, and he is prodigally full of the poetry of every-day feeling. These are days when poets try experiments; and while others succeed in taking the world's breath away with flights and plunges, Morris uses his feet to walk quietly with nature. Ninety-nine people in a hundred, taken as they come in the census, would find more to admire in Morris's songs than in the writings of any other American poet; and that is a parish in the poetical Episcopate well worthy a wise man's nurture and prizing.

"As to the man—Morris, my friend—I can hardly venture to 'burn incense on his moustache,' as the French say—write his praises under his very nose—but as far off as Philadelphia, you may pay the proper tribute to his loyal nature and manly excellences. His personal qualities have made him universally popular, but this overflow upon the world does not impoverish him for his friends. I have outlined a true poet and a fine fellow, fill up the picture to your liking."

The music of this song was composed by HENRY RUSSELL.


1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un - bid - den start;
2. Ah! well do I re - mem - ber those Whose name these rec - ords bear:
3. My fa - ther read this ho - ly book To broth - ers, sis - ters dear;
With falt - 'ring lip and throb - bing brow, I press it to my heart.
Who round the hearth - stone used to close Aft - er the ev' - ning pray'r.
How calm was my poor moth - er's look, Who leaned God's word to hear.
For ma - ny gen - er - a - tions past, Here is our fam - 'ly tree:
And speak of what these pa - ges said, In tones my heart would thrill!
Her an - gel face— I see it yet! What throng - ing mem - 'ries come!
My moth - er's hands this Bi - ble clasp'd; She, dy - ing, gave it me.
Though they are with the si - lent dead, Here are they liv - ing still.
A - gain that lit - tle group is met With - in the halls of home.

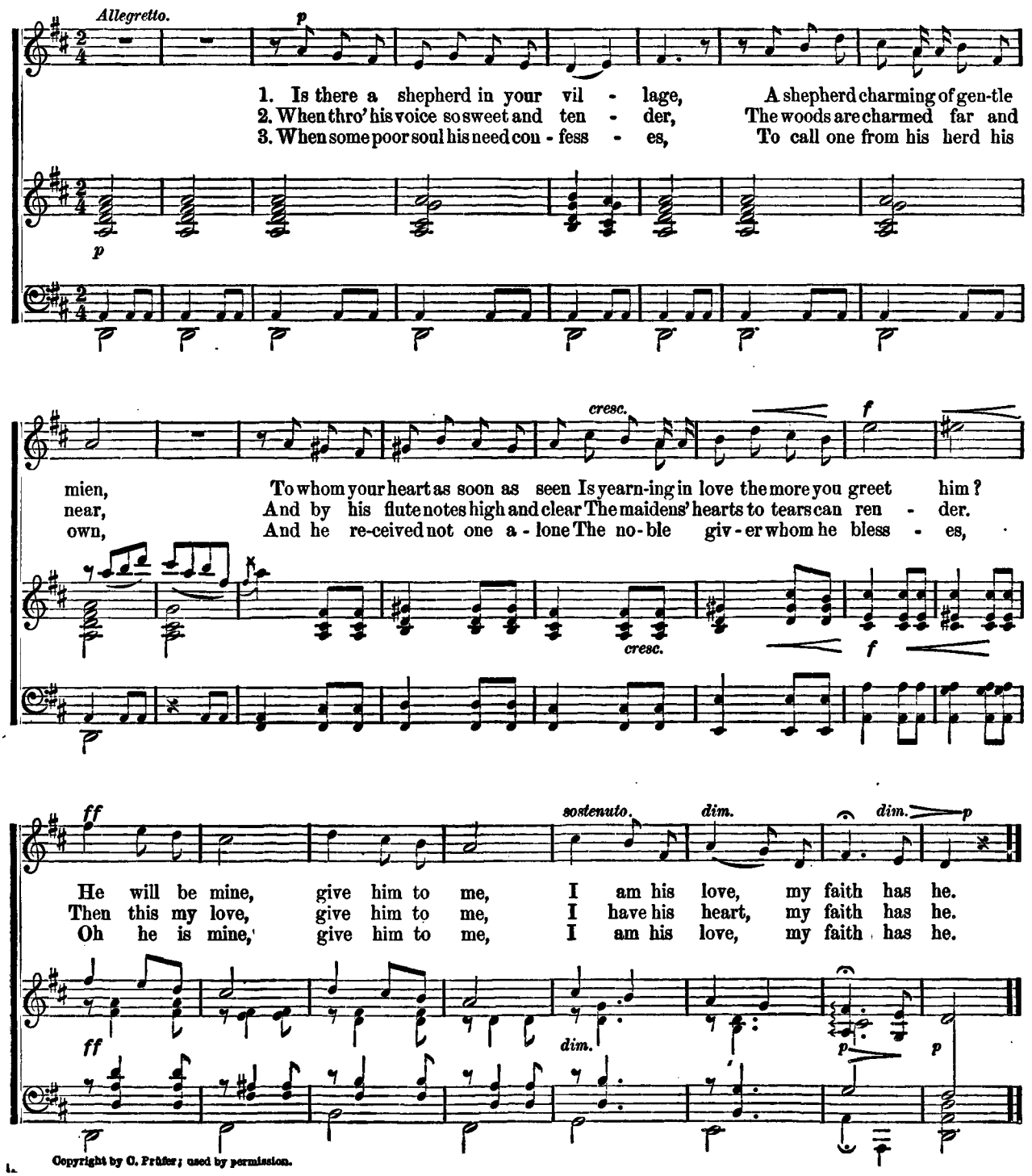
This book is all that's left me now!
Tears will unbidden start;
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped;
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear:
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer.
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who leaned God's word to hear.
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false, I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

FLORIAN'S SONG.

BENJAMIN PAUL LOUIS GODARD was one of the leading French song composers of the latter end of the nineteenth century. His music possessed all the quaint and naive qualities characteristic of his school, and a certain delicate grace that appears only in the French songs of his period. He was born in Paris in 1849, and was educated at the Paris Conservatory of Music. He died in 1895 at Brussells. He was known as a composer and organist. Reber and Vieuxtemps were his instructors. He wrote several orchestral works, the dramatic symphony, "La Tasse," among them; several operas, including "Pedro de Zalemea" and "Jocelyn;" and many beautiful songs. Among the latter the most familiar are "Florian's Song," "L'Amour," "Dites-Moi" and "Arabian Song."

Allegretto.
p
1. Is there a shepherd in your vil - lage, A shepherd charming of gen-tle
2. When thro' his voice so sweet and ten - der, The woods are charmed far and
3. When some poor soul his need con - fess - es, To call one from his herd his
cresc.
f
mien, To whom your heart as soon as seen Is yearn-ing in love the more you greet him?
near, And by his flute notes high and clear The maidens' hearts to tears can ren - der.
own, And he re-ceived not one a - lone The no-ble giv-er whom he bless - es,
cresc.
f
ff
sostenuto.
dim.
dim.
p
He will be mine, give him to me, I am his love, my faith has he.
Then this my love, give him to me, I have his heart, my faith has he.
Oh he is mine, give him to me, I am his love, my faith has he.
ff
dim.
p
p

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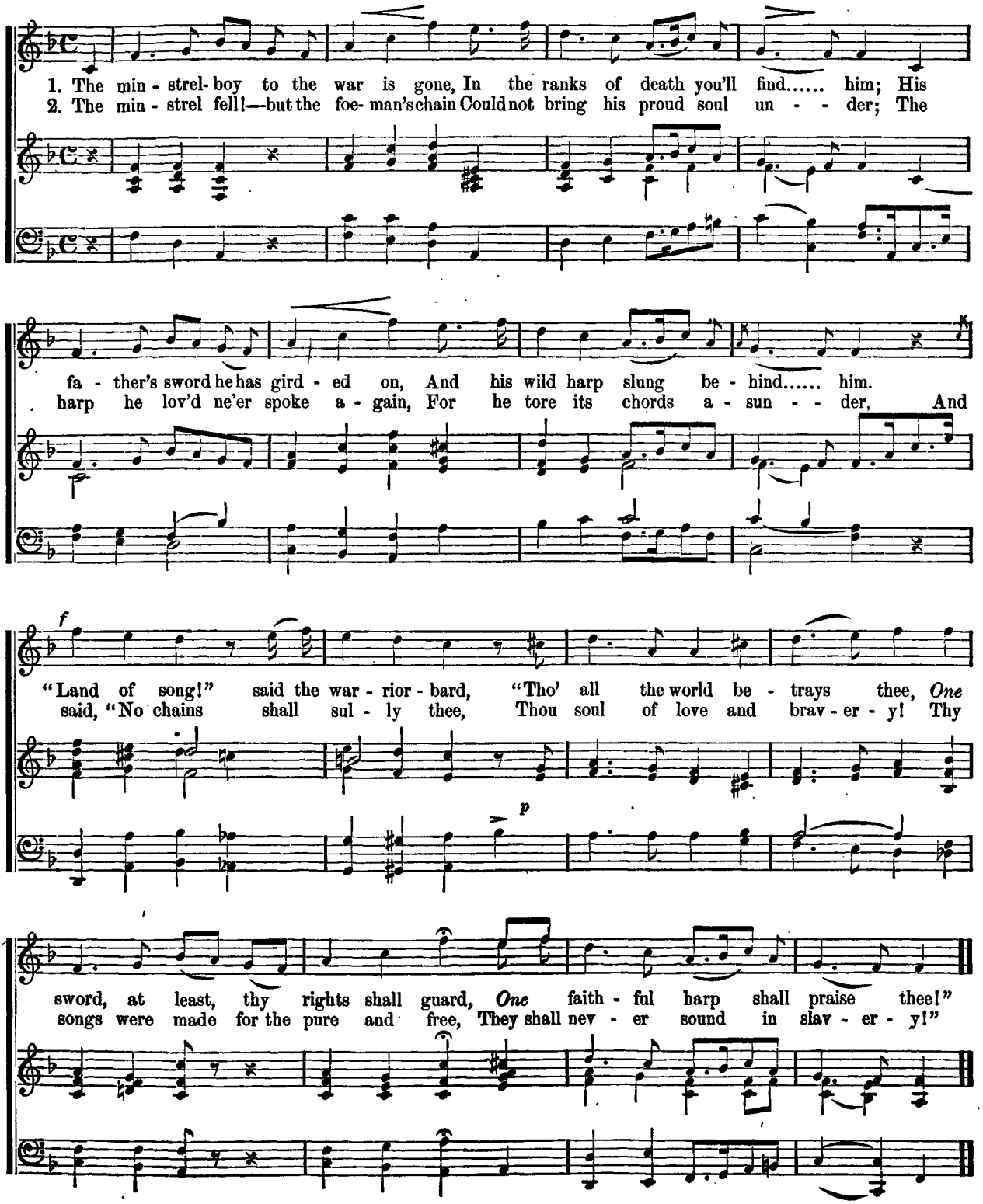
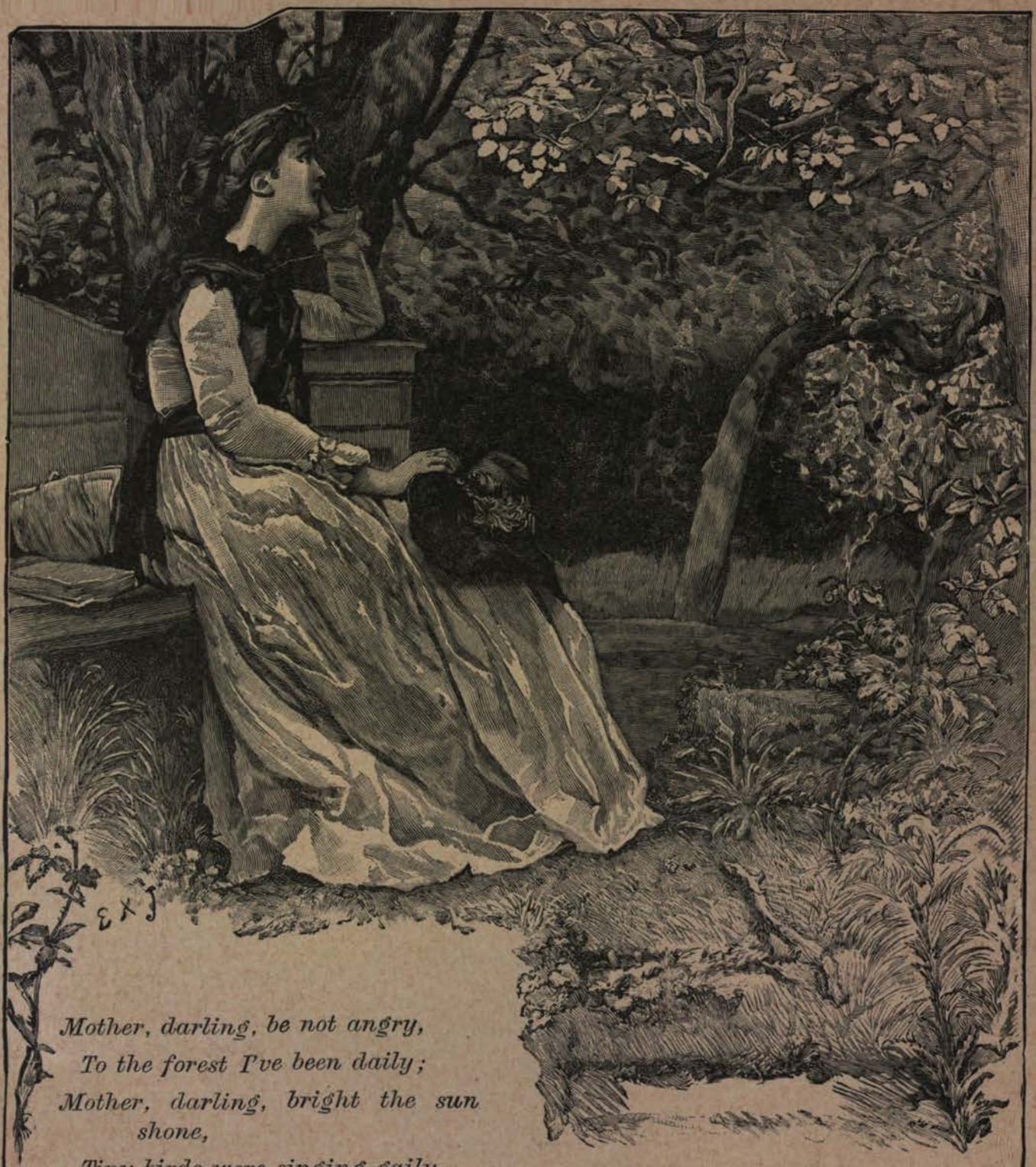
THE MINSTREL BOY.

"THE MINSTREL BOY" is one of THOMAS MOORE'S "Irish Melodies." It is set to the old Irish air called "The Moreen." A gentleman who has often heard Moore sing his own melodies, one evening asked him to copy a song to give him. "Which shall it be?" asked Moore, and when the gentleman replied, "The Minstrel Boy," "Well, I think it is about the best of them," said Moore.

1. The min - strel-boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find..... him; His
2. The min - strel fell!—but the foe-man's chain Could not bring his proud soul un - - - der; The
fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind..... him.
harp he lov'd ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a - sun - - der, And
f
"Land of song!" said the war - rior - bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays thee, One
said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - er - y! Thy
p
sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee!"
songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in slav - er - y!"

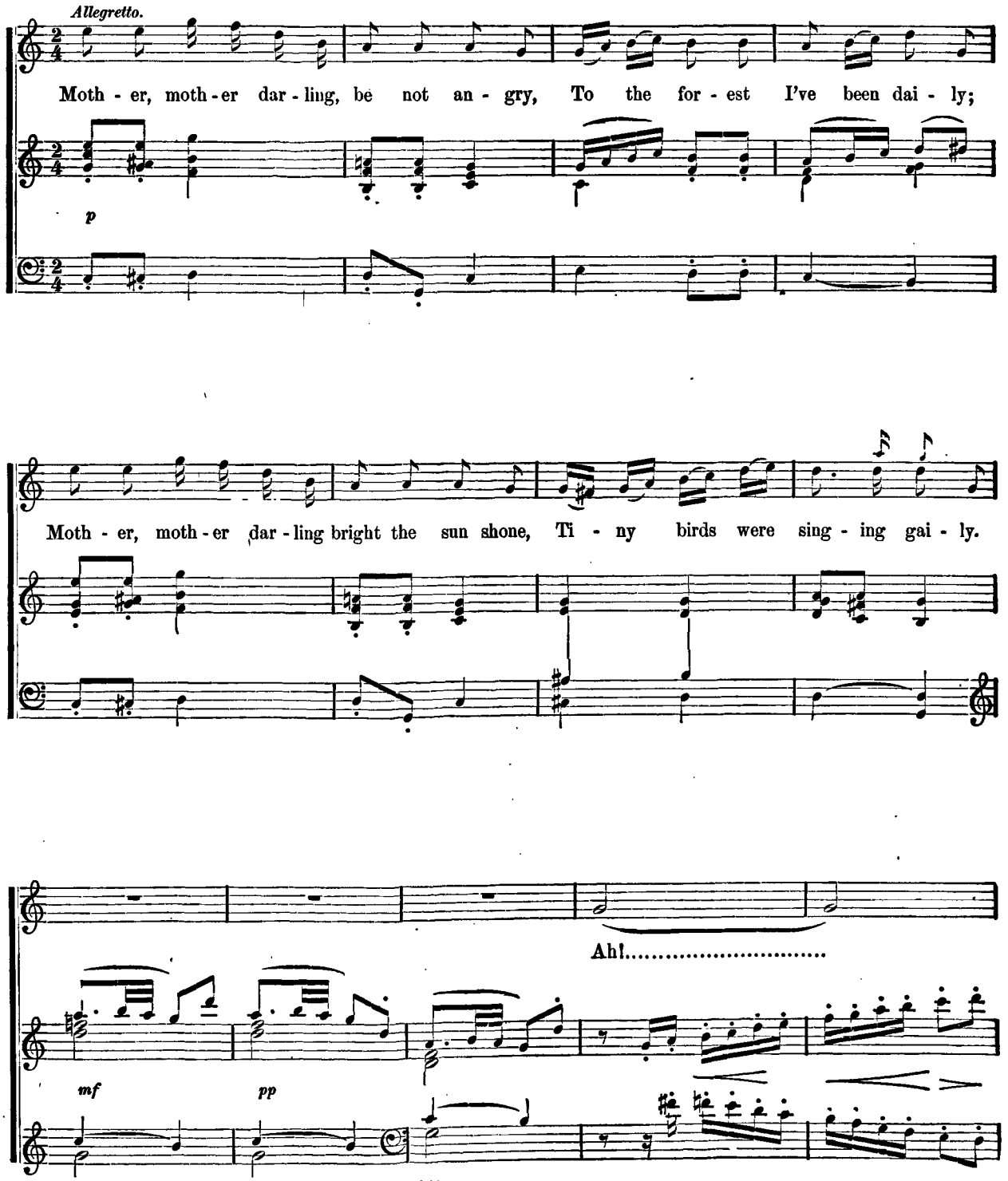


Mother, darling, be not angry,
To the forest I've been daily;
Mother, darling, bright the sun shone,
Tiny birds were singing gaily.

Mother, darling, be not angry,
Thee I ever will obey;
Mother, darling, bright the sun shone,
Butterflies were sporting light and gay.

Mother, I the truth will tell thee;
There my lover have I met;
He's a hunter young and handsome,
And of him I'm thinking yet.

A MAIDEN'S SONG.

THIS is one of the early compositions of the Russian composer, ERIK MEYER-HELMUND, a producer of numerous successful vocal and instrumental works. The words, from a German popular song—"Mutter, Mütterchen, ach sei nicht böse"—were rendered into English by MRS. LOUISA T. CRAIGIN, a competent *litterateur* of Boston, much of whose work in various literary fields, was published previous to her death, which occurred about 1880.

Allegretto.
Moth - er, moth - er dar - ling, be not an - gry, To the for - est I've been dai - ly;
p
Moth - er, moth - er dar - ling bright the sun shone, Ti - ny birds were sing - ing gai - ly.
Ah!.....
mf
pp

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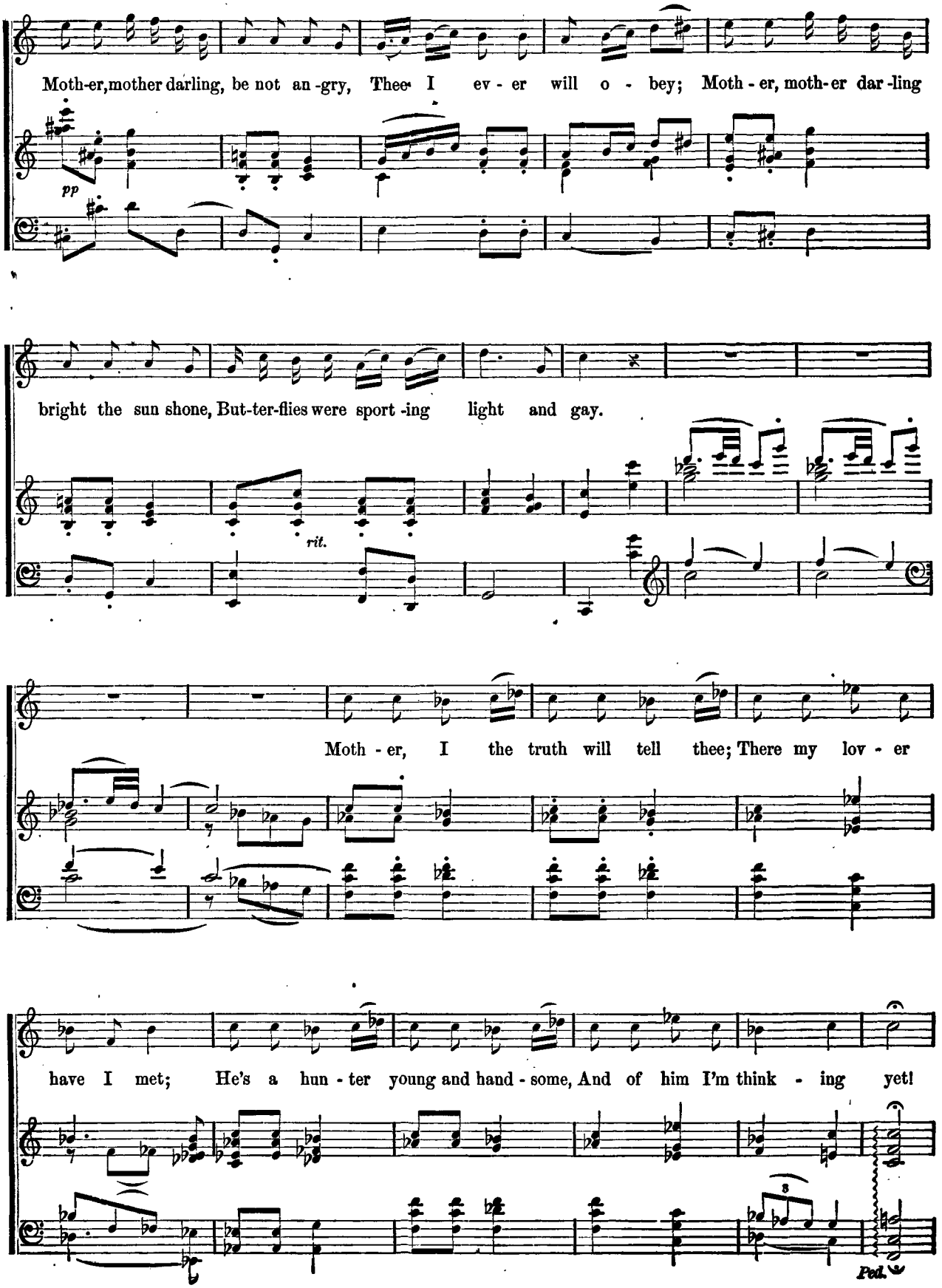
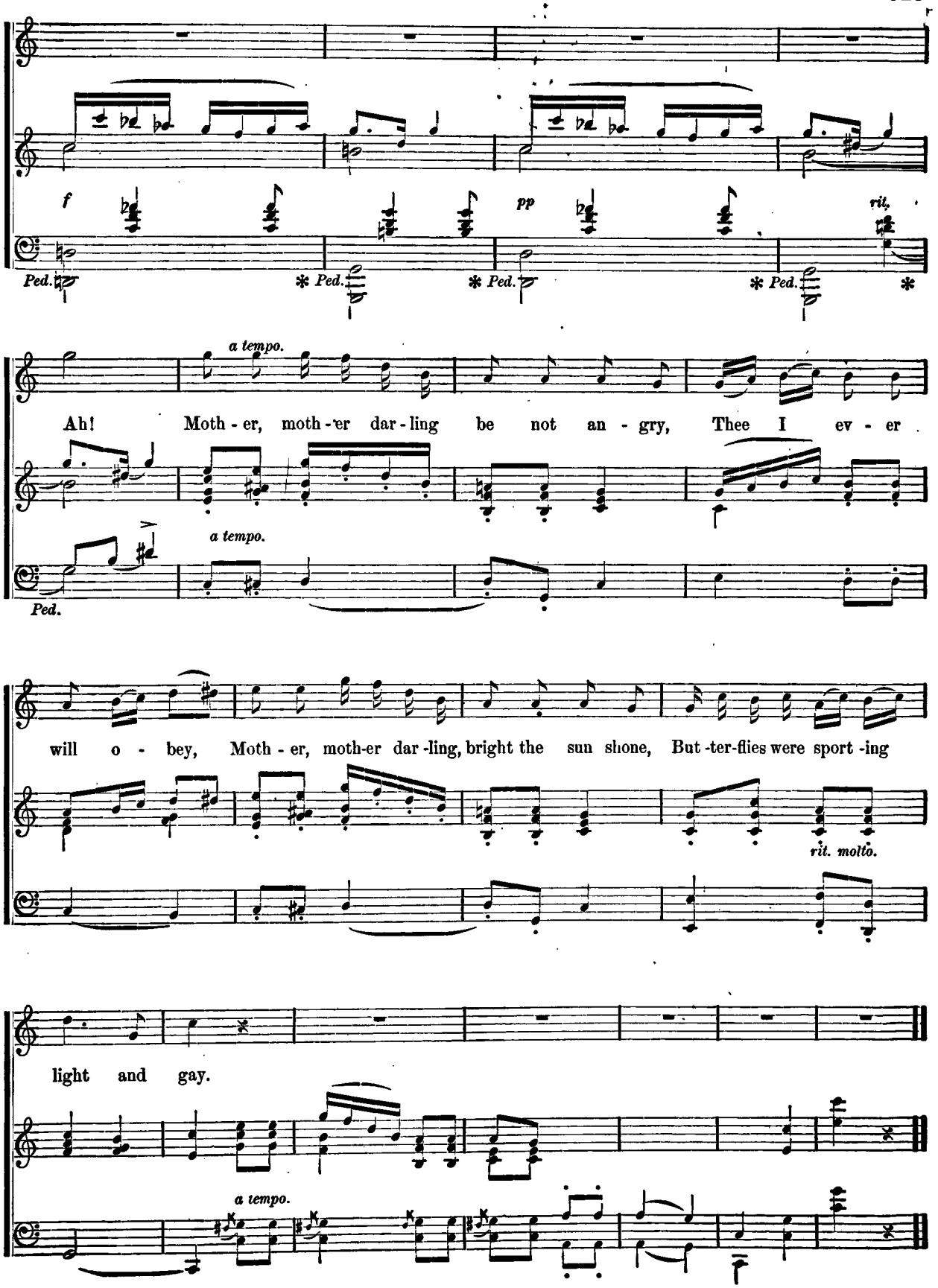
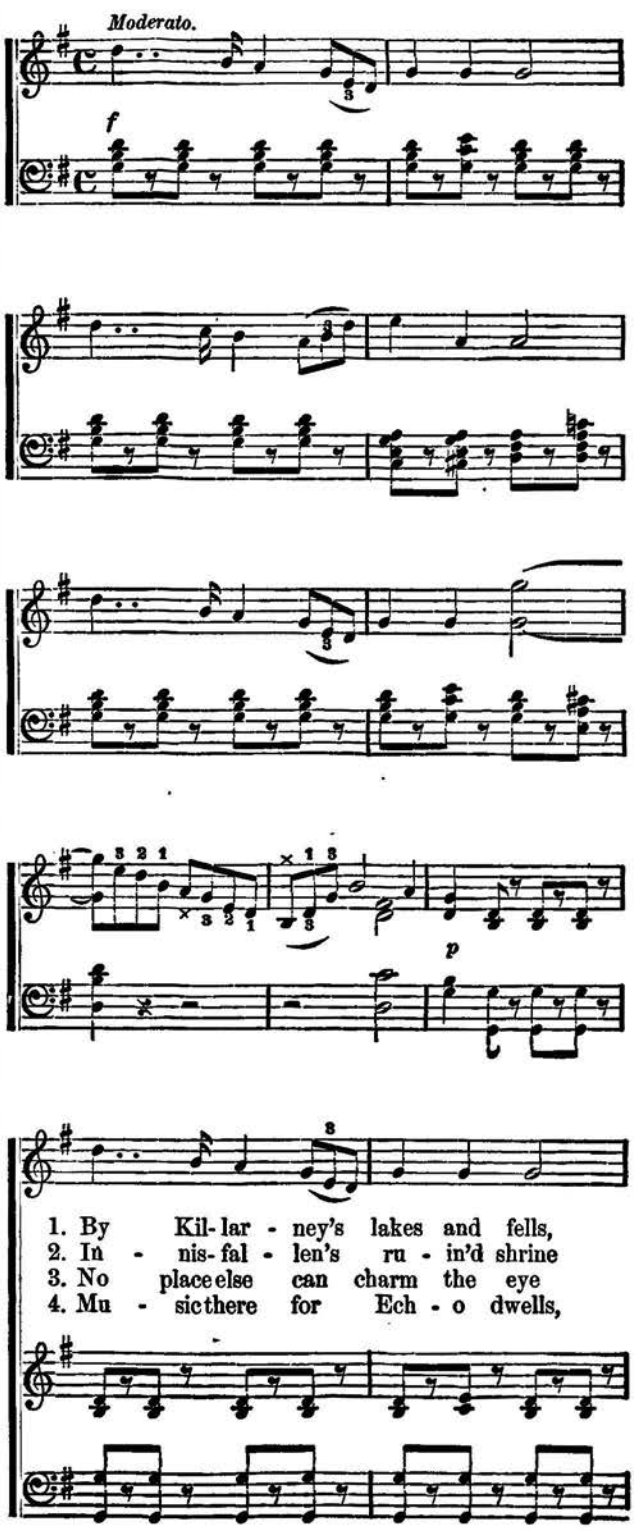
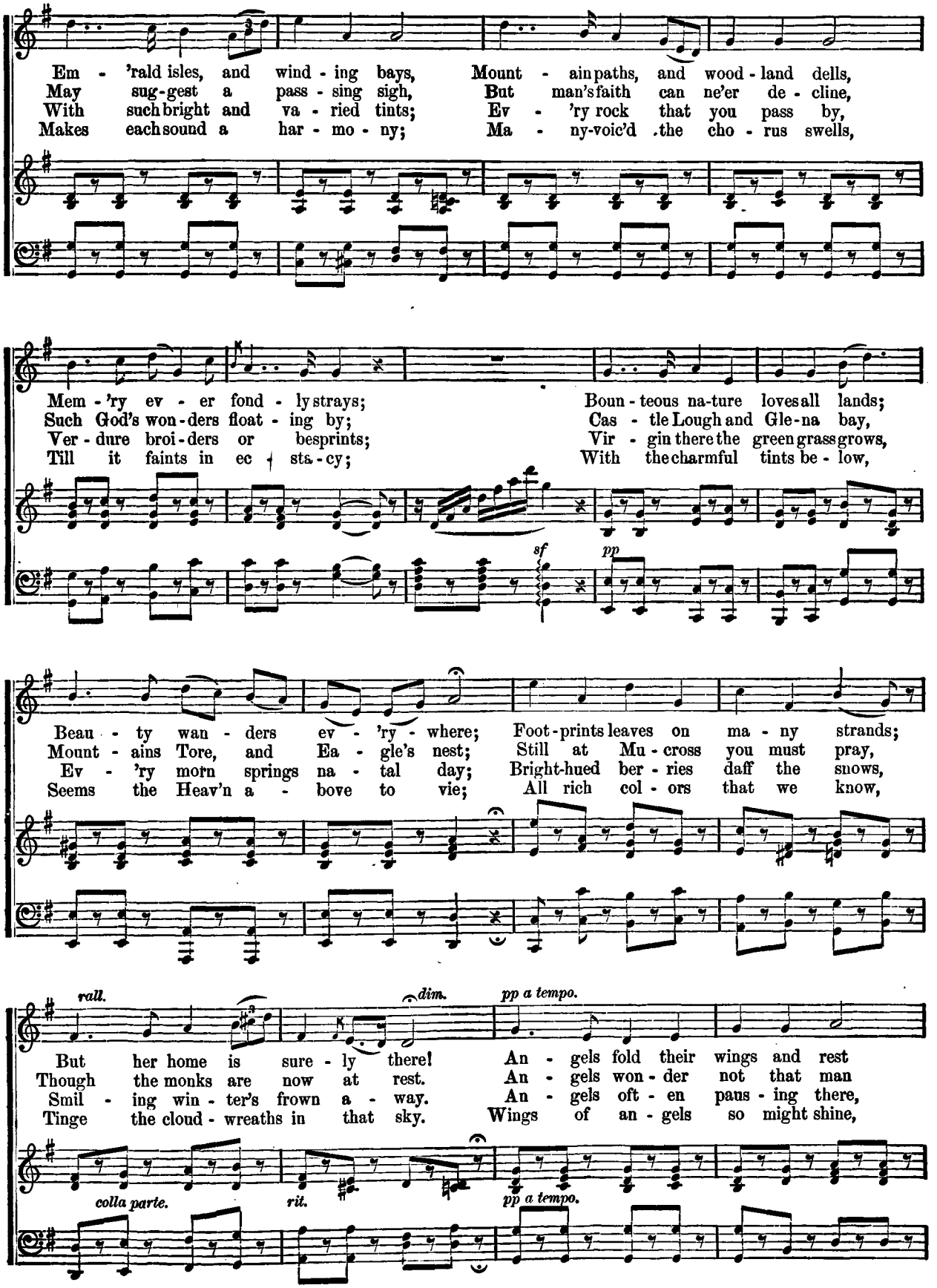
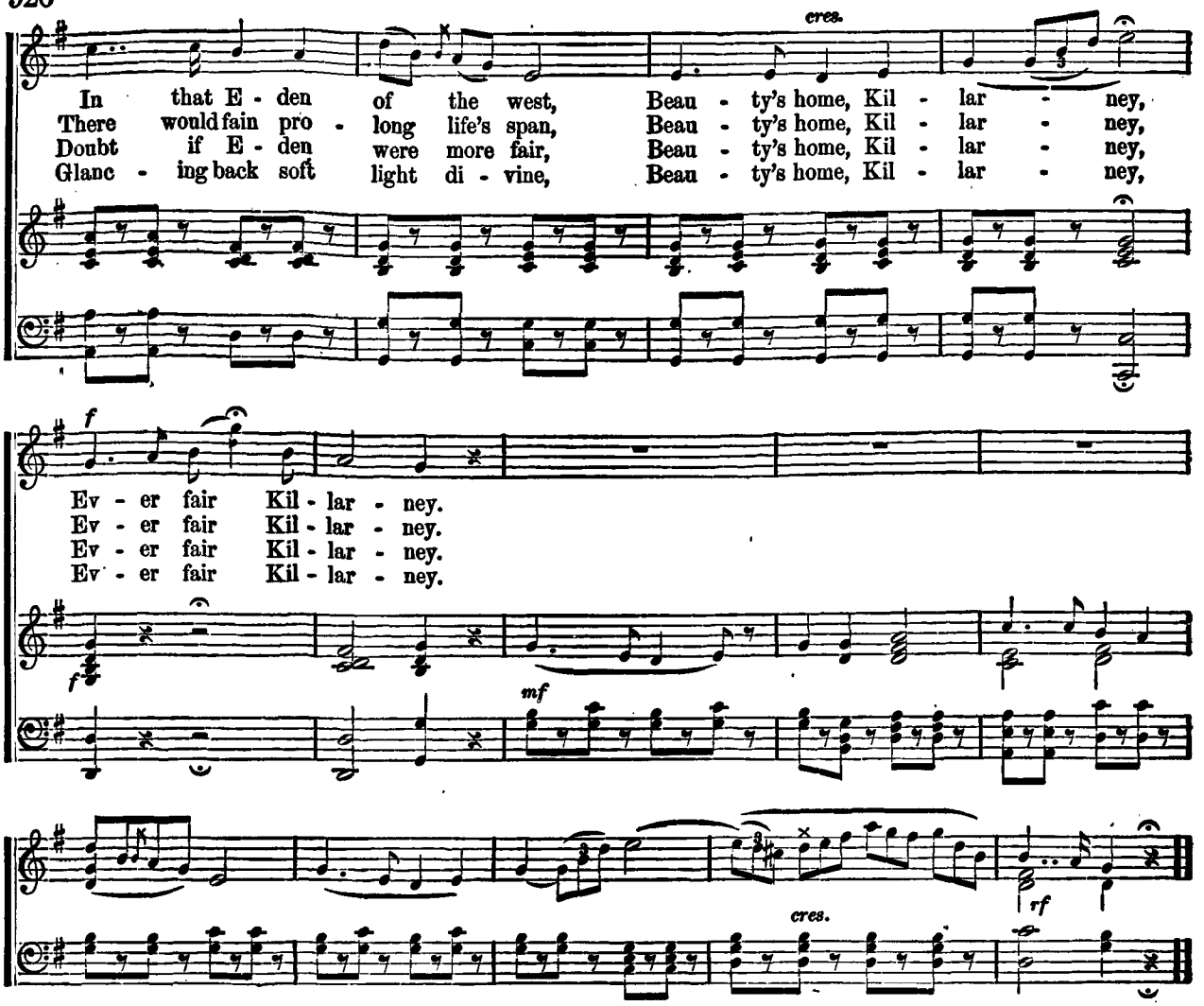

Moth-er,mother darling, be not an-gry, Thee I ev-er will o-bey; Moth-er, moth-er dar-ling
pp
bright the sun shone, But-ter-flies were sport-ing light and gay.
rit.
Moth-er, I the truth will tell thee; There my lov-er
have I met; He's a hun-ter young and hand-some, And of him I'm think-ing yet!
3
Ped.

f
pp
rit.
Ped.
* Ped.
* Ped.
* Ped.
*
a tempo.
Ah! Moth - er, moth - er dar - ling be not an - gry, Thee I ev - er
a tempo.
Ped.
will o - bey, Moth - er, moth-er dar -ling, bright the sun shone, But -ter-flies were sport -ing
rit. molto.
light and gay.
a tempo.

KILLARNEY.

THIS song is a perpetual favorite, and one that with all their popularity the more modern songs do not displace. In this ballad, from the work entitled "Innisfallen" (the old name of Ireland,) the composer, the celebrated MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE, has preserved the true flavor of the music of the Emerald Isle, and has produced a melody that seems naturally to go with the song in praise of "Beauty's home, Killarney."

Moderato.
f
p
1. By Kil- lar - ney's lakes and fells,
2. In - nis- fal - len's ru - in'd shrine
3. No place else can charm the eye
4. Mu - sic there for Ech - o dwells,

Em - 'rald isles, and wind - ing bays, Mount - ain paths, and wood - land dells,
May sug-gest a pass - sing sigh, But man's faith can ne'er de - cline,
With such bright and va - ried tints; Ev - 'ry rock that you pass by,
Makes each sound a har - mo - ny; Ma - ny-voic'd the cho - rus swells,
Mem - 'ry ev - er fond - ly strays; Boun - teous na-ture loves all lands;
Such God's won - ders float - ing by; Cas - tle Lough and Gle-na bay,
Ver - dure broi - ders or besprints; Vir - gin there the green grass grows,
Till it faints in ec - sta - cy; With the charmful tints be - low,
sf
pp
Beau - ty wan - ders ev - 'ry - where; Foot-prints leaves on ma - ny strands;
Mount - ains Tore, and Ea - gle's nest; Still at Mu - cross you must pray,
Ev - 'ry morn springs na - tal day; Bright-hued ber - ries daff the snows,
Seems the Heav'n a - bove to vie; All rich col - ors that we know,
rall.
dim.
pp a tempo.
But her home is sure - ly there! An - gels fold their wings and rest
Though the monks are now at rest. An - gels won - der not that man
Smil - ing win - ter's frown a - way. An - gels oft - en paus - ing there,
Tinge the cloud - wreaths in that sky. Wings of an - gels so might shine,
colla parte.
rit.
pp a tempo.

cres.
In that E - den of the west, Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney,
There would fain pro - long life's span, Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney,
Doubt if E - den were more fair, Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney,
Glanc - ing back soft light di - vine, Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney,
f
Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
f
mf
rf
cres.

By Killarney's lakes and fells,
Emerald isles, and winding bays,
Mountain paths, and woodland dells,
Memory ever fondly strays;
Bounteous nature loves all lands;
Beauty wanders everywhere;
Footprints leaves on many strands;
But her home is surely there!
Angels fold their wings and rest
In that Eden of the west,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney.

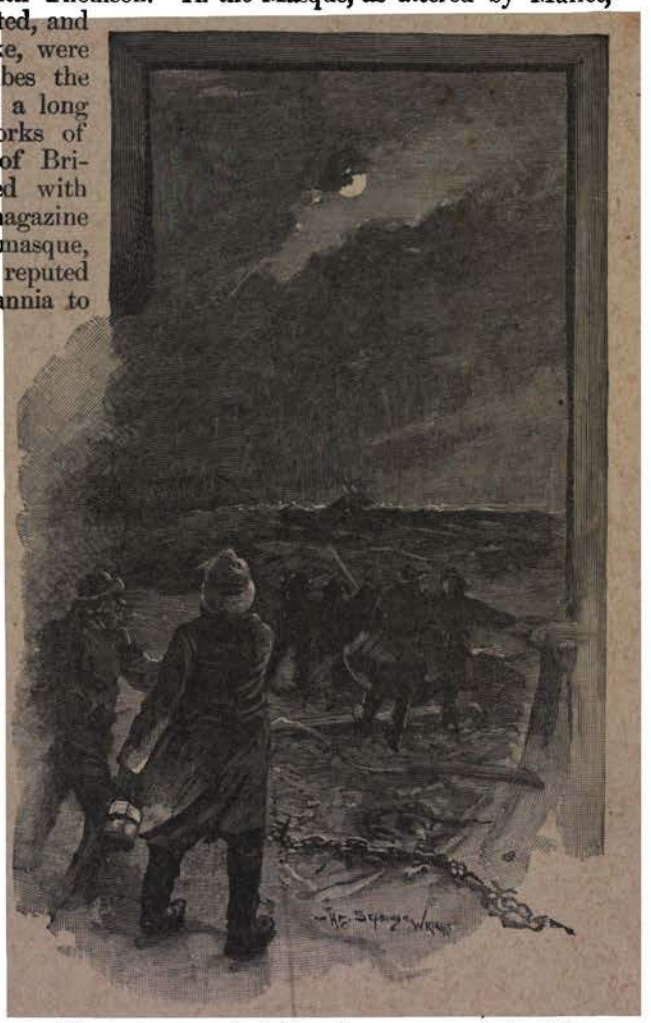
Innisfallen's ruined shrine
May suggest a passing sigh,
But man's faith can ne'er decline,
Such God's wonders floating by;
Castle Lough and Glena bay,
Mountains Tore, and Eagle's nest;
Still at Mucross you must pray,
Though the monks are now at rest.
Angels wonder not that man
There would fain prolong life's span,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney.

No place else can charm the eye
With such bright and varied tints;
Every rock that you pass by,
Verdure broiders or besprints;
Virgin there the green grass grows,
Every morn springs natal day;
Bright-hued berries daff the snows,
Smiling winter's frown away.
Angels often pausing there,
Doubt if Eden were more fair,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney.

Music there for Echo dwells,
Makes each sound a harmony;
Many-voiced the chorus swells,
Till it faints in ecstacy;
With the charmful tints below,
Seems the Heaven above to vie;
All rich colors that we know,
Tinge the cloud-wreaths in that sky.
Wings of angels so might shine,
Glancing back soft light divine,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney.

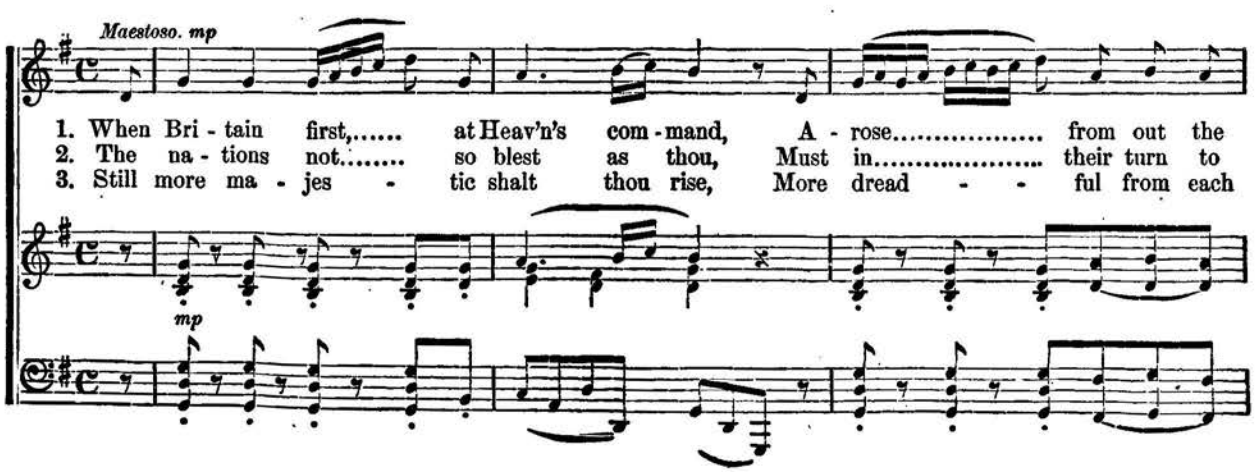
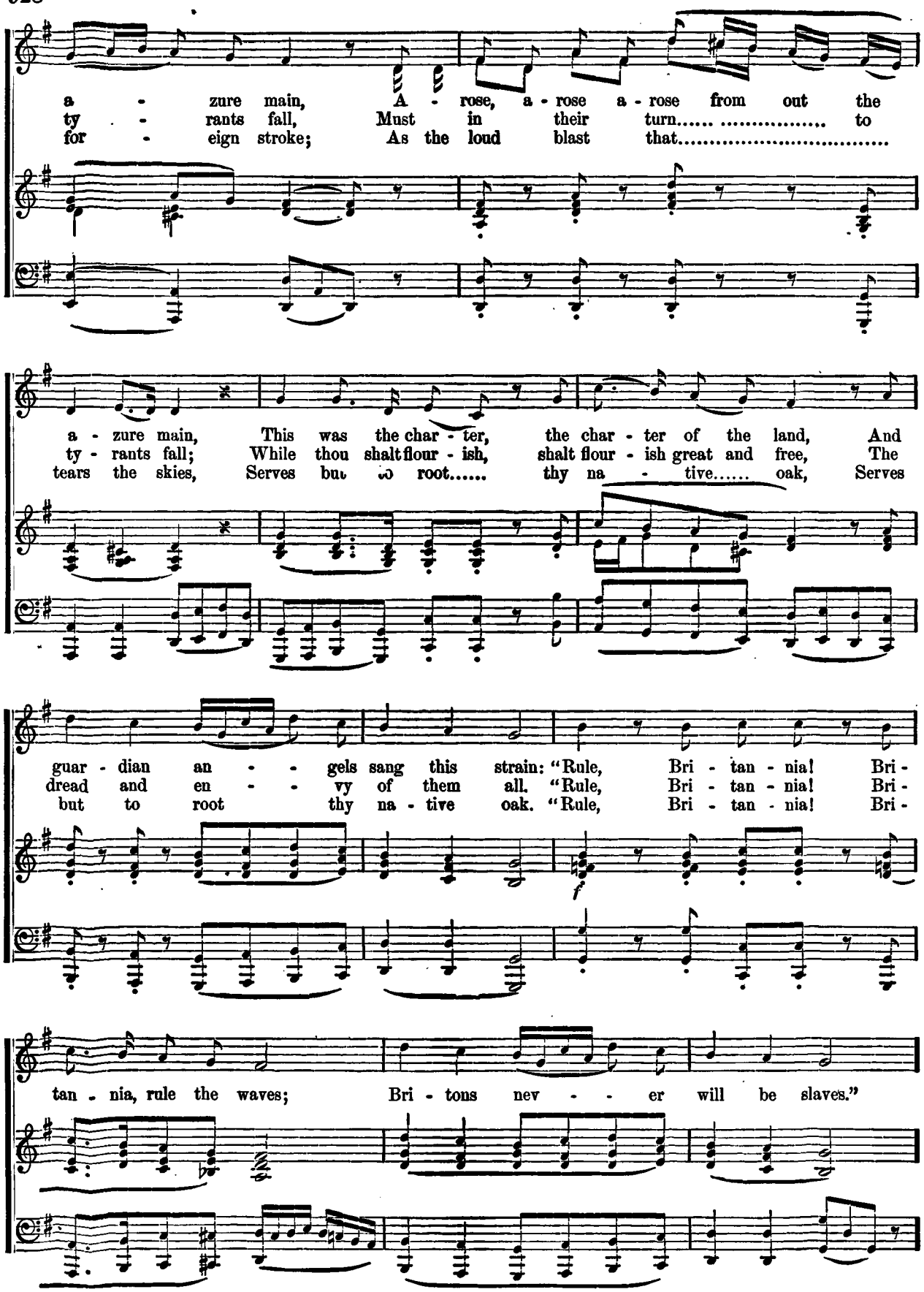
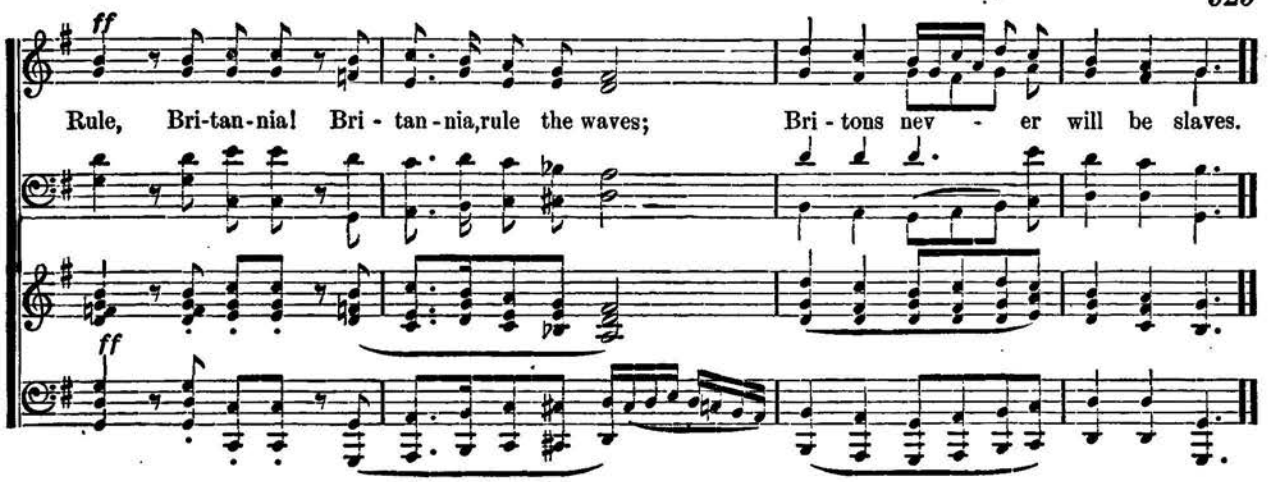
RULE, BRITANNIA!

THE English anthem of "Rule Britannia" has long been accredited to JAMES THOMSON, author of "The Seasons;" but it is by no means certain that it is his. The song first appeared in the masque of "Alfred," in 1740, which was written by David Mallet jointly with Thomson. In the Masque, as altered by Mallet, in 1751, three of the six original stanzas were omitted, and three additional stanzas, written by Lord Bolingbroke, were substituted. An editor of Thomson's works ascribes the original ode to Mallet, "on no slight evidence." For a long time the song was not included in the collected works of either. In 1755 Mallet brought out his "Masque of Britannia," at Drury Lane Theatre, and it was received with great applause. The *Monthly Review*, a Scottish magazine of the time, in noticing it, says: "Britannia, a masque, set to music by Dr. Arne. Mr. David Mallet is its reputed author. His design was to animate the sons of Britannia to vindicate their country's rights, and avenge her wrongs."



DAVID MALLET was born in Creiff, Perthshire, Scotland, about 1700. When very young, he was a janitor of the High School at Edinburgh. He became tutor in a family residing near that city, and prosecuted his studies at the University.

The air of "Rule, Britannia" was composed by DR. THOMAS ARNE, who was born in 1704, the son of a wealthy upholsterer in London. He was educated at Eton, and his father designed him for the law, but while pursuing his studies, the boy used to satisfy his craving for music by dressing in servant's livery and sitting in the upper gallery at the theatres. He learned to play with the strings of his spinet muffled in a handkerchief. One day his father was shown into a gentleman's house where a musical party was in full blast, and to his amazement and disgust, his own son occupied the post of first fiddler. From that time he was allowed to play at home, and soon the family became exceedingly proud of his achievements. He taught his sister to sing. She had a charming voice, and he wrote an opera for her which had a run of ten nights. She became the famous Mrs. Cibber. Arne wrote the first English music that rivalled Italian in compass and difficulty. His greatest work was the music to "Comus." He died March 5, 1778. While attempting to illustrate a musical idea, he sang an air in faltering tones; the sound grew fainter, until song and breathing ceased together.


Maestoso. mp
1. When Bri - tain first,..... at Heav'n's com - mand, A - rose..... from out the
2. The na - tions not..... so blest as thou, Must in..... their turn to
3. Still more ma - jes - tic shalt thou rise, More dread - - ful from each
mp

a - zure main, A - rose, a - rose a - rose from out the
ty - rants fall, Must in their turn..... ..... to
for - eign stroke; As the loud blast that.....
a - zure main, This was the char - ter, the char - ter of the land, And
ty - rants fall; While thou shalt flour - ish, shalt flour - ish great and free, The
tears the skies, Serves but to root..... thy na - tive..... oak, Serves
guar - dian an - - gels sang this strain: "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
dread and en - - vy of them all. "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
but to root thy na - tive oak. "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
tan - nia, rule the waves; Bri - tons nev - - er will be slaves."

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain:
Rule, Britannia! *etc.*

The nations not so blest as thou,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish, great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia! *etc.*

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast, that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia! *etc.*

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
To work *their* woe, and *thy* renown.
Rule, Britannia! *etc.*

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine, shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles, *thine.*
Rule, Britannia! *etc.*

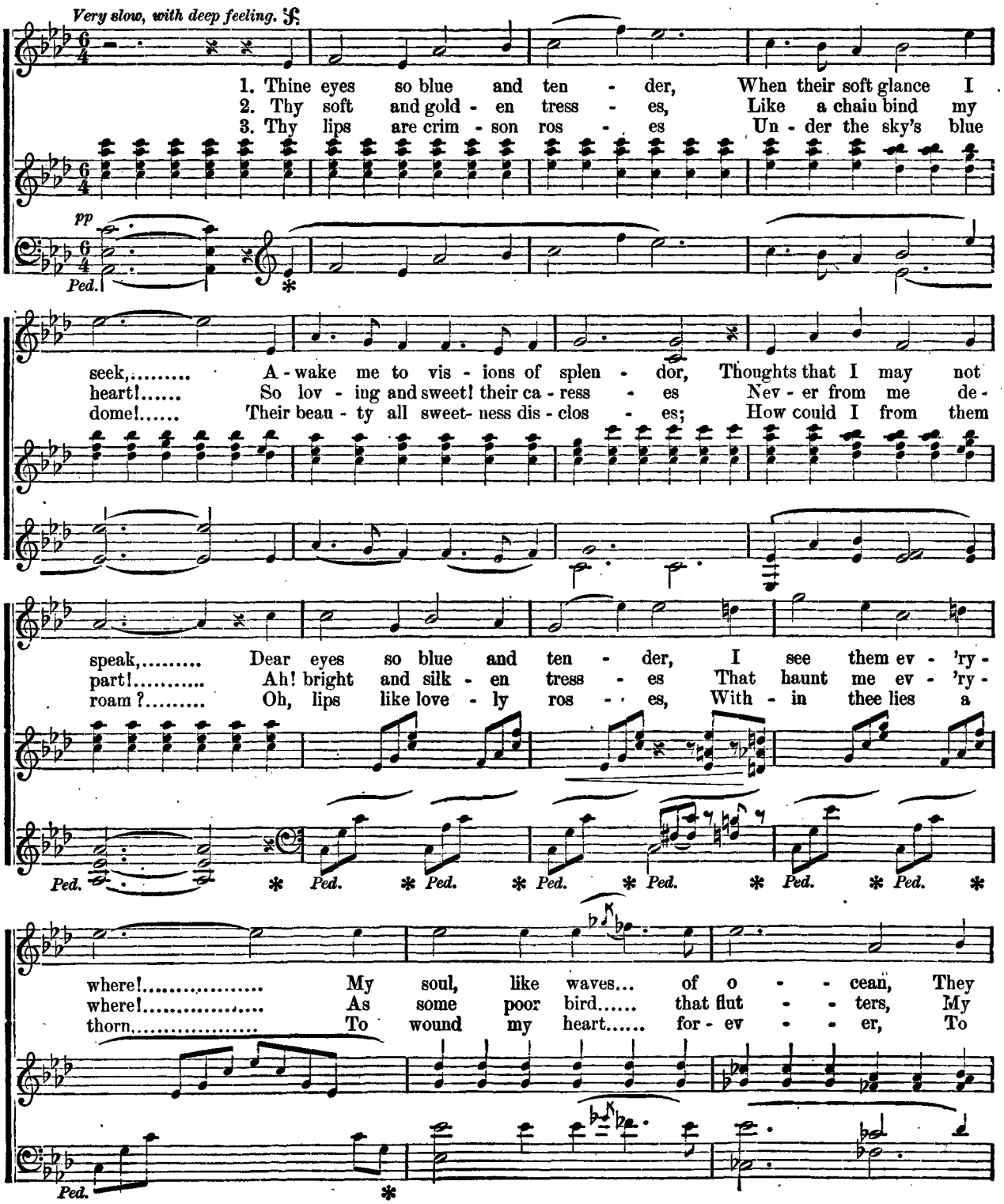
The muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia! *etc.*

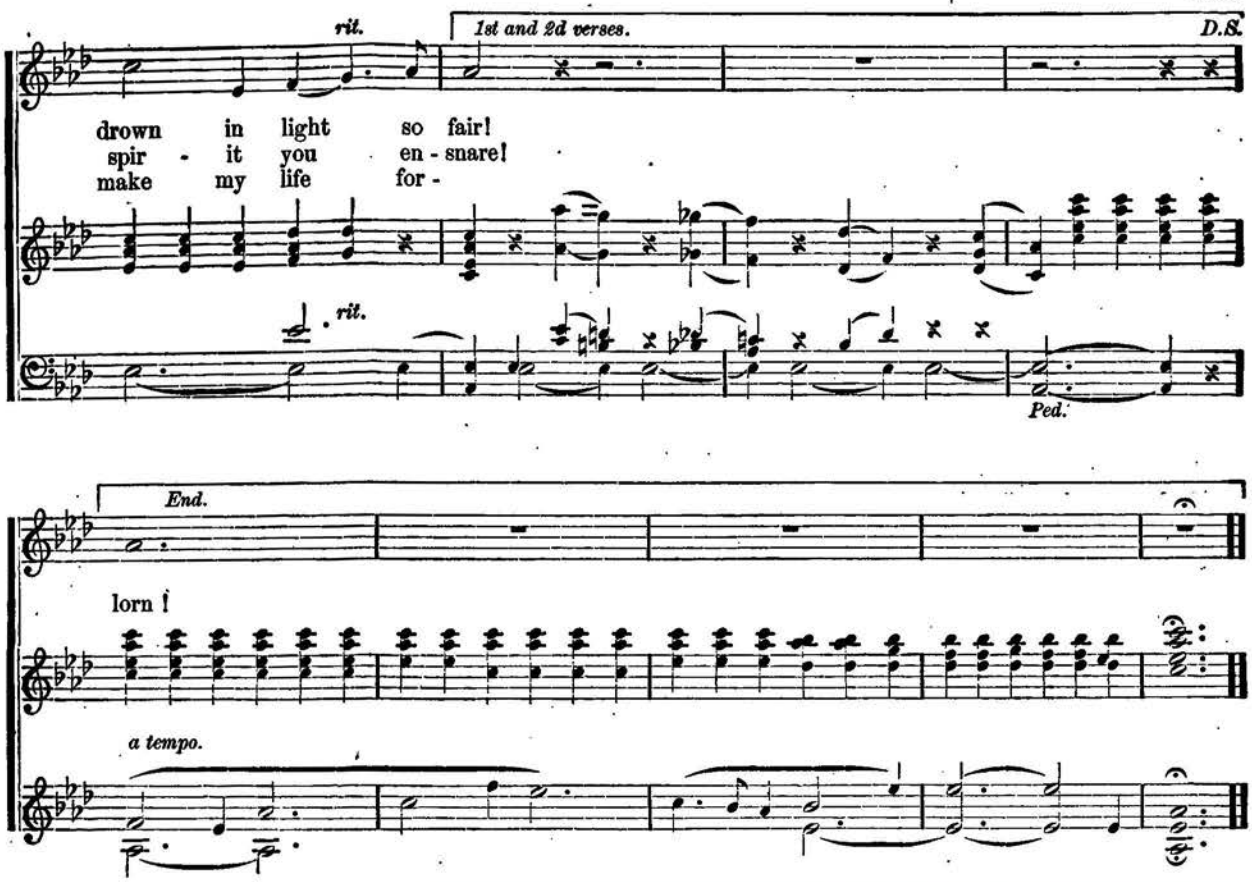
NELSON AT COPENHAGEN.

THINE EYES SO BLUE AND TENDER.

SOPRANO OR TENOR.

THE music of "Thine Eyes so Blue and Tender" is the production of EDWARD LASSEN, one of the leading composers of the nineteenth century. His German style of composition render his songs singularly sweet and touching. The words of "Thine Eyes so Blue and Tender" are graceful and charming and are in perfect touch with the melody.

The words are a translation by GEORGE COOPER from the original German.

Very slow, with deep feeling.
1. Thine eyes so blue and ten - der, When their soft glance I
2. Thy soft and gold - en tress - es, Like a chain bind my
3. Thy lips are crim - son ros - es Un - der the sky's blue
pp
Ped.
seek,..... A - wake me to vis - ions of splen - dor, Thoughts that I may not
heart!..... So lov - ing and sweet! their ca - ress - es Nev - er from me de -
dome!..... Their beau - ty all sweet- ness dis - clos - es; How could I from them
speak,..... Dear eyes so blue and ten - der, I see them ev - 'ry -
part!..... Ah! bright and silk - en tress - es That haunt me ev - 'ry -
roam?..... Oh, lips like love - ly ros - es, With - in thee lies a
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
where!..... My soul, like waves... of o - - cean, They
where!..... As some poor bird..... that flut - - ters, My
thorn,..... To wound my heart..... for - ev - - er, To
Ped. *



Thine eyes so blue and tender,
When their soft glance I seek,
Awake me to visions of splendor,
Thoughts that I may not speak!
Dear eyes so blue and tender,
I see them everywhere!
My soul, like waves of ocean,
They drown in light so fair!

Thy soft and golden tresses,
Like a chain bind my heart!
So loving and sweet! their caresses
Never from me depart!
Ah! bright and silken tresses
That haunt me everywhere!
As some poor bird that flutters,
My spirit you ensnare!

Thy lips are crimson roses
Under the sky's blue dome!
Their beauty all sweetness discloses;
How could I from them roam?
Oh, lips like lovely roses,
Within thee lies a thorn,
To wound my heart forever,
To make my life forlorn!

MASTER AND PUPIL.

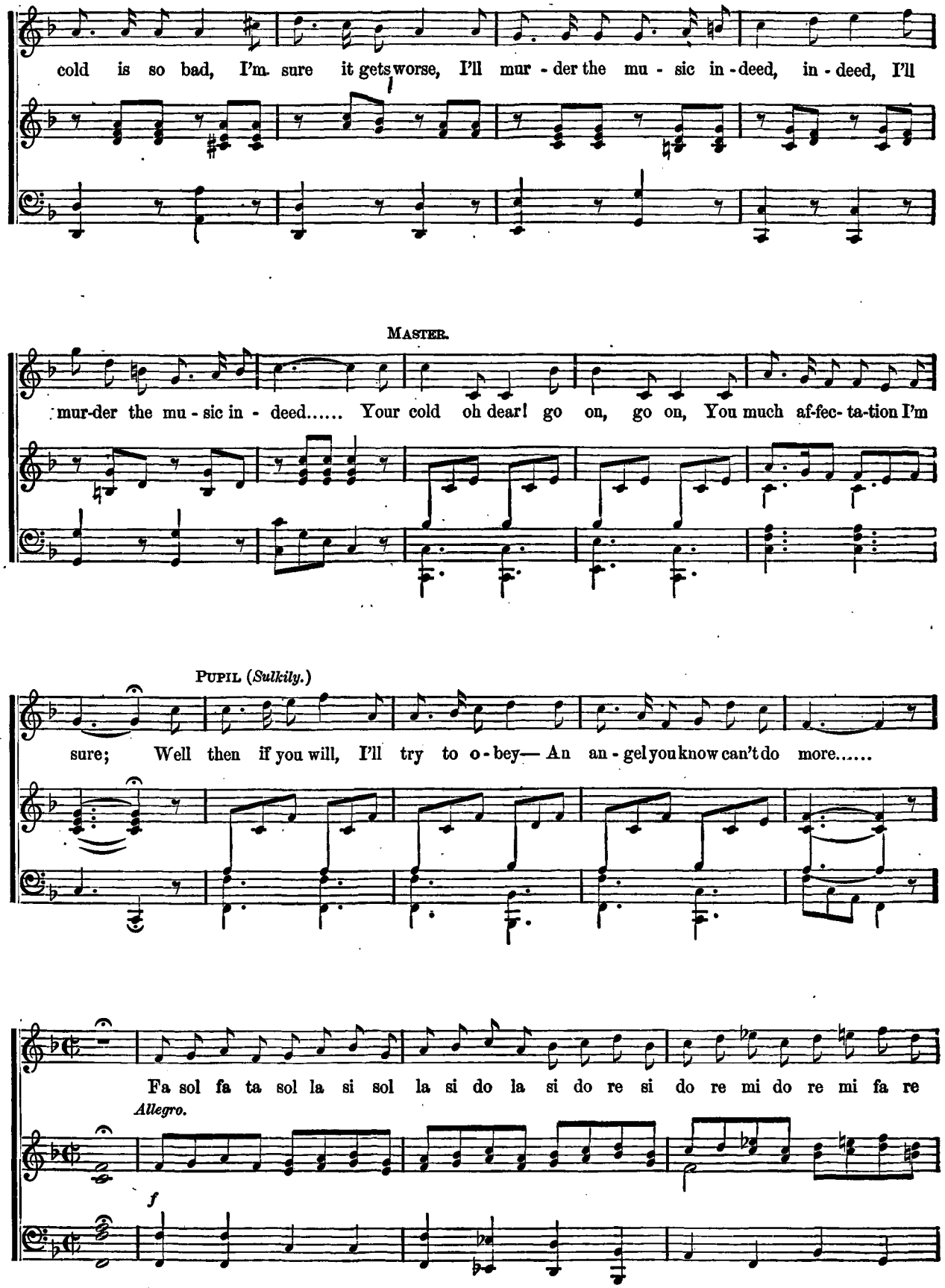
A HUMOROUS DUETT.

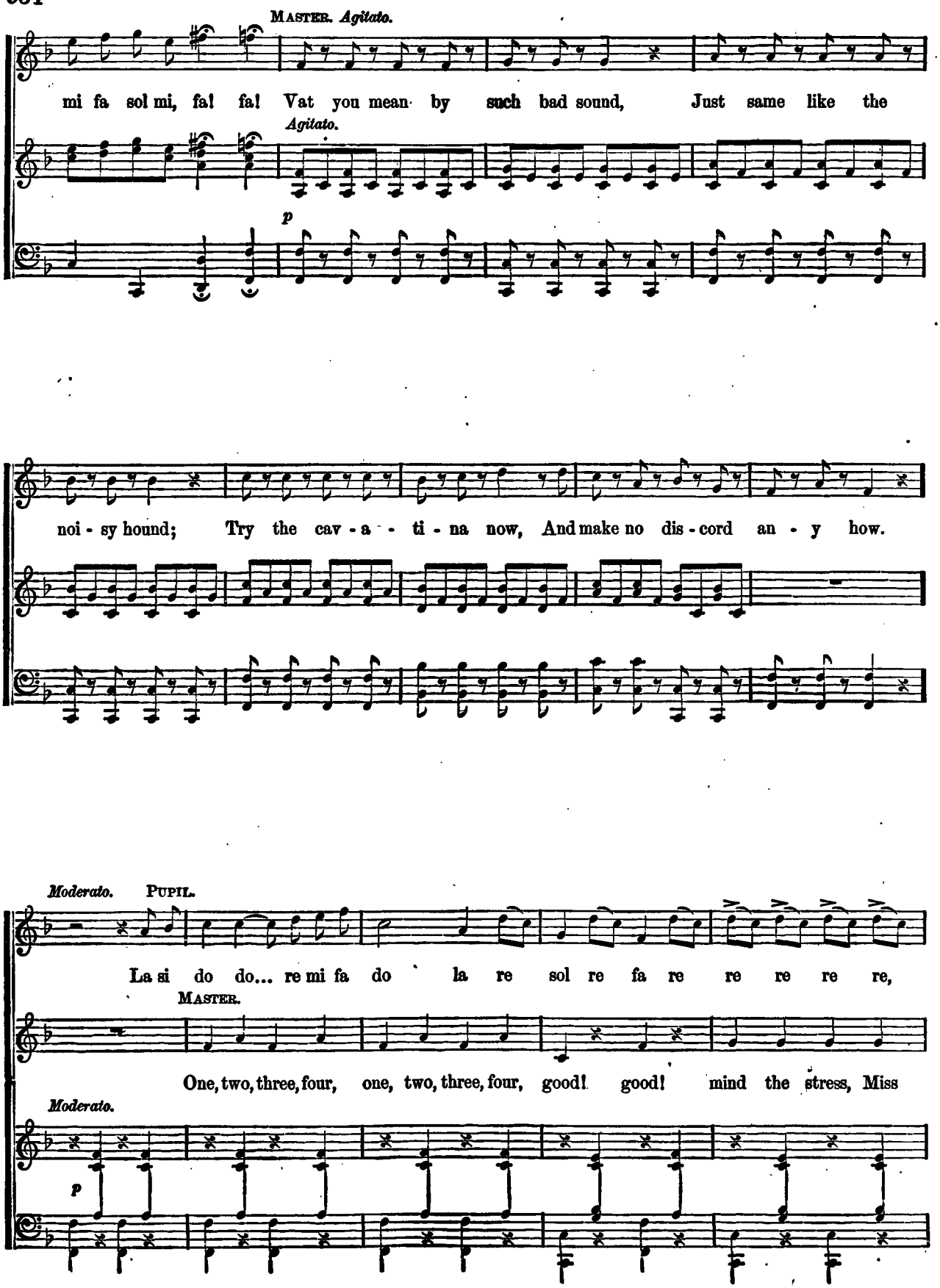
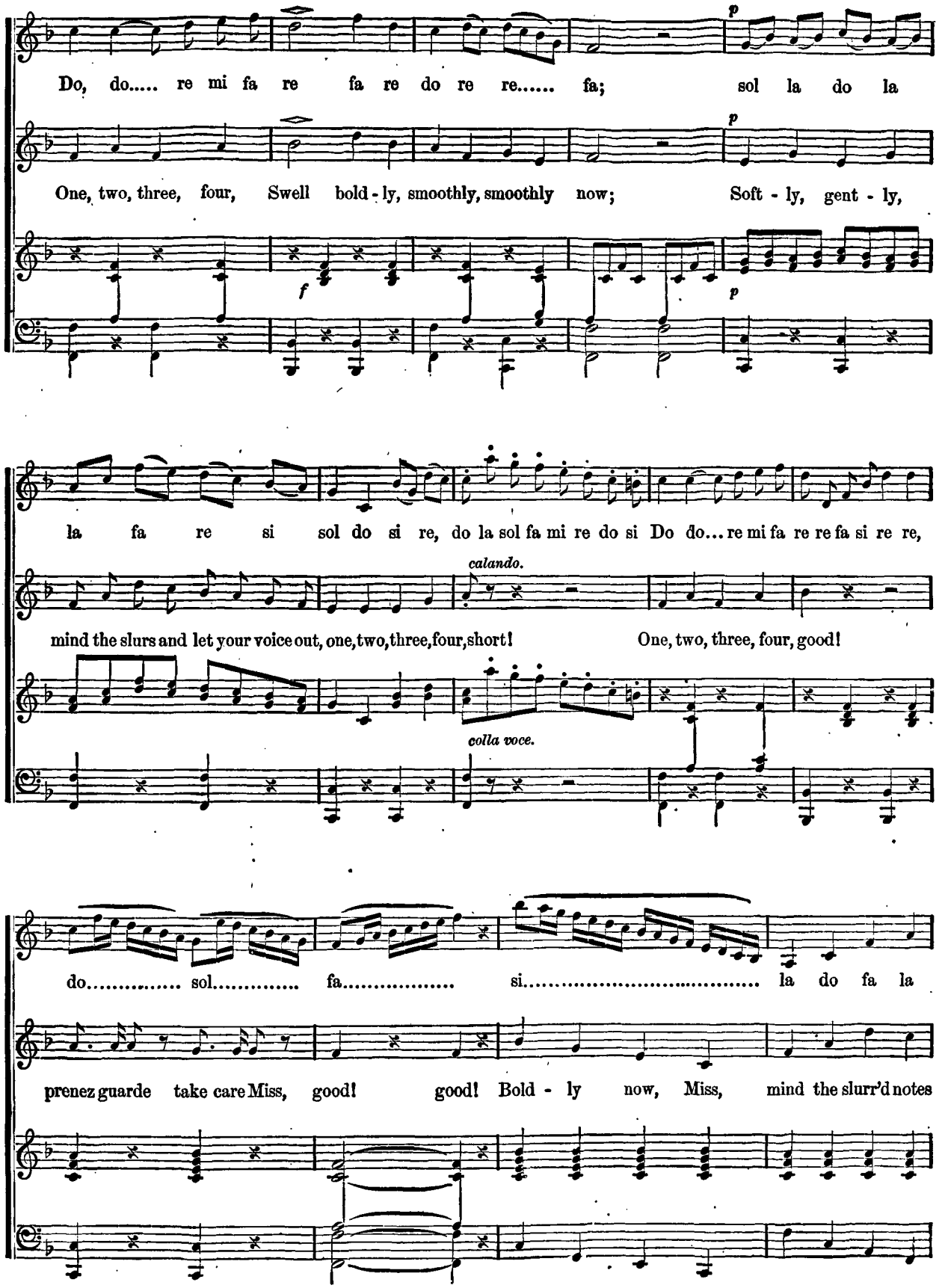
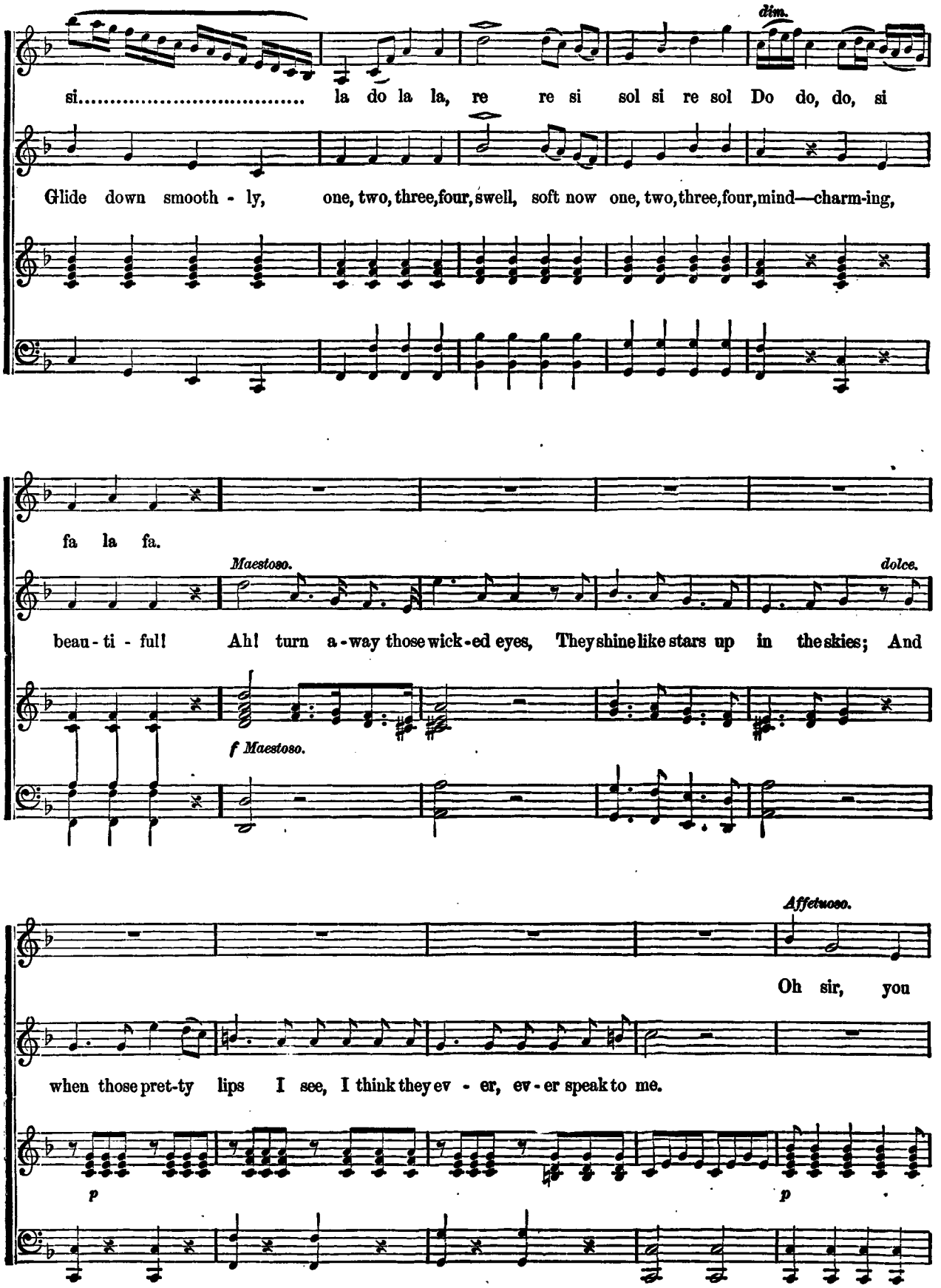
THIS is a bit of humorous dramatic song-writing; and while neither the humor nor the dramatic quality is of the highest grade, the duett will serve very well the purpose for which it was written, in furnishing an amusing episode in an evening's entertainment. There is a "plot" in the song, and even romance, and it affords opportunity for some dramatic effect. The composer is the veteran musician, JOHN H. HEWITT, born in New York in 1801, but resident in Baltimore during the most of a long and industrious life, in the course of which he wrote songs, oratorios and even opera music.

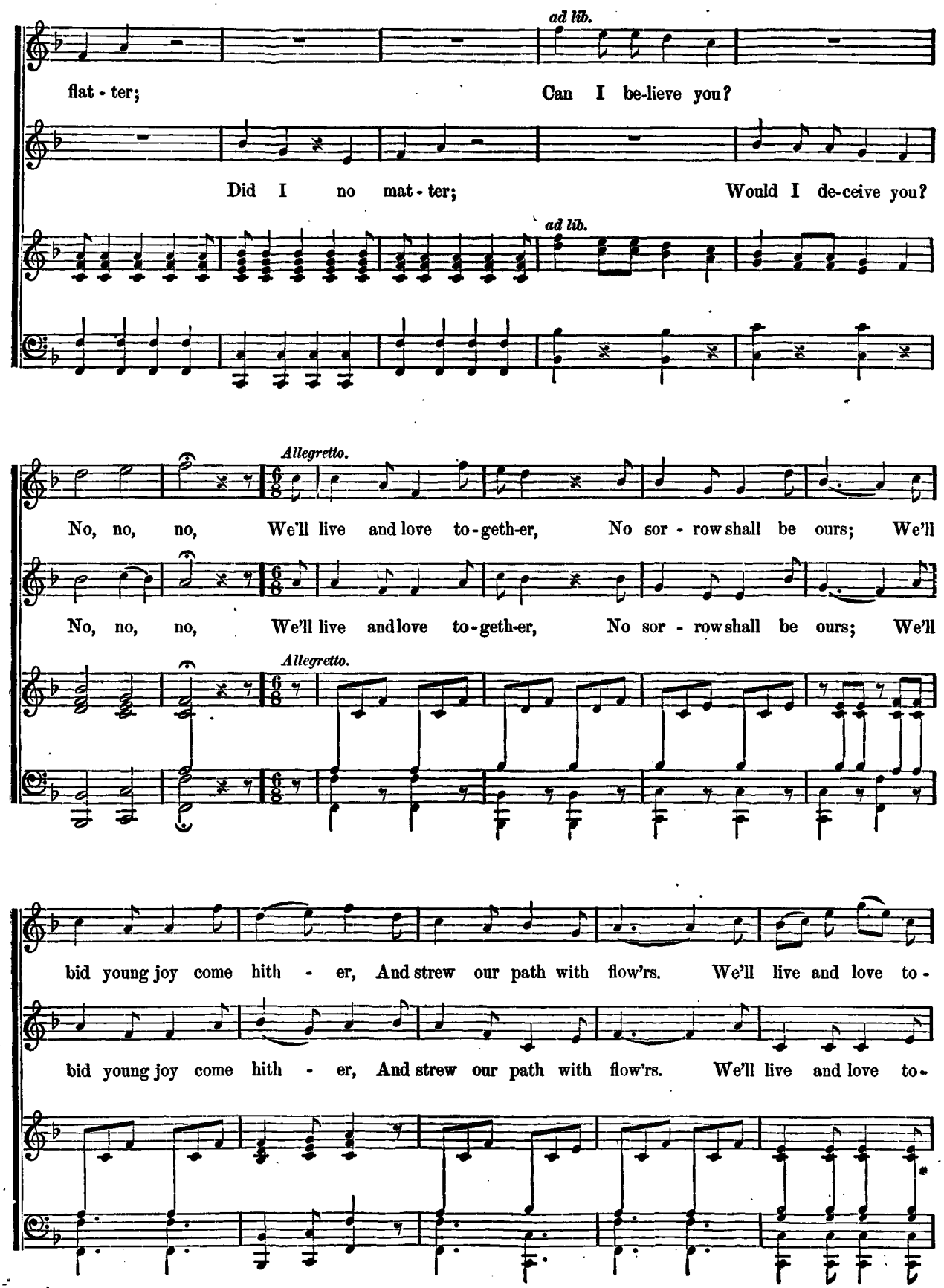
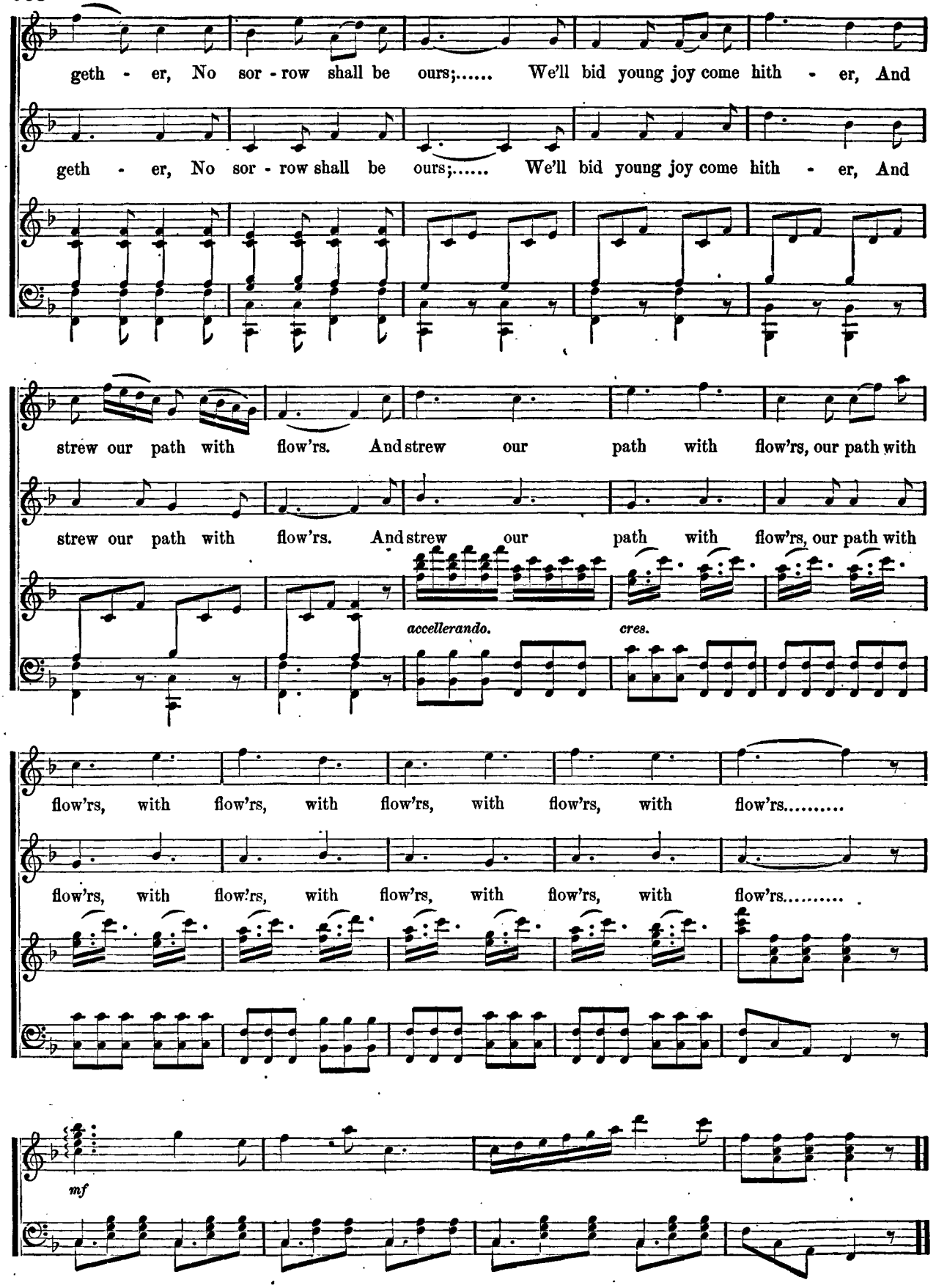
THE DUETT.

MASTER (in broken English.) PUPIL.

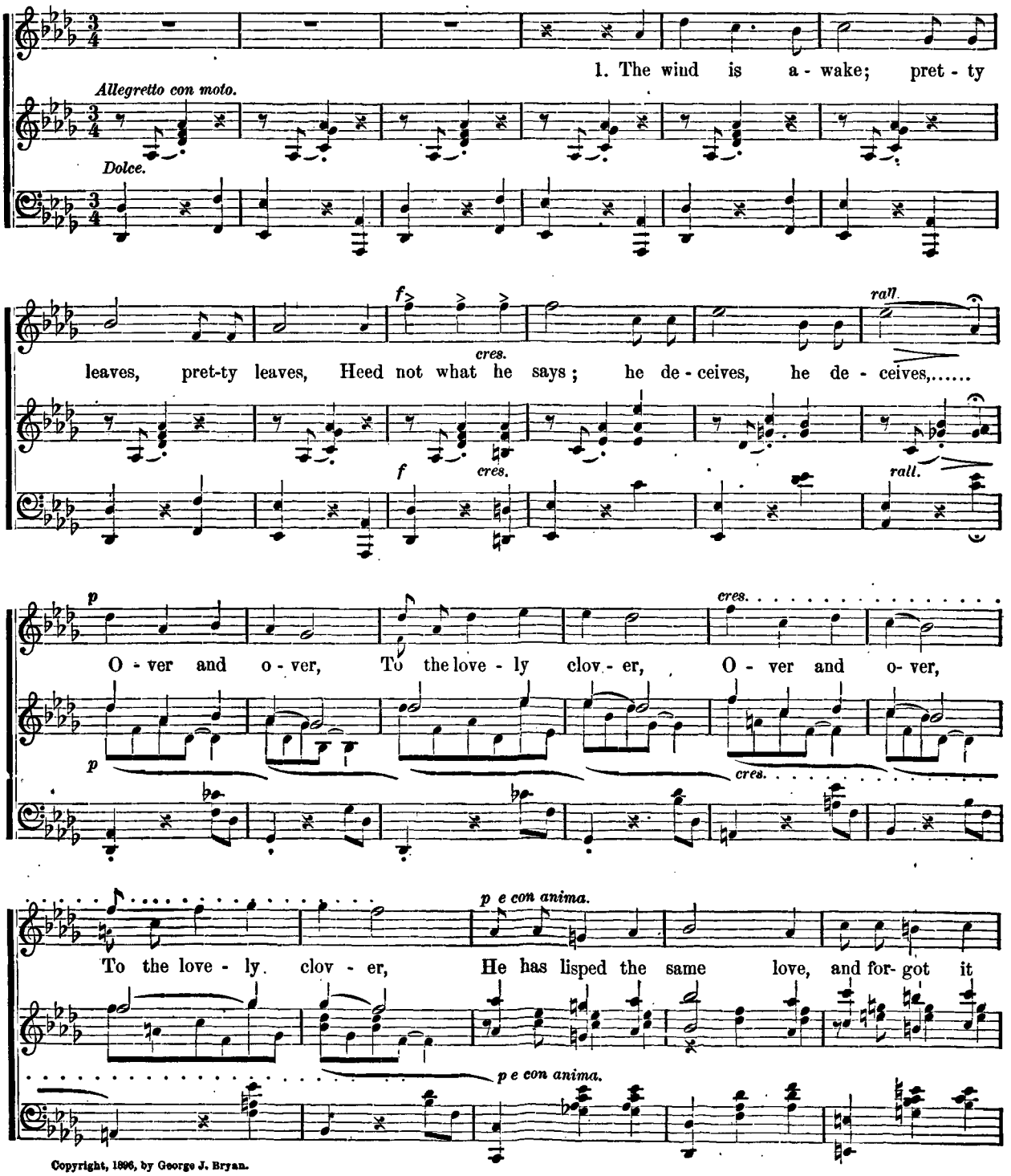
1. Come pret- ty Miss, your les - son re- hearse, And mind that each note you read..... My

Larghetto.

cold is so bad, I'm sure it gets worse, I'll mur - der the mu - sic in - deed, in - deed, I'll
MASTER.
mur-der the mu - sic in - deed..... Your cold oh dear! go on, go on, You much af-fec- ta-tion I'm
PUPIL (Sulkily.)
sure; Well then if you will, I'll try to o - bey— An an - gel you know can't do more.....
Fa sol fa ta sol la si sol la si do la si do re si do re mi do re mi fa re
Allegro.
f


MASTER. Agitato.
mi fa sol mi, fa! fa! Vat you mean by such bad sound, Just same like the
Agitato.
p
noi - sy hound; Try the cav - a - - ti - na now, And make no dis - cord an - y how.
Moderato. PUPIL.
La si do do... re mi fa do la re sol re fa re re re re re,
MASTER.
One, two, three, four, one, two, three, four, good! good! mind the stress, Miss
Moderato.
p

Do, do..... re mi fa re fa re do re re..... fa; sol la do la
One, two, three, four, Swell bold - ly, smoothly, smoothly now; Soft - ly, gent - ly,
p
f
p
la fa re si sol do si re, do la sol fa mi re do si Do do... re mi fa re re fa si re re,
calando.
mind the slurs and let your voice out, one, two, three, four, short! One, two, three, four, good!
colla voce.
do..... sol..... fa..... si..... la do fa la
prenez guarde take care Miss, good! good! Bold - ly now, Miss, mind the slurr'd notes

dim.
si..... la do la la, re re si sol si re sol Do do, do, si
Glide down smooth - ly, one, two, three, four, swell, soft now one, two, three, four, mind—charm-ing,
fa la fa.
Maestoso.
dolce.
beau - ti - full Ah! turn a - way those wick - ed eyes, They shine like stars up in the skies; And
f Maestoso.
Affetuoso.
Oh sir, you
when those pret-ty lips I see, I think they ev - er, ev - er speak to me.
p
p


ad lib.
flat - ter;
Can I be-lieve you?
Did I no mat - ter;
Would I de-ceive you?
ad lib.
Allegretto.
No, no, no, We'll live and love to-geth-er, No sor - row shall be ours; We'll
No, no, no, We'll live and love to-geth-er, No sor - row shall be ours; We'll
Allegretto.
bid young joy come hith - er, And strew our path with flow'rs. We'll live and love to -
bid young joy come hith - er, And strew our path with flow'rs. We'll live and love to -

geth - er, No sor - row shall be ours;..... We'll bid young joy come hith - er, And
geth - er, No sor - row shall be ours;..... We'll bid young joy come hith - er, And
strew our path with flow'rs. And strew our path with flow'rs, our path with
strew our path with flow'rs. And strew our path with flow'rs, our path with
accellerando.
cres.
flow'rs, with flow'rs, with flow'rs, with flow'rs, with flow'rs.....
flow'rs, with flow'rs, with flow'rs, with flow'rs, with flow'rs.....
mf

THE WIND IS AWAKE.

THE American poet and essayist JOHN VANCE CHENEY has given to the music-world a number of beautiful and happily adaptable verses, of which composers have not been slow to avail themselves. His "By and By" has been set to music by Sumner Salter; and HOMER N. BARTLETT has given musical expression to another of his beautiful poems, "The Wind is Awake." Professor Bartlett was born at Olive, N. Y., in 1846; and has been long identified with the progress of his art in New York, in which city he was educated. He has composed a great variety of vocal and instrumental works; notable among which is "La Valliera," a comic opera.

Allegretto con moto.
Dolce.
1. The wind is a - wake; pret - ty
leaves, pret-ty leaves, Heed not what he says; he de - ceives, he de - ceives,.....
cres.
rall.
O - ver and o - ver, To the love - ly clov - er, O - ver and o- ver,
To the love - ly clov - er, He has lisped the same love, and for- got it
p e con anima.

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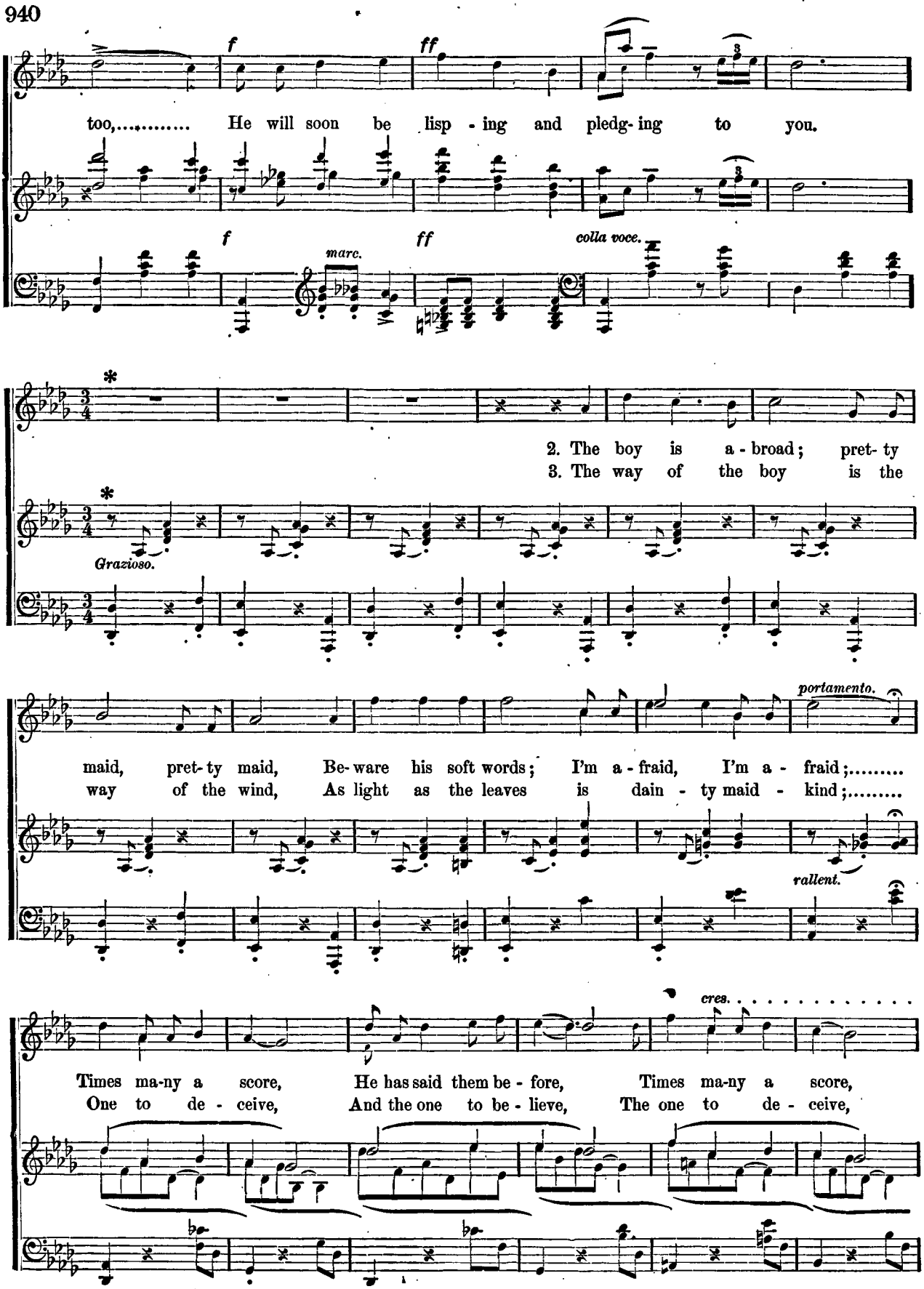
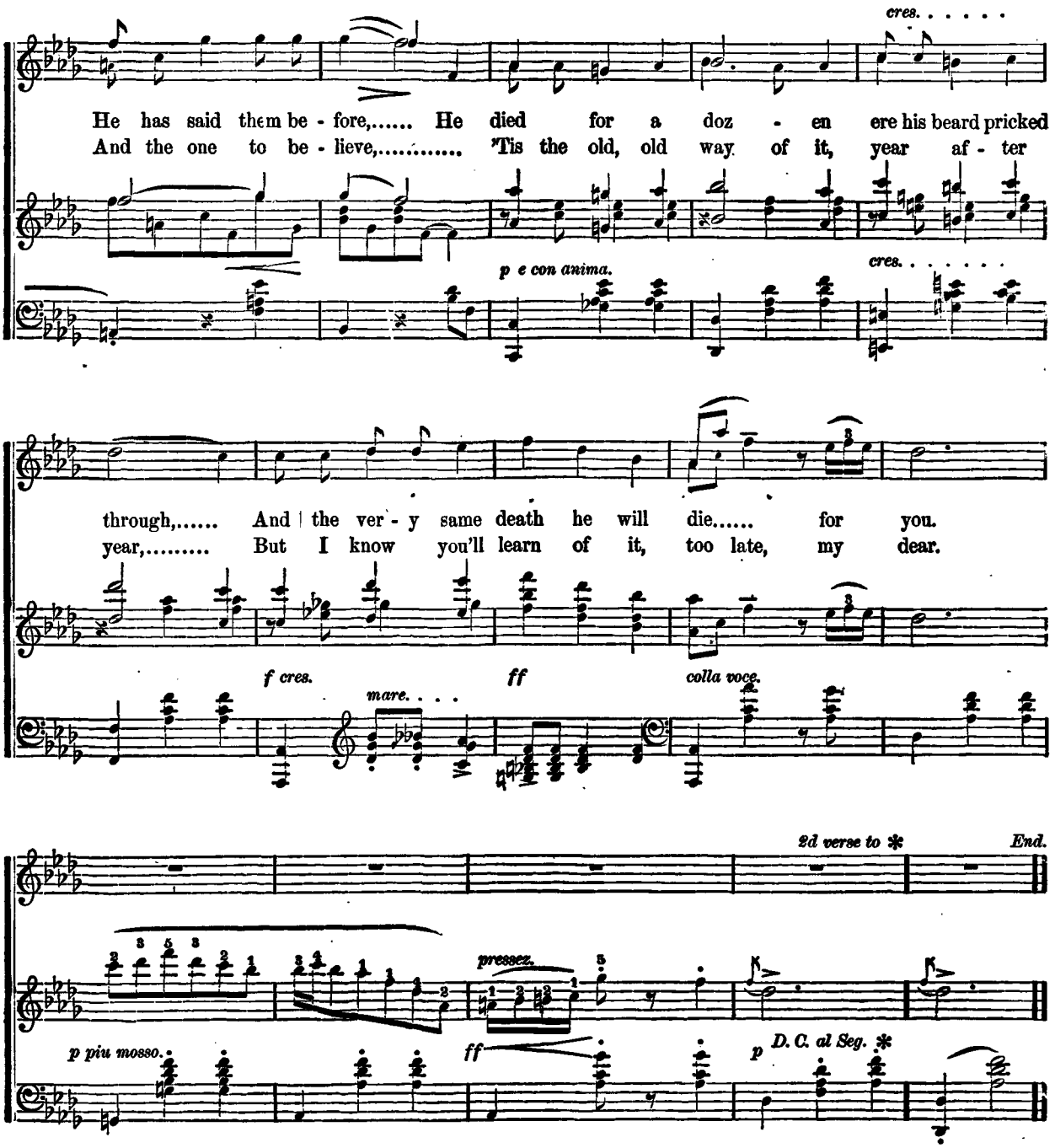

too,..... He will soon be lisp - ing and pledg- ing to you.
f
ff
marc.
colla voce.
2. The boy is a - broad; pret- ty
3. The way of the boy is the
Grazioso.
maid, pret- ty maid, Be- ware his soft words; I'm a - fraid, I'm a - fraid;.....
way of the wind, As light as the leaves is dain - ty maid - kind;.....
portamento.
rallent.
cres.
Times ma-ny a score, He has said them be - fore, Times ma-ny a score,
One to de - ceive, And the one to be - lieve, The one to de - ceive,

cres.
He has said them be - fore,..... He died for a doz - en ere his beard pricked
And the one to be - lieve,..... 'Tis the old, old way of it, year af - ter
p e con anima.
cres.
through,..... And the ver - y same death he will die..... for you.
year,..... But I know you'll learn of it, too late, my dear.
f cres.
mare.
ff
colla voce.
2d verse to *
End.
pressez.
p piu mosso.
ff
p
D. C. al Seg. *

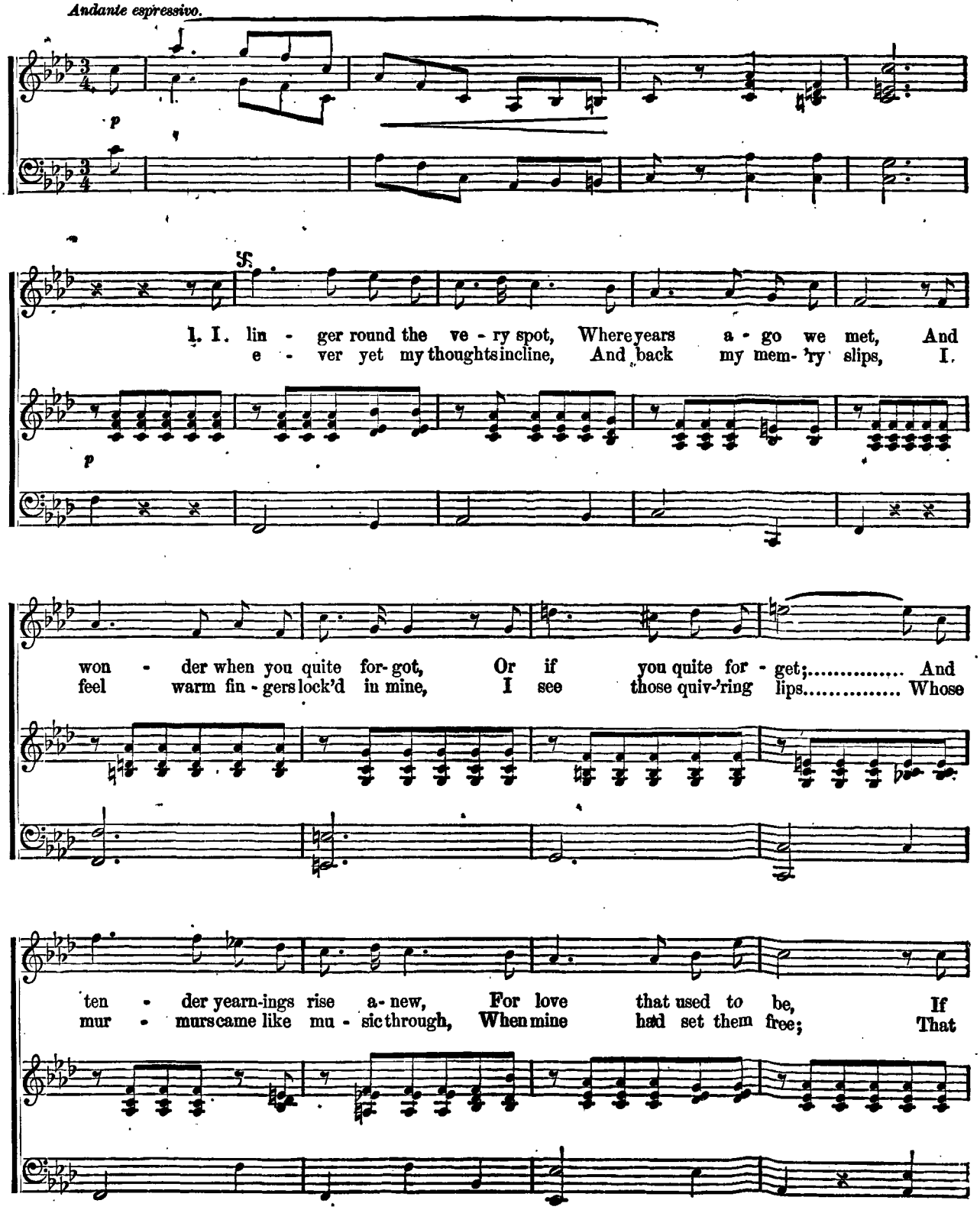
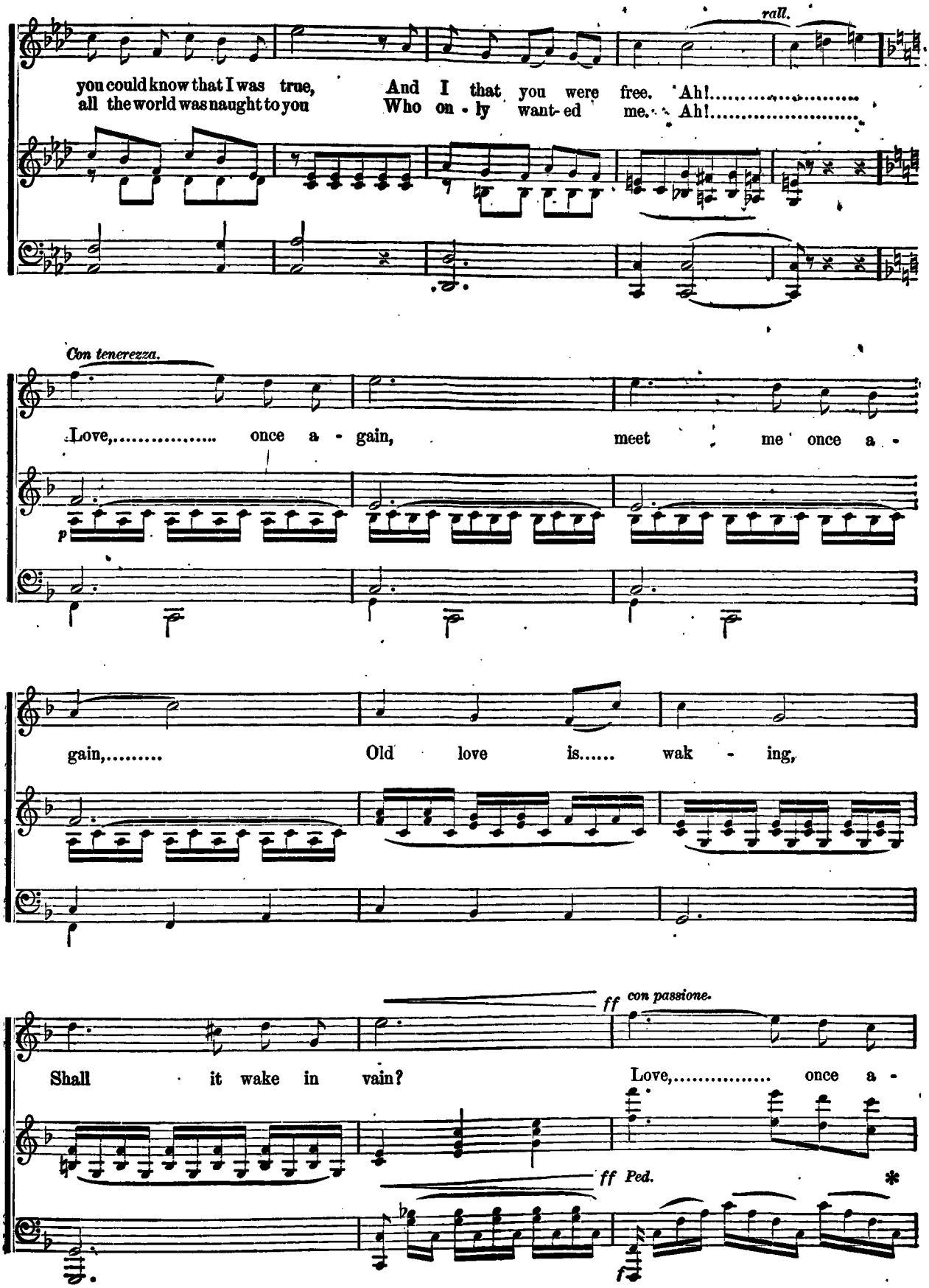
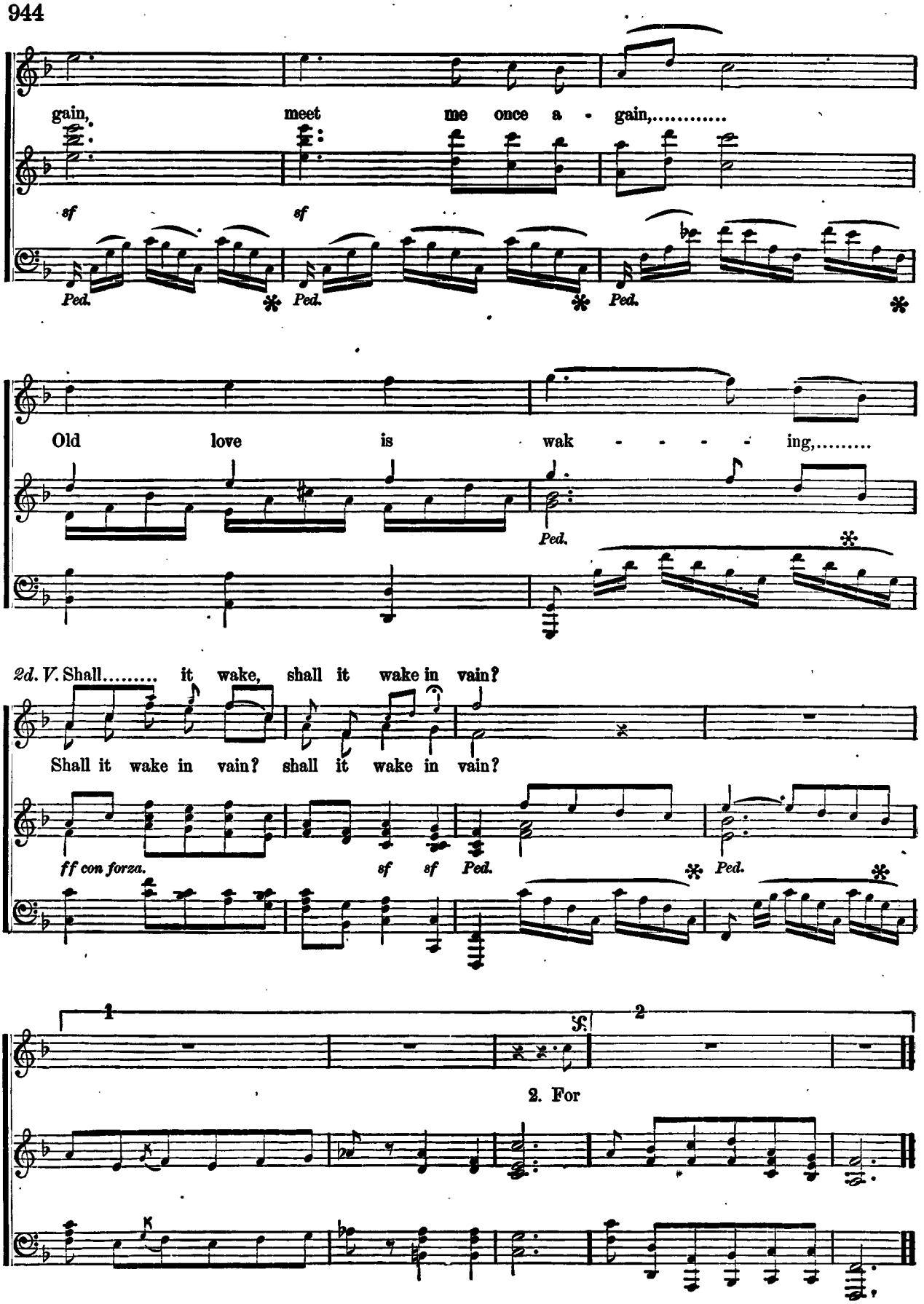
The wind is awake; pretty leaves, pretty leaves,
Heed not what he says; he deceives, he deceives,
Over and over
To the lovely clover,
He has lisped the same love, (and forgotten it too),
He will soon be lisping and pledging to you.

The boy is abroad; pretty maid, pretty maid,
Beware his soft words; I'm afraid, I'm afraid,
Times many a score,
He has said them before,
He died for a dozen ere his beard pricked through,
And the very same death he will die for you.

The way of the boy is the way of the wind,
As light as the leaves is dainty maid-kind;
One to deceive,
And the one to believe,
'Tis the old, old way of it, year after year,
But I know you'll learn of it, too late, my dear.

ONCE AGAIN.

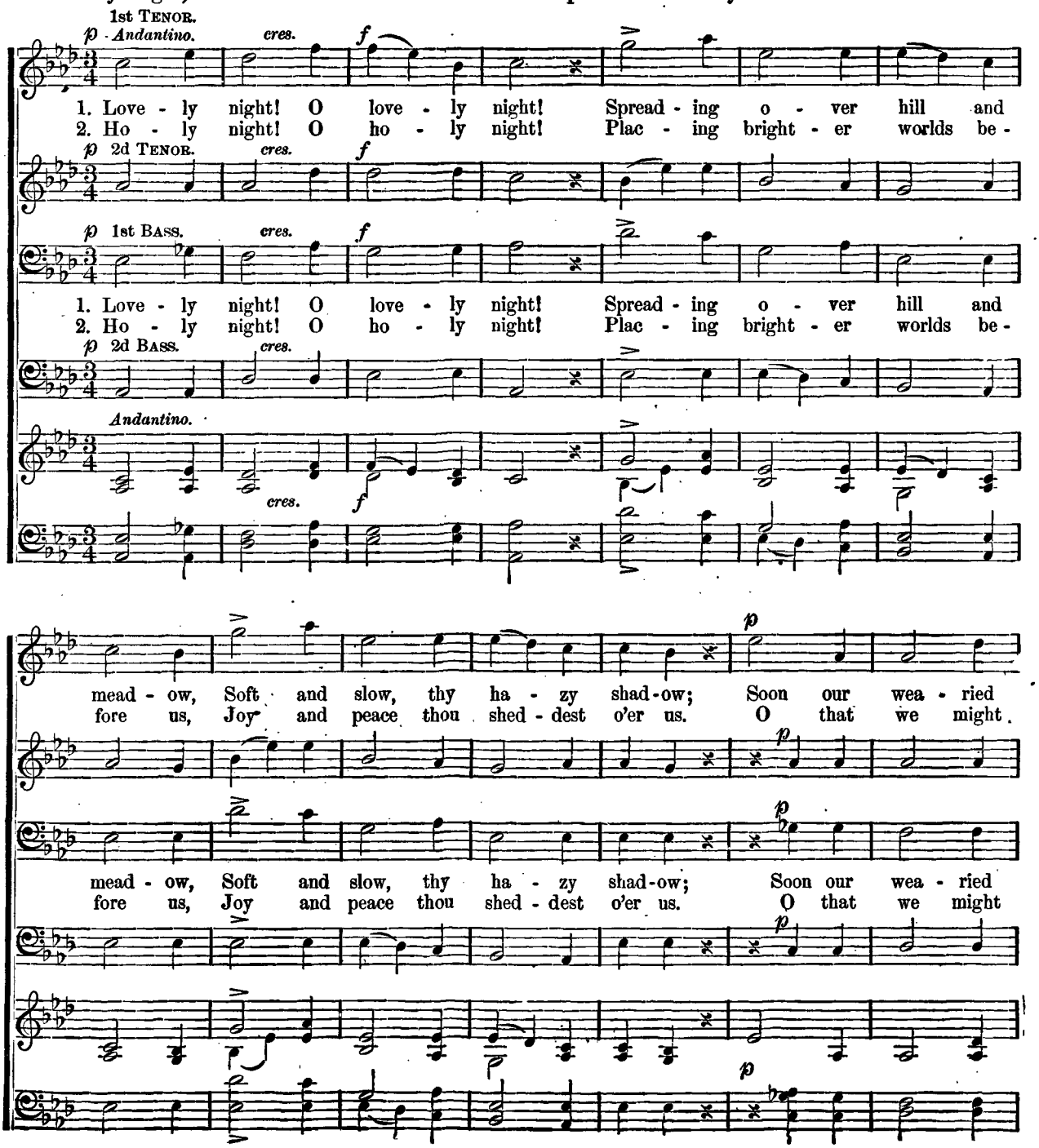
THE words of this ballad are by LIONEL H. LEWIN; the music is by SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Andante espressivo.

p
1. I. lin - ger round the ve - ry spot, Where years a - go we met, And
e - ver yet my thoughts incline, And back my mem-'ry slips, I.
p
won - der when you quite for-got, Or if you quite for - get;..... And
feel warm fin - gers lock'd in mine, I see those quiv-'ring lips..... Whose
ten - der yearn-ings rise a-new, For love that used to be, If
mur - murs came like mu - sic through, When mine had set them free; That

rall.
you could know that I was true, And I that you were free. Ah!.....
all the world was naught to you Who on - ly want- ed me. Ah!.....
Con tenerezza.
Love,..... once a - gain, meet me once a -
p
gain,..... Old love is..... wak - ing,
ff con passione.
Shall it wake in vain? Love,..... once a -
ff Ped.
*

gain, meet me once a - gain,.....
sf sf
Ped. Ped. Ped.
Old love is wak - - - - ing,.....
Ped.
2d. V. Shall..... it wake, shall it wake in vain?
Shall it wake in vain? shall it wake in vain?
ff con forza. sf sf Ped. Ped.
1 2
2. For

"Holy Night! O Holy Night!"

LOVELY NIGHT.

PART-SONG FOR TWO TENORS AND TWO BASSES.

THIS favorite part-song for men's voices is perhaps the most popular of the simpler compositions of this class. Although brief and quite free from elaboration, it has possibilities in its rendering which make the execution of the song a good test of the skill of a quartette of singers. The composer, FRANZ XAVIER CHWATAL, was a Bohemian, born in 1808 and died in 1879. Instructed by his father, he first appeared in public as a pianist when he was eight years of age, and from his fourteenth to his twenty-seventh year he taught music at Merseburg. He then studied composition, and became a voluminous writer of music, chiefly for the pianoforte, was a contributor to musical journals, and wrote several theoretical treatises. His essays i song-writing were comparatively few. His reputation in that particular is based principally on the popularity of "Lovely Night," and because of that most felicitous composition it is likely to endure.

1st TENOR.
p Andantino.
cres.
f
1. Love - ly night! O love - ly night! Spread - ing o - ver hill and
2. Ho - ly night! O ho - ly night! Plac - ing bright - er worlds be -
p 2d TENOR.
cres.
f
p 1st BASS.
cres.
f
1. Love - ly night! O love - ly night! Spread - ing o - ver hill and
2. Ho - ly night! O ho - ly night! Plac - ing bright - er worlds be -
p 2d BASS.
cres.
Andantino.
cres.
f
mead - ow, Soft and slow, thy ha - zy shad-ow; Soon our wea - ried
fore us, Joy and peace thou shed - dest o'er us. O that we might
p
mead - ow, Soft and slow, thy ha - zy shad-ow; Soon our wea - ried
fore us, Joy and peace thou shed - dest o'er us. O that we might
p
p

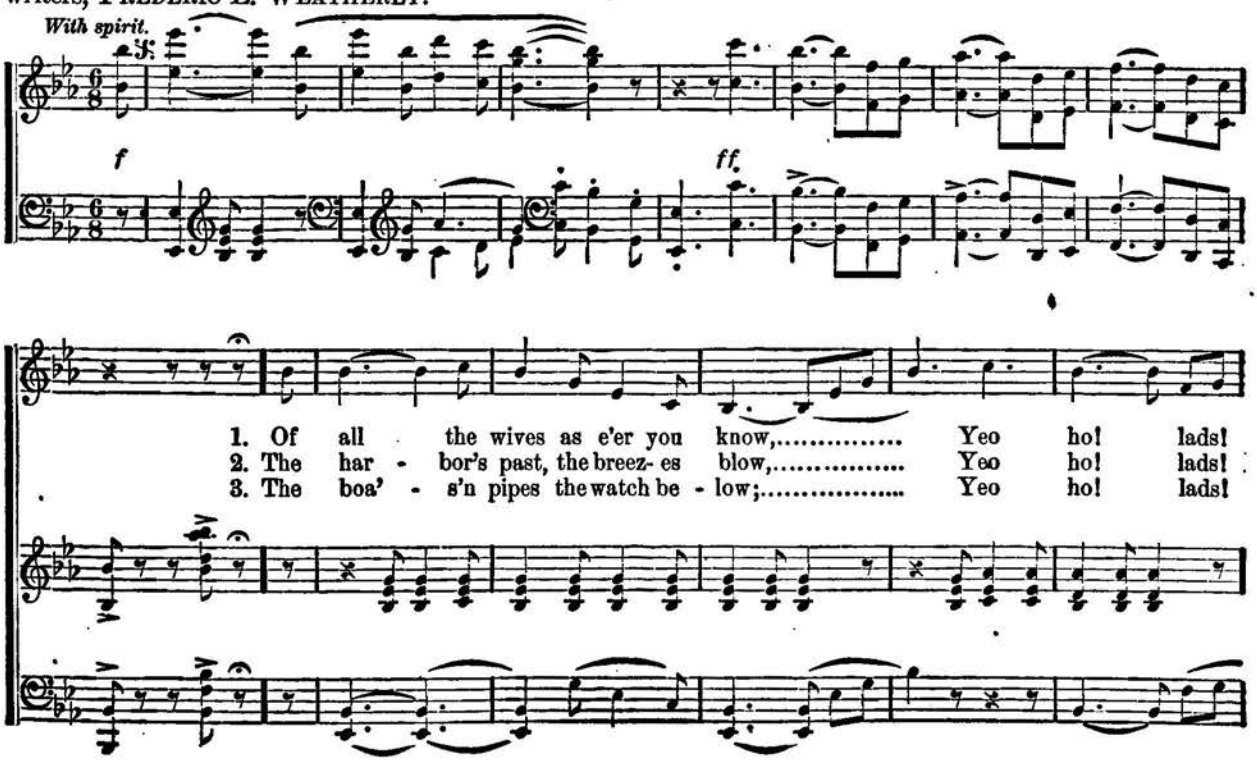
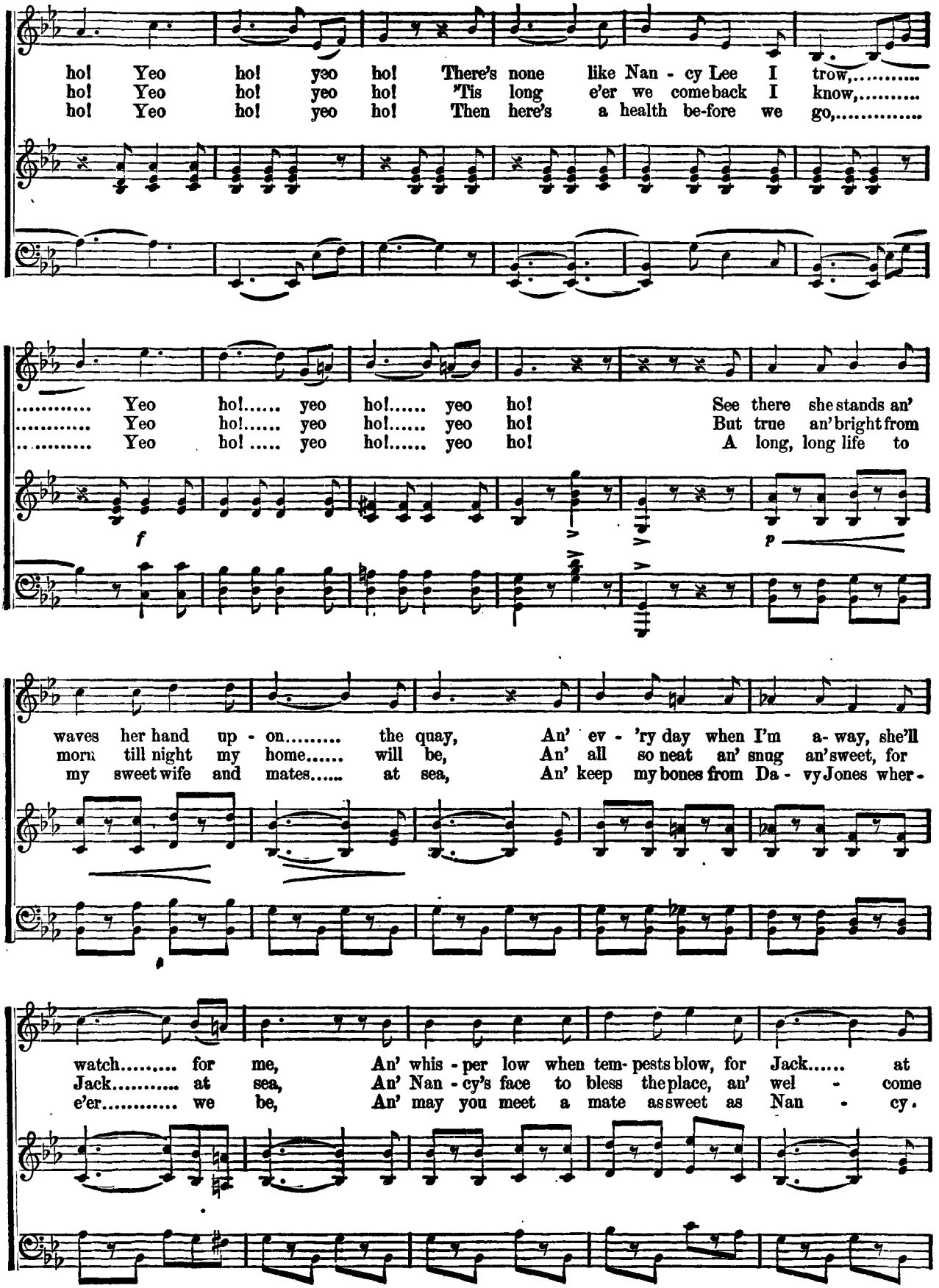
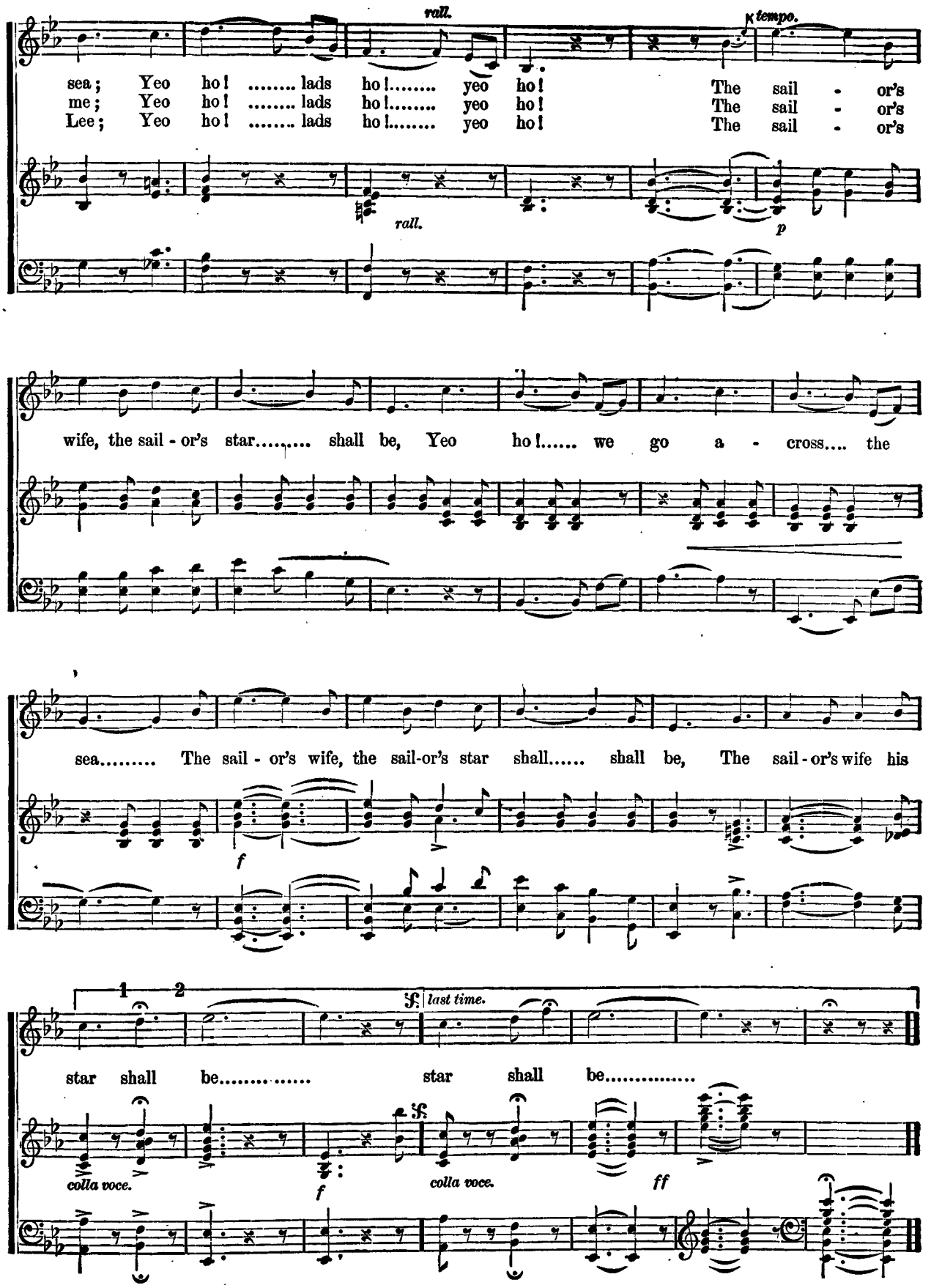
eye - lids close, And slum - ber in thy blest re - pose, Soon our
ne'er re - turn To this dull earth, to weep and mourn, O that

eye - lids close, Slum - ber in thy blest re - pose, Soon our
ne'er re - turn This dull earth, to weep and mourn, O that

wea - - ried eye - lids close,..... And slum - ber in thy blest re - pose.
we..... might ne'er re - turn..... To this dull earth, to weep and mourn.

wea - - ried eye - lids close, And slum - ber in thy blest re - pose.
we might ne'er re - turn To this dull earth, to weep and mourn.

NANCY LEE.

If Stephen Adams (Michael Maybrick) continues—as it is said of him—to be the most popular of English ballad-writers, it is surely not because he waited for the maturity of his powers to write his best songs. For surely neither any other writer, nor himself at his best, has ever composed anything better, in its vein, than his spirited sailor song of "Nancy Lee," which was one of his earlier compositions. So great was the success of this production that within two years after its publication not less than one hundred thousand copies had been sold. As a consequence of this and a succession of thoroughly admirable songs with which he followed it, he was enabled virtually to name his own price for the later productions of his unquestionable genius. In this, as in so many of his works, he had the co-operation of that prince of song-writers, Frederic E. Weatherly.

With spirit.
f
ff.
1. Of all the wives as e'er you know,..... Yeo ho! lads!
2. The har - bor's past, the breez- es blow,..... Yeo ho! lads!
3. The boa' - s'n pipes the watch be - low;..... Yeo ho! lads!

ho! Yeo ho! yeo ho! There's none like Nan - cy Lee I trow,.....
ho! Yeo ho! yeo ho! 'Tis long e'er we come back I know,.....
ho! Yeo ho! yeo ho! Then here's a health be-fore we go,.....
..... Yeo ho!..... yeo ho!..... yeo ho! See there she stands an'
..... Yeo ho!..... yeo ho!..... yeo ho! But true an' bright from
..... Yeo ho! ..... yeo ho!..... yeo ho! A long, long life to
f
p
waves her hand up - on..... the quay, An' ev - 'ry day when I'm a- way, she'll
morn till night my home..... will be, An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet, for
my sweet wife and mates..... at sea, An' keep my bones from Da - vy Jones wher -
watch..... for me, An' whis - per low when tem- pests blow, for Jack..... at
Jack..... at sea, An' Nan - cy's face to bless the place, an' wel - come
e'er..... we be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan - cy.

rall.
tempo.
sea; Yeo ho! ..... lads ho!..... yeo ho! The sail - or's
me; Yeo ho! ..... lads ho!..... yeo ho! The sail - or's
Lee; Yeo ho! ..... lads ho!..... yeo ho! The sail - or's
rall.
p
wife, the sail - or's star..... shall be, Yeo ho!..... we go a - cross.... the
sea..... The sail - or's wife, the sail-or's star shall..... shall be, The sail - or's wife his
f
1 2
f last time.
star shall be..... star shall be.....
colla voce.
f
colla voce.
ff

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

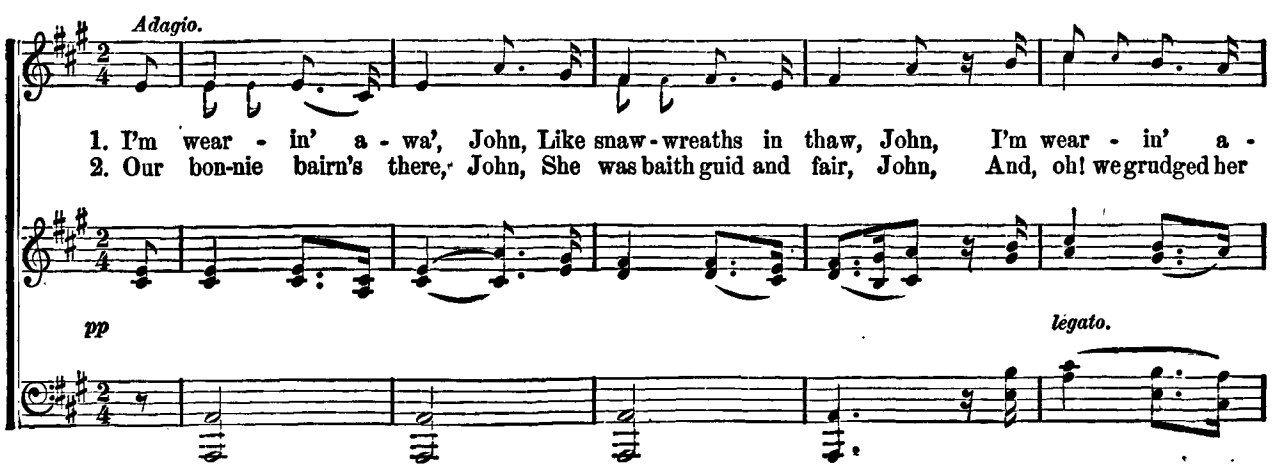
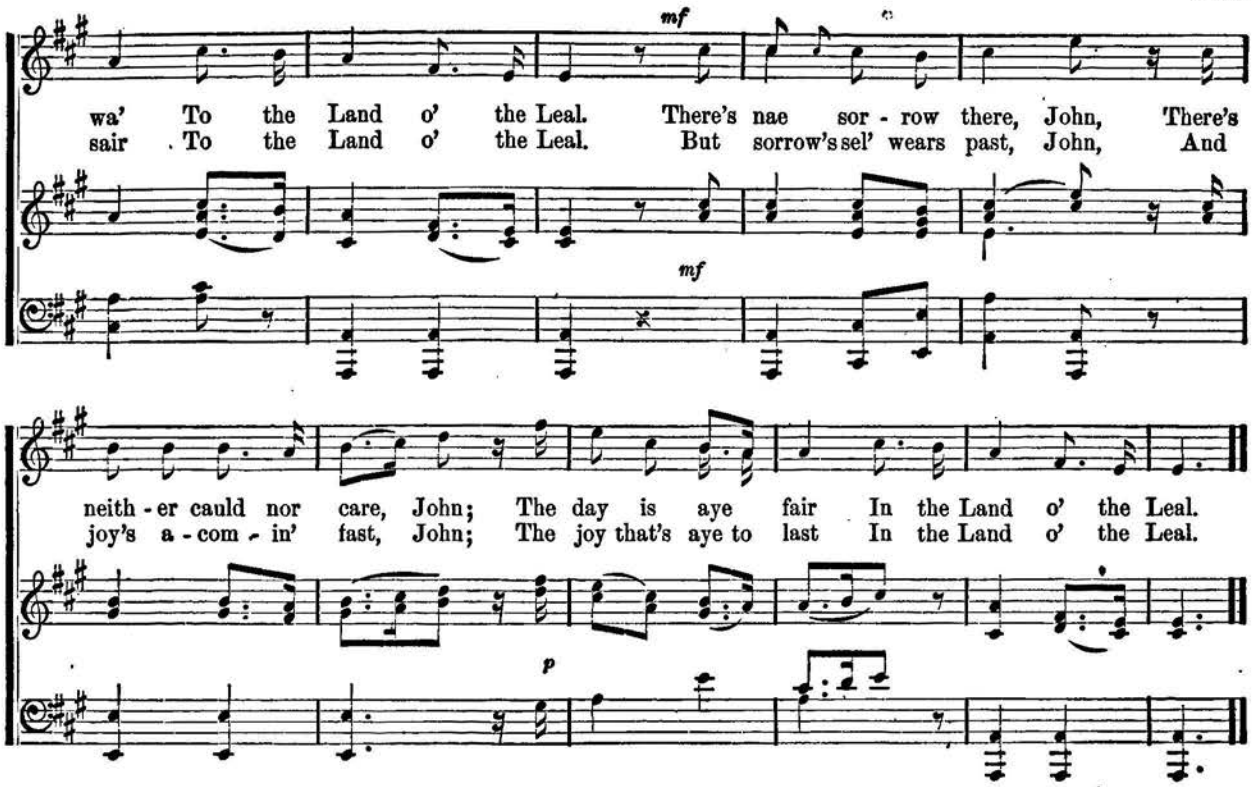
THIS dearly-loved song was made by BARONESS NAIRNE. It was written for an early friend of hers, Mrs. Archibald Campbell Colquhoun, a beautiful woman, and an old love of Walter Scott's. It was called forth by the death of Mrs. Colquhoun's only child, and was originally longer. Two stanzas were gradually dropped, and, in later years, when Lady Nairne's whole life became an expression of her religious emotions, she added the stanza:

"Sae dear that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the Land o' the Leal."

When Lady Nairne was growing old, a friend urged her to give her some particulars of her compositions. Of this one she wrote: "The 'Land of the Leal' is a happy rest for the mind in this dark pilgrimage. . . . Oh yes! I was young then. . . . I was present when it was asserted that Burns composed it on his death-bed, and that he had it *Jean* instead of 'John'; but the parties could not decide why it never appeared in his works, as his last song should have done. I never answered."

The authorship of her poems was often discussed in her presence, and although she said once that she "had not Sir Walter's art of denying," she must have had more than ordinary control over her countenance and speech, as well as very faithful friends to keep her secrets; for although her songs were universal favorites, the source of many of them was unknown ever to her kindred, until the close of her life. The year before her death, when she had reached her seventy-ninth year, Lady Nairne was in Edinburgh, the home of her happy married life, and also of the friend for whom she wrote this song, when one evening a young kinswoman, telling her unconsciously that she was about to play what she felt sure would please her, stirred deep memories and hopes in the breast of the aged gentlewoman with her own exquisite song about "The Land o' the Leal."

When Burns sent Thomson his song of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," asking that it might be set to the air "Hey, tuttie, taittie," he said that he had shown the air to Urbani, who was highly pleased with it, and begged him to make soft verses for it. Burns never did so; but Lady Nairne's words are sung to that very air which we associate with one of the most stirring songs in existence,—with only the addition of an opening note.


Adagio.
1. I'm wear - in' a - wa', John, Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John, I'm wear - in' a -
2. Our bon-nie bairn's there, John, She was baith guid and fair, John, And, oh! we grudged her
pp
legato.

mf
wa' To the Land o' the Leal. There's nae sor - row there, John, There's
sair To the Land o' the Leal. But sorrow's sel' wears past, John, And
mf
neith - er cauld nor care, John; The day is aye fair In the Land o' the Leal.
joy's a - com - in' fast, John; The joy that's aye to last In the Land o' the Leal.
p

I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John;
I'm wearin' awa'
To the Land o' the Leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John;
The day is aye fair
In the Land o' the Leal.

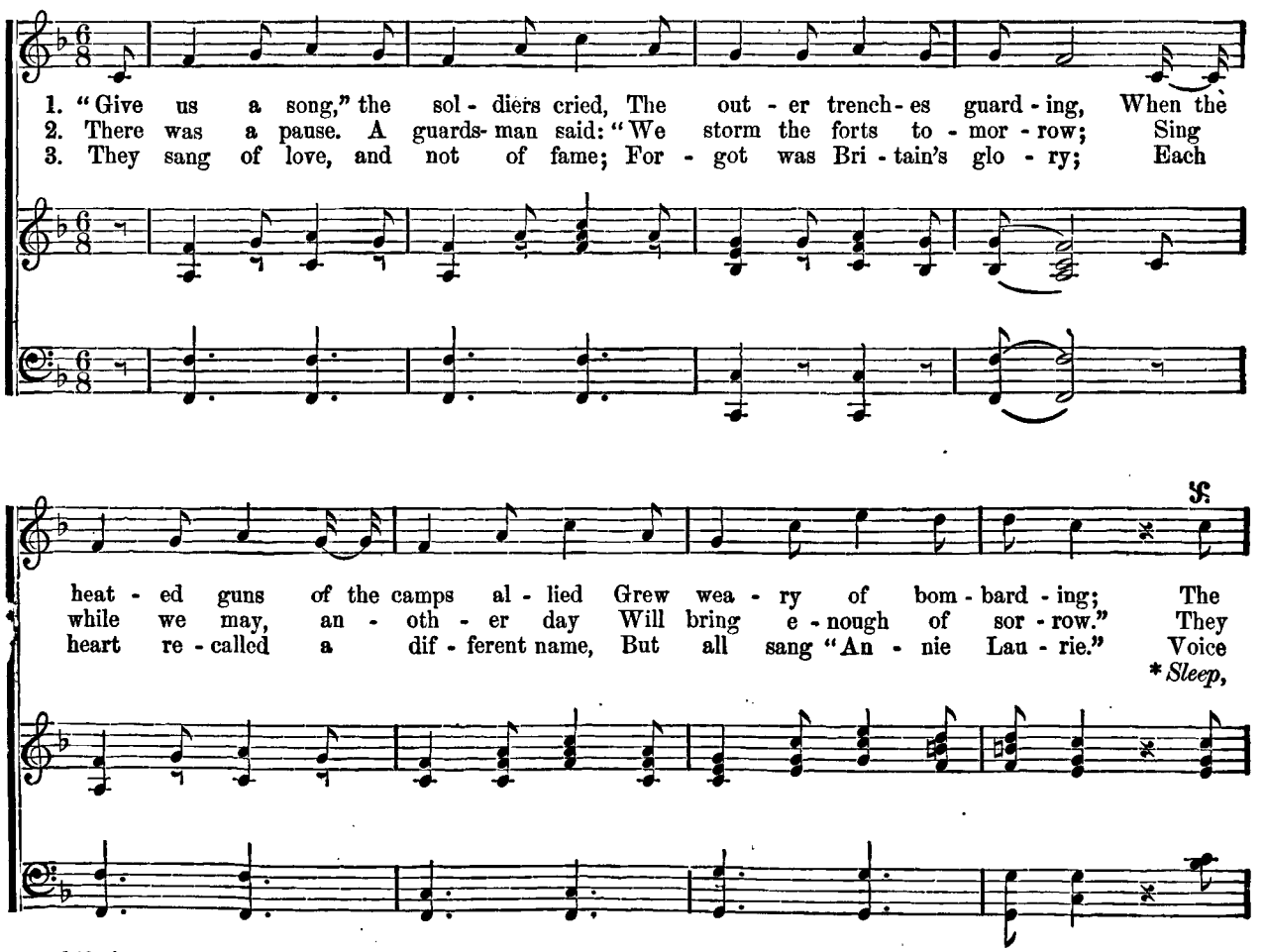
Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was baith guid and fair, John,
And, oh! we grudged her sair
To the Land o' the Leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a-comin' fast, John;
The joy that's aye to last
In the Land o' the Leal.

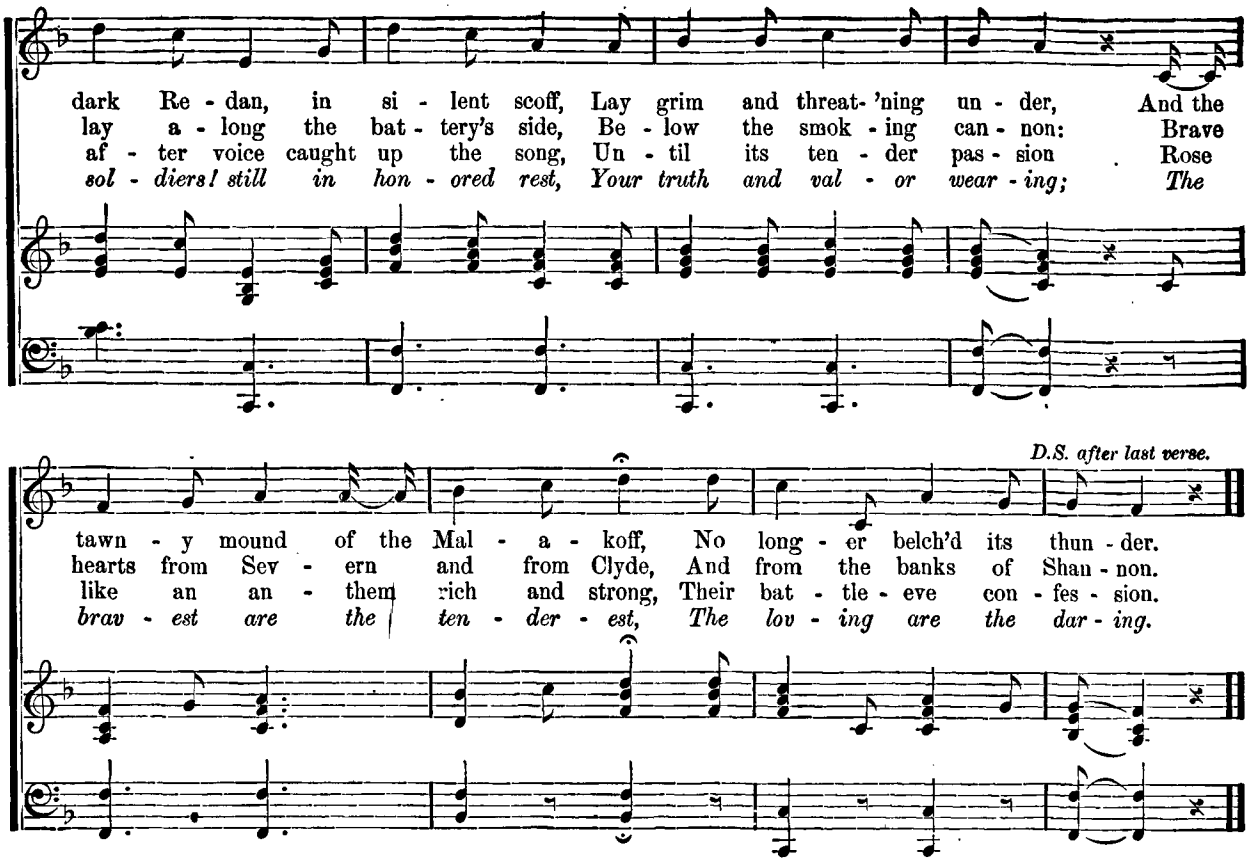
Sae dear that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the Land o' the Leal.
Oh! dry your glist'nin' e'e, John,
My saul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the Land o' the Leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John,
Your day's wearin' through, John,
And I'll welcome you
To the Land o' the Leal.
Now fare-ye-weel, my ain John,
This world's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet, and we'll be fain
In the Land o' the Leal.

SONG OF THE CAMP.

THIS song commemorates the celebrated Crimean campaign of 1854–5, when "Annie Laurie" was in full popularity among the English. The words were composed by BAYARD TAYLOR, an American poet, journalist and traveler, who was born at Kennet Square, Pa., in 1825 and died in 1878. He began to write poetry in his youth, when he was a printer's apprentice at West Chester, Pa., and at the age of nineteen (in 1854) he published, under the title of "Ximena," a volume of verse most of which had appeared in periodicals. With his savings he made a pedestrian tour through Europe, on his return from which, in 1864, he published his famous "Views Afoot," descriptive of what he had seen abroad. After various journalistic work, he became in 1849 associate editor and part owner of the *N. Y. Tribune.* The record of many foreign tours appeared in this paper and subsequently in several books of travel. His journeyings took him to California, Mexico, Egypt, India, China, Africa, and to many countries less visited fifty years ago than now, and gave the author material for many volumes of prose and poetry suggested by his travels. In "Poems of Home and Travel" he published in 1855 all the verses written up to that time which he was willing to acknowledge.

The musical setting of the song is the composition of GEN. HORATIO COLLINS KING, a lawyer of Brooklyn, N. Y., born in Portland, Me., in 1837, the son of Horatio King, formerly Postmaster General of the United States. Gen. King was organist at an Episcopal Church in Washington D. C., which was his home and where he was stationed during a portion of his military service in the war, and also at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. He has composed a number of good songs which have become popular. Among these was a setting of Charles Kingsley's "The Sands o' Dee," which was much admired by the author of the words, and is cited by Grove as one of the most successful songs in the repertoire of the great American contralto, Mme. Antoinette Sterling, for whose voice it was written.

1. "Give us a song," the sol - diers cried, The out - er trench - es guard - ing, When the
2. There was a pause. A guards- man said: "We storm the forts to - mor - row; Sing
3. They sang of love, and not of fame; For - got was Bri - tain's glo - ry; Each
heat - ed guns of the camps al - lied Grew wea - ry of bom - bard - ing; The
while we may, an - oth - er day Will bring e - nough of sor - row." They
heart re - called a dif - ferent name, But all sang "An - nie Lau - rie." Voice
*Sleep,

* After last verse. By permission of W. A. Pond & Co.

dark Re - dan, in si - lent scoff, Lay grim and threat-'ning un - der, And the
lay a - long the bat - tery's side, Be - low the smok - ing can - non: Brave
af - ter voice caught up the song, Un - til its ten - der pas - sion Rose
sol - diers! still in hon - ored rest, Your truth and val - or wear - ing; The
D.S. after last verse.
tawn - y mound of the Mal - a - koff, No long - er belch'd its thun - der.
hearts from Sev - ern and from Clyde, And from the banks of Shan - non.
like an an - them rich and strong, Their bat - tle - eve con - fes - sion.
brav - est are the ten - der - est, The lov - ing are the dar - ing.

"Give us a song," the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding;
The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under,
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff,
No longer belched its thunder.

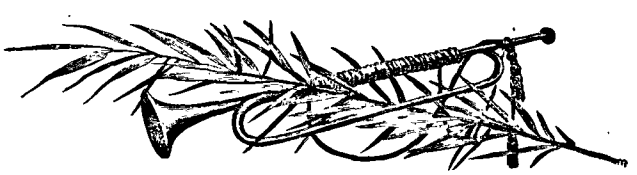
There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."
They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."
Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession.

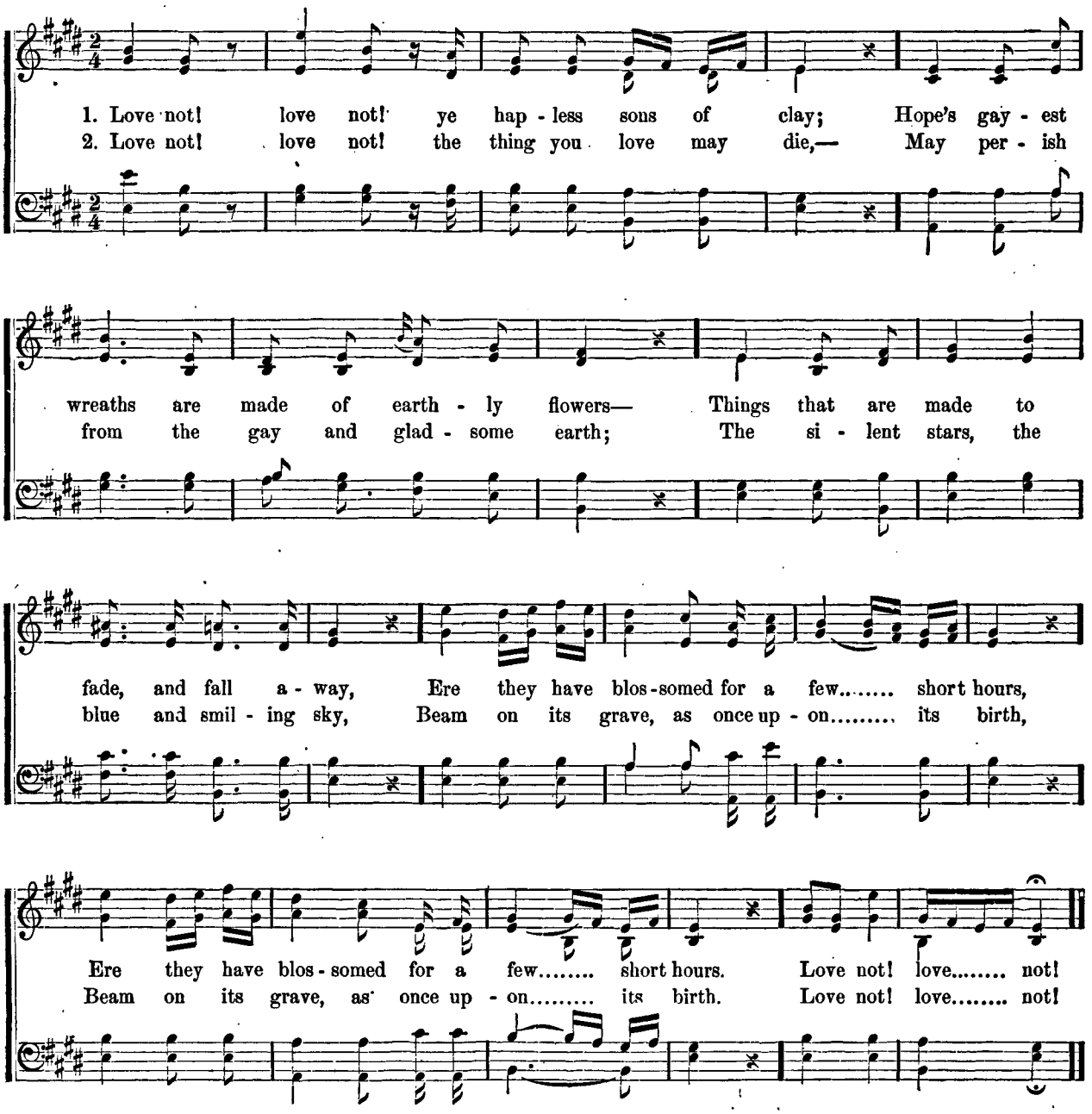
Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.
Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire like hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!
And Irish Nora's eyes are dim,
For a singer dumb and gory:
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest,
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.



LOVE NOT.

MRS. CAROLINE NORTON'S sorrowful domestic experience might well have been the inspiration of her song "Love Not." The music was written by JOHN BLOCKLEY.

1. Love not! love not! ye hap - less sons of clay; Hope's gay - est
2. Love not! love not! the thing you love may die,— May per - ish
wreaths are made of earth - ly flowers— Things that are made to
from the gay and glad - some earth; The si - lent stars, the
fade, and fall a - way, Ere they have blos-somed for a few..... short hours,
blue and smil - ing sky, Beam on its grave, as once up - on..... its birth,
Ere they have blos - somed for a few..... short hours. Love not! love..... not!
Beam on its grave, as once up - on..... its birth. Love not! love..... not!

Love not! love not! ye hapless sons of clay;
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers—
Things that are made to fade, and fall away,
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.
Love not!

Love not! love not! the thing you love may die,—
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its birth.
Love not!

Love not! love not! the thing ye love may change;
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true!
Love not!

Love not! love not! O warning vainly said
In present hours as in years gone by!
Love flings a halo round the dear ones' head
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.
Love not!

PRETTY AS A PICTURE.

FOR many years this graceful little song has been a favorite, not only for private use but also as a selection for the stage, where it has afforded opportunities for performers skilled in dancing as well as in singing. It was very delightfully rendered by Mlle. Marie Aimée, the clever actress who for many years was the chief exponent of the French Opera in America. The words were written by GEORGE COOPER, and the music was composed by T. BRIGHAM BISHOP. Bishop was long known in New York as a clever performer on the guitar and as the composer of a number of ballad tunes of the sentimental type in favor with the minstrel troupes; the best known of which were "Leaf by Leaf the Roses Fall," "Kitty Wells" and "Pretty as a Picture." He engaged in business in New York and subsequently retired to a country home at Dundee Lake, N. J.

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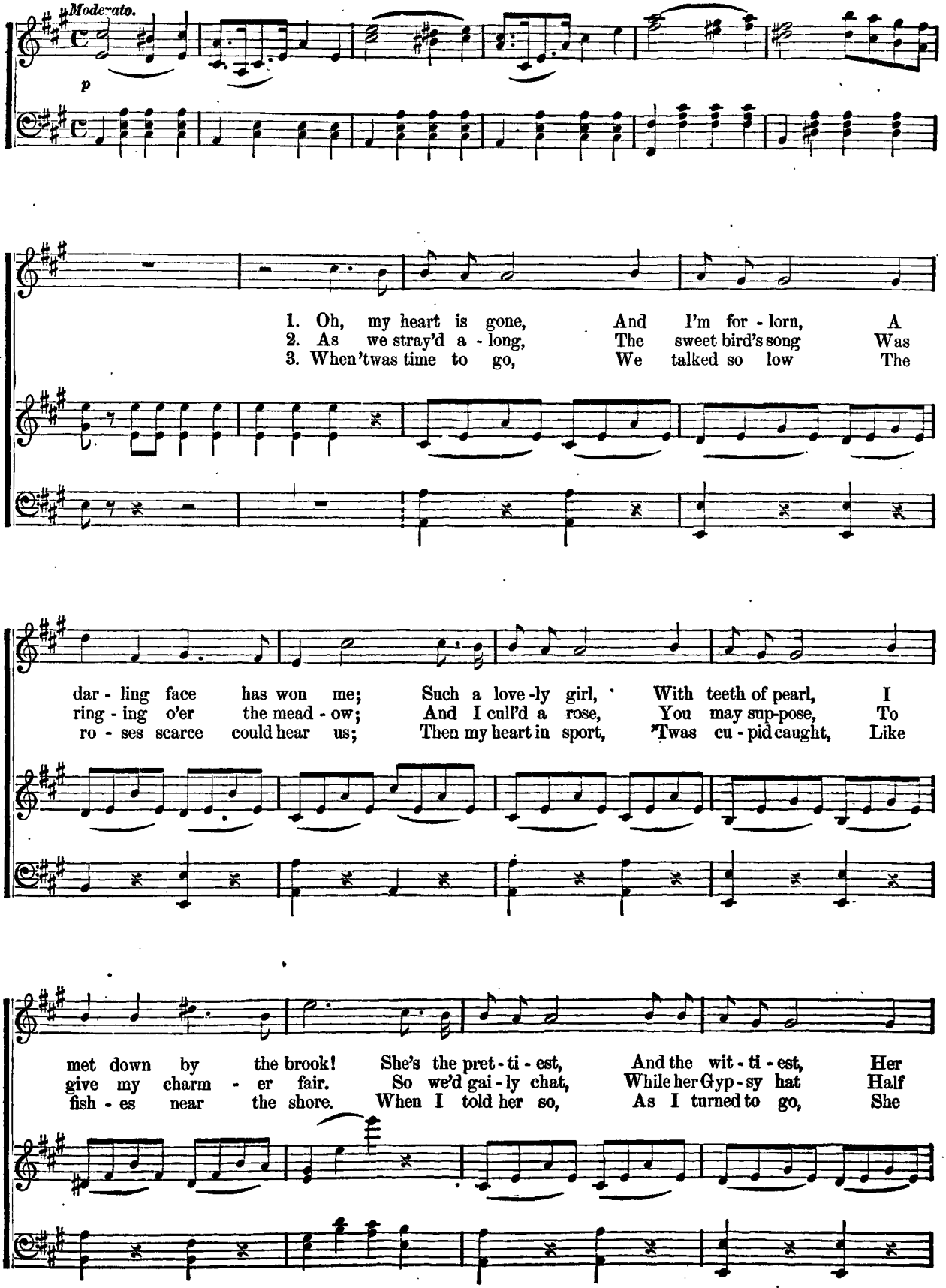
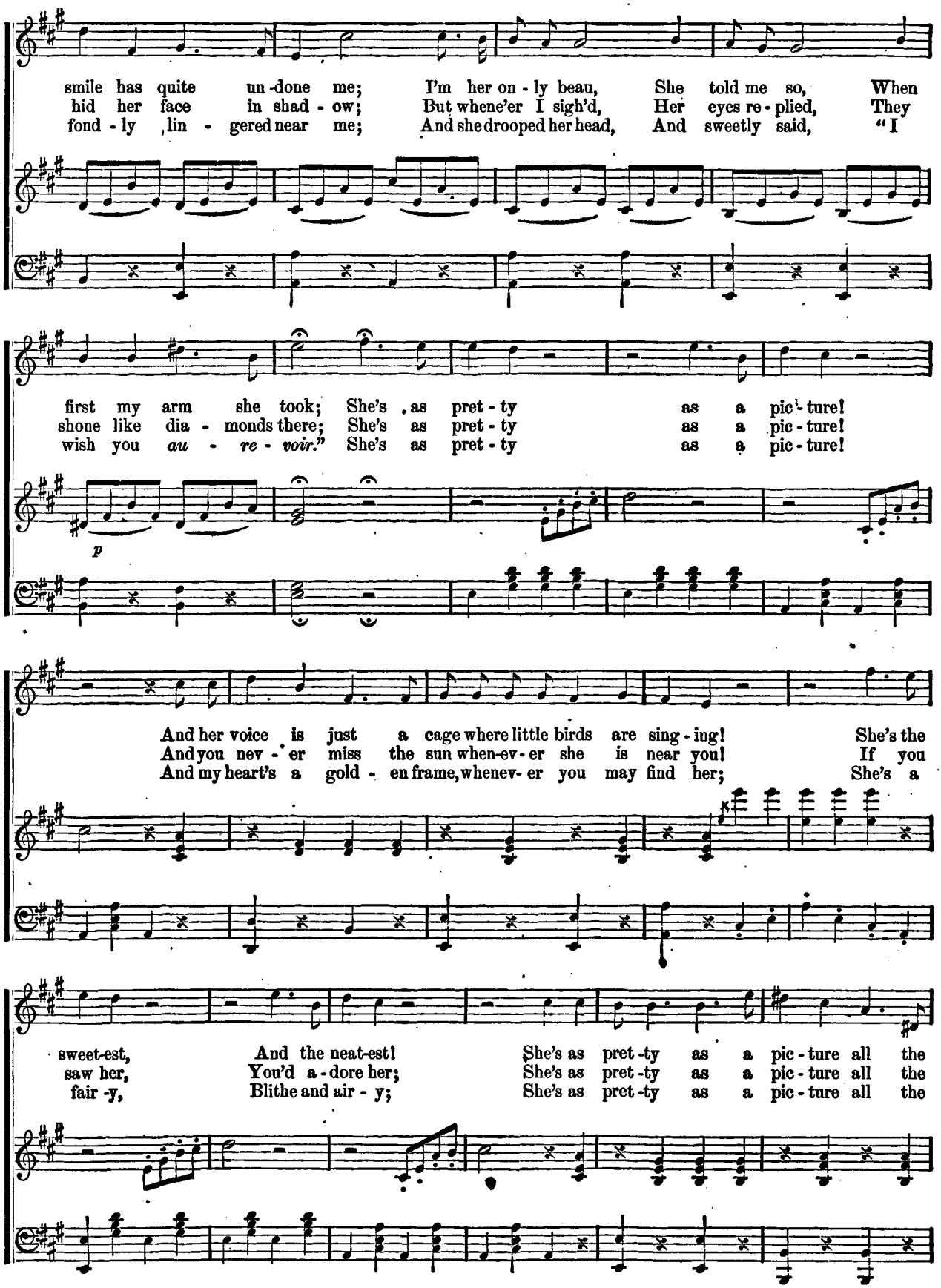
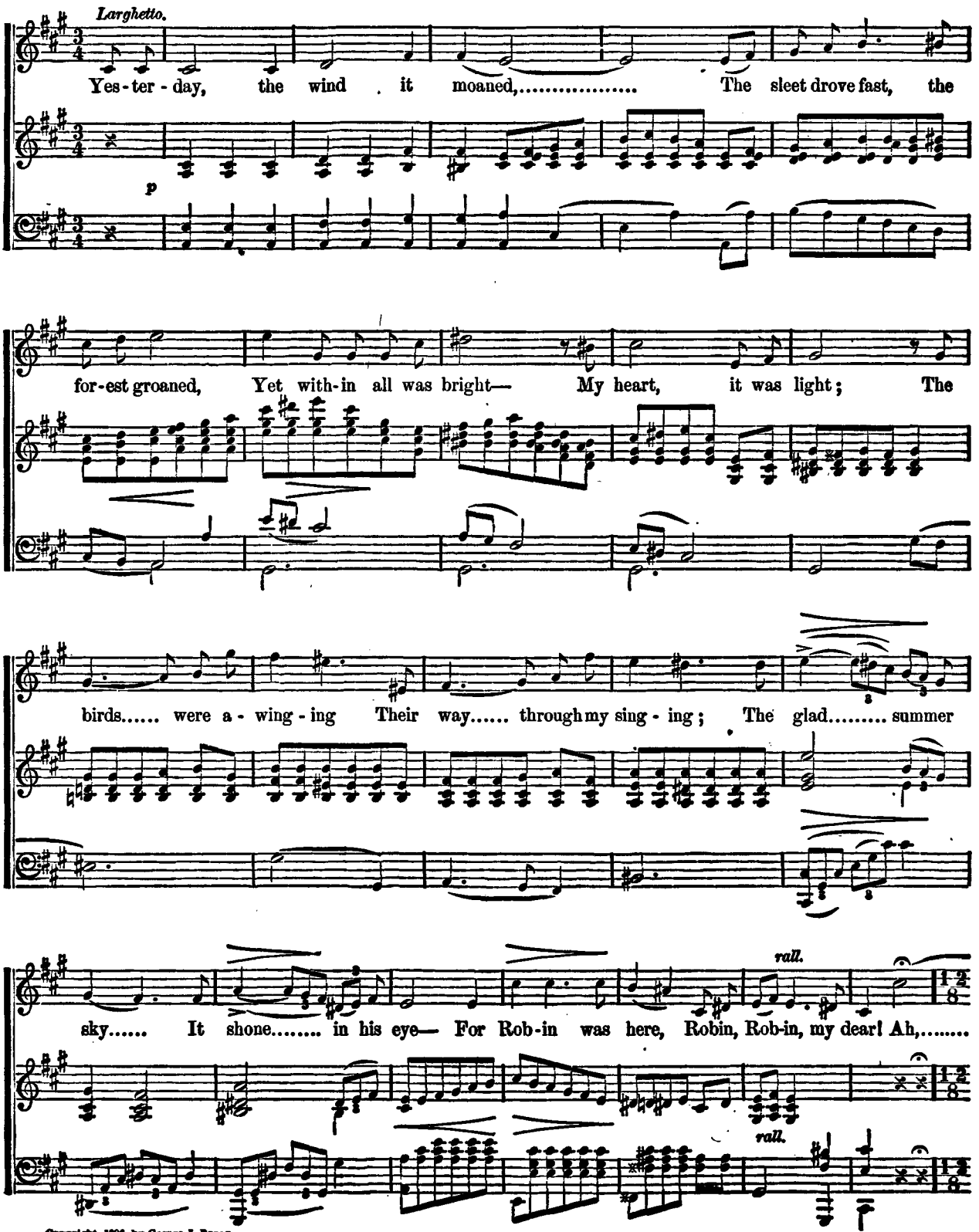

Moderato.
p
1. Oh, my heart is gone, And I'm for - lorn, A
2. As we stray'd a - long, The sweet bird's song Was
3. When 'twas time to go, We talked so low The
dar - ling face has won me; Such a love - ly girl, With teeth of pearl, I
ring - ing o'er the mead - ow; And I cull'd a rose, You may sup-pose, To
ro - ses scarce could hear us; Then my heart in sport, 'Twas cu - pid caught, Like
met down by the brook! She's the pret - ti - est, And the wit - ti - est, Her
give my charm - er fair. So we'd gai - ly chat, While her Gyp - sy hat Half
fish - es near the shore. When I told her so, As I turned to go, She

smile has quite un-done me; I'm her on-ly beau, She told me so, When
hid her face in shad-ow; But whene'er I sigh'd, Her eyes re-plied, They
fond-ly lin-gered near me; And she drooped her head, And sweetly said, "I
first my arm she took; She's as pret-ty as a pic-ture!
shone like dia-monds there; She's as pret-ty as a pic-ture!
wish you au-re-voir." She's as pret-ty as a pic-ture!
p
And her voice is just a cage where little birds are sing-ing! She's the
And you nev-er miss the sun when-ev-er she is near you! If you
And my heart's a gold-en frame, whenev-er you may find her; She's a
sweet-est, And the neat-est! She's as pret-ty as a pic-ture all the
saw her, You'd a-dore her; She's as pret-ty as a pic-ture all the
fair-y, Blithe and air-y; She's as pret-ty as a pic-ture all the

while. Oh, my heart is gone, And I'm for-lorn, A dar - ling face has

won me; Such a love-ly girl, With teeth of pearl, An an - gel without wings!

D.C.

"ROBIN AND I."

THE mournfully reminiscent verses entitled "Robin and I" were written by MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE, long the editor of *St. Nicholas*. The melody and arrangement are by FRANCESCO PAOLO LA VILLA.

Larghetto.
Yes-ter-day, the wind it moaned,..... The sleet drove fast, the
p
for-est groaned, Yet with-in all was bright— My heart, it was light; The
birds..... were a-wing-ing Their way..... through my sing-ing; The glad..... summer
rall.
sky..... It shone..... in his eye— For Rob-in was here, Robin, Rob-in, my dear! Ah,.....
rall.

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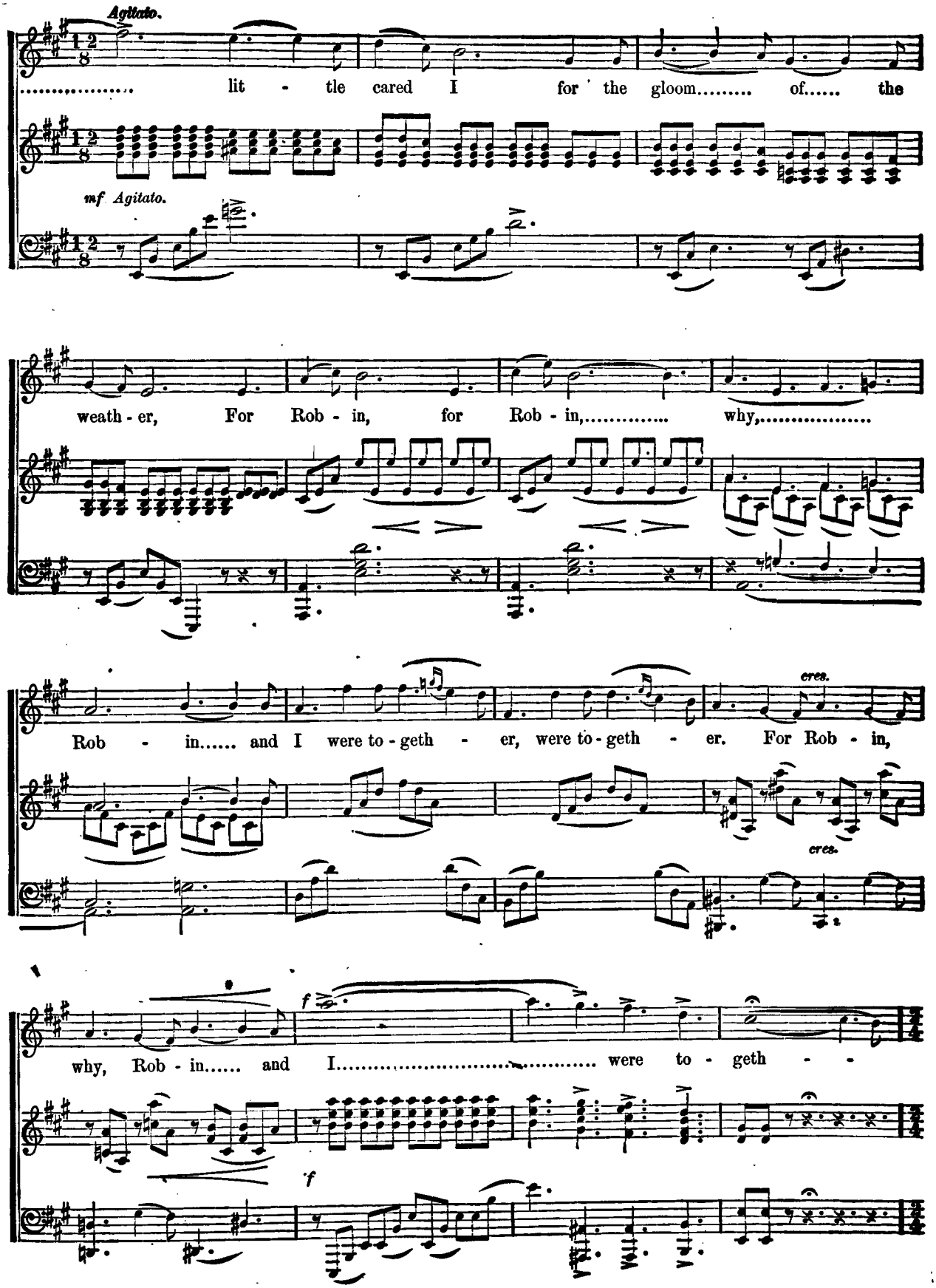
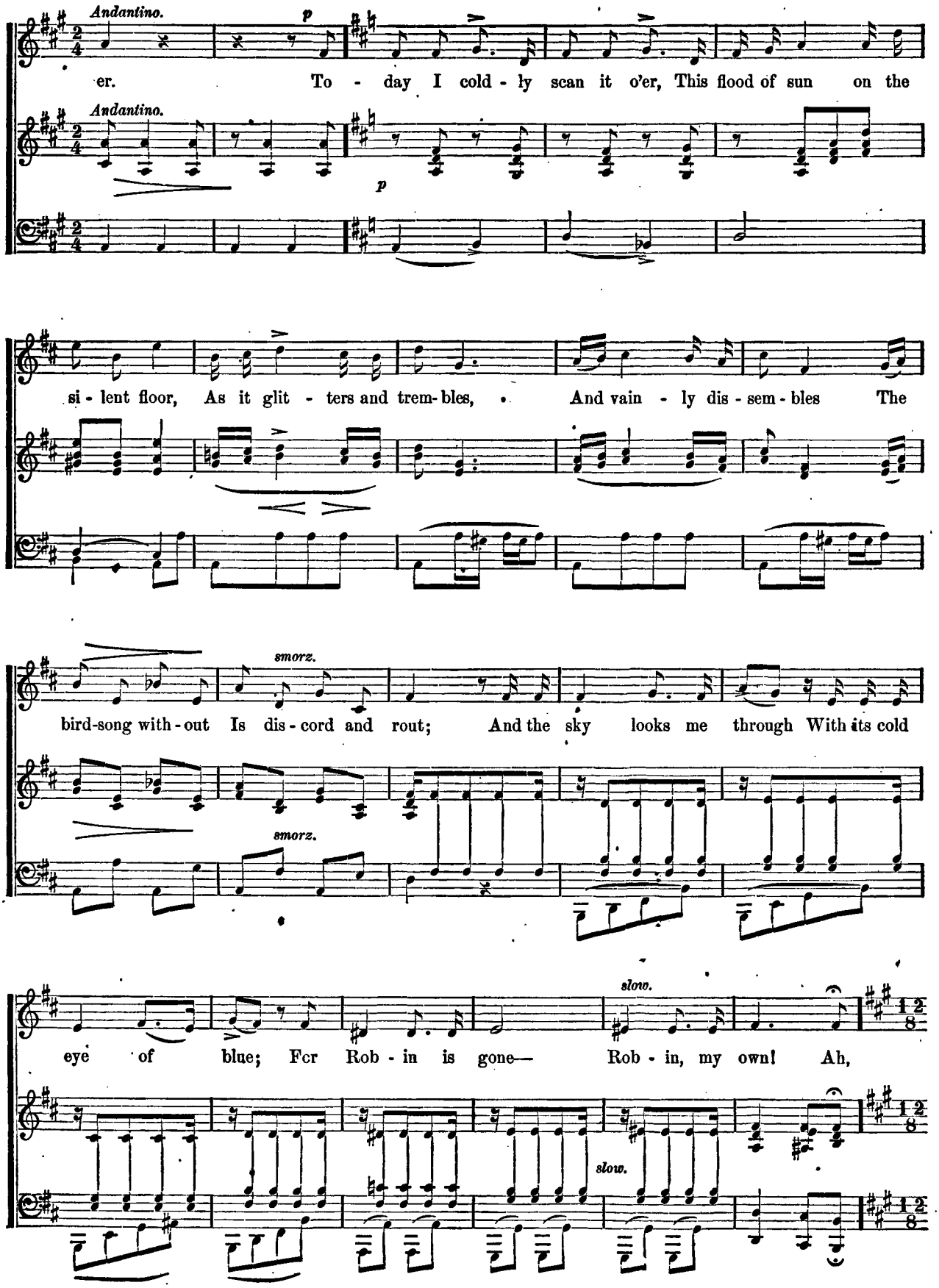
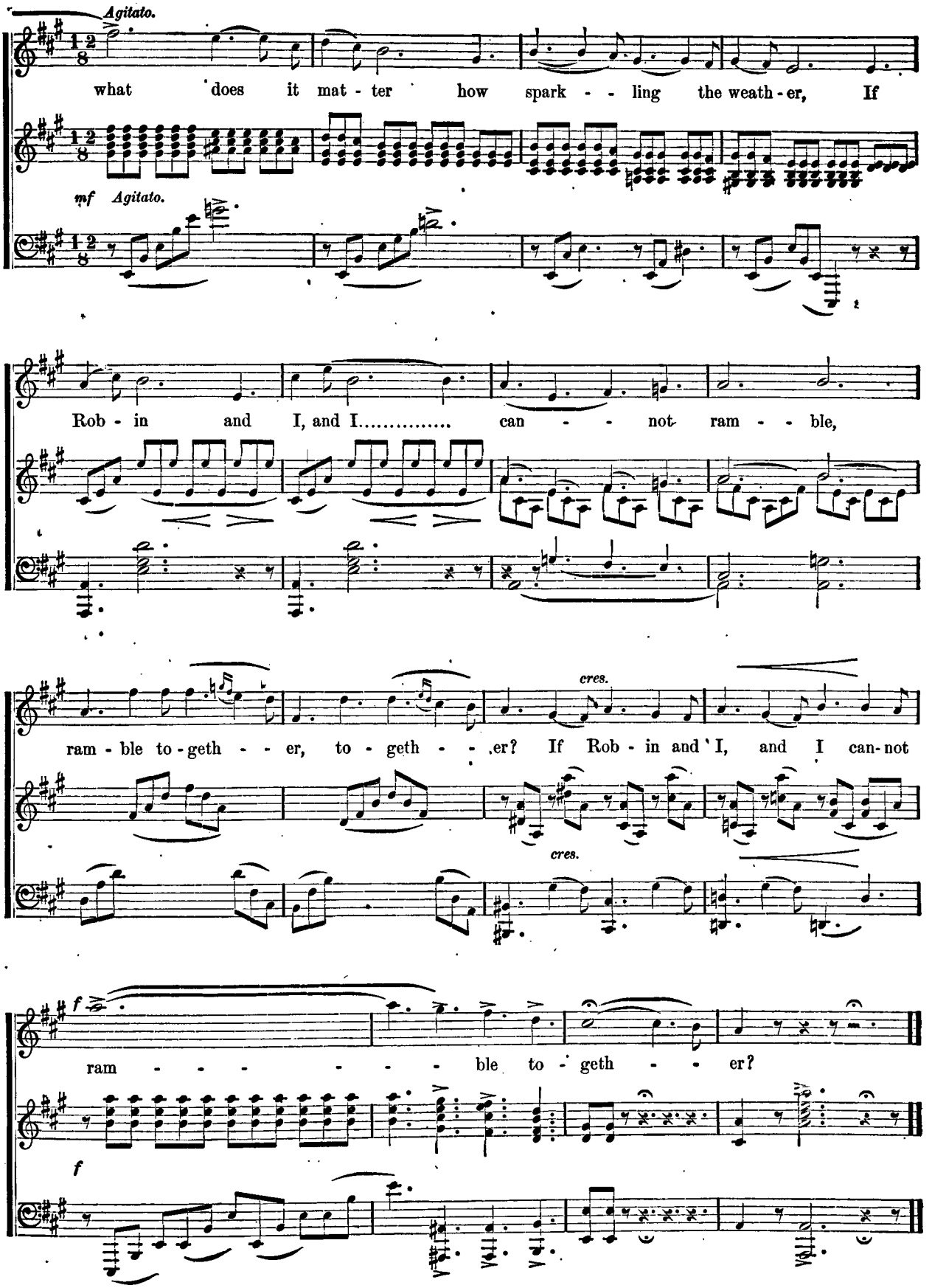
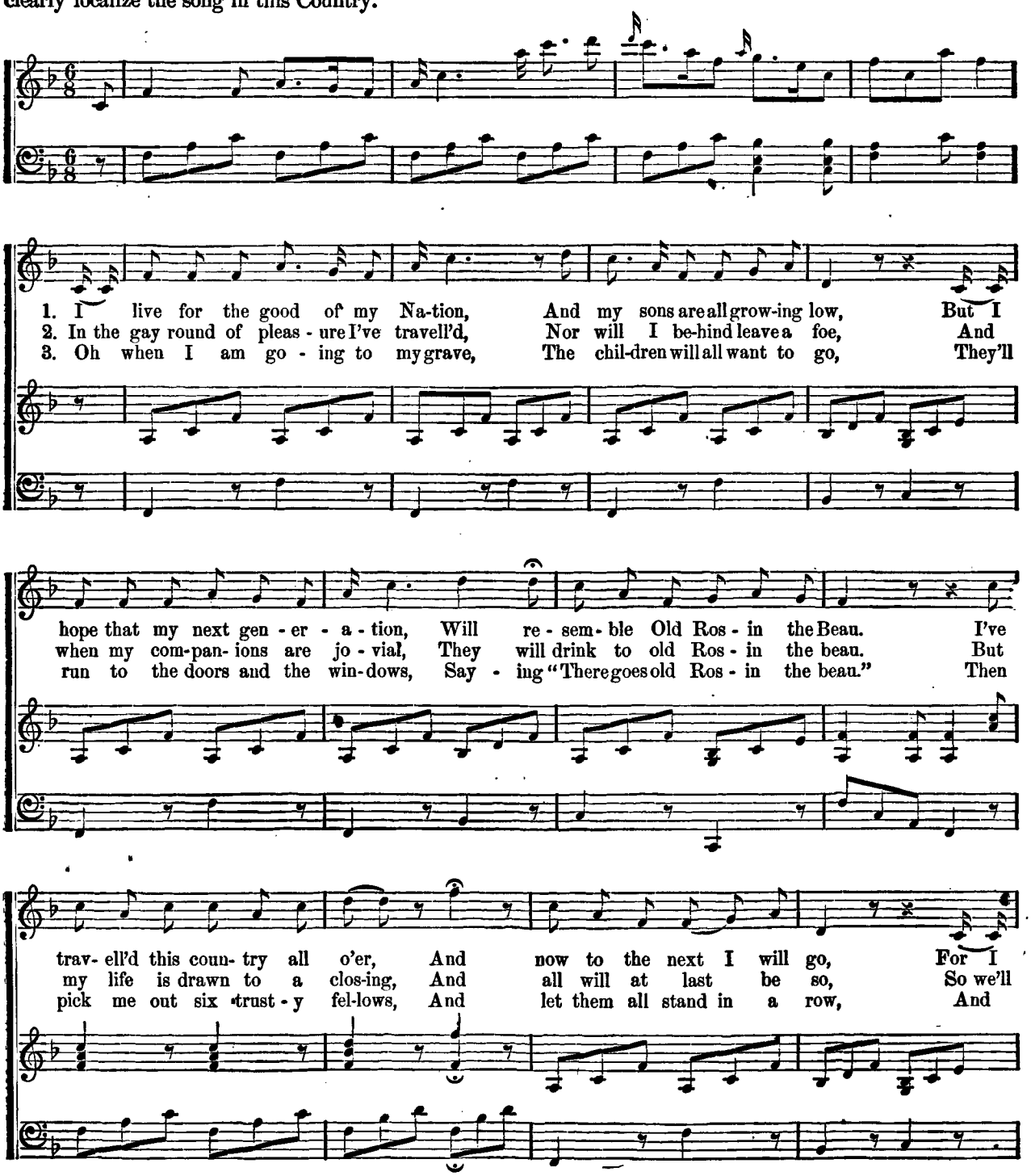
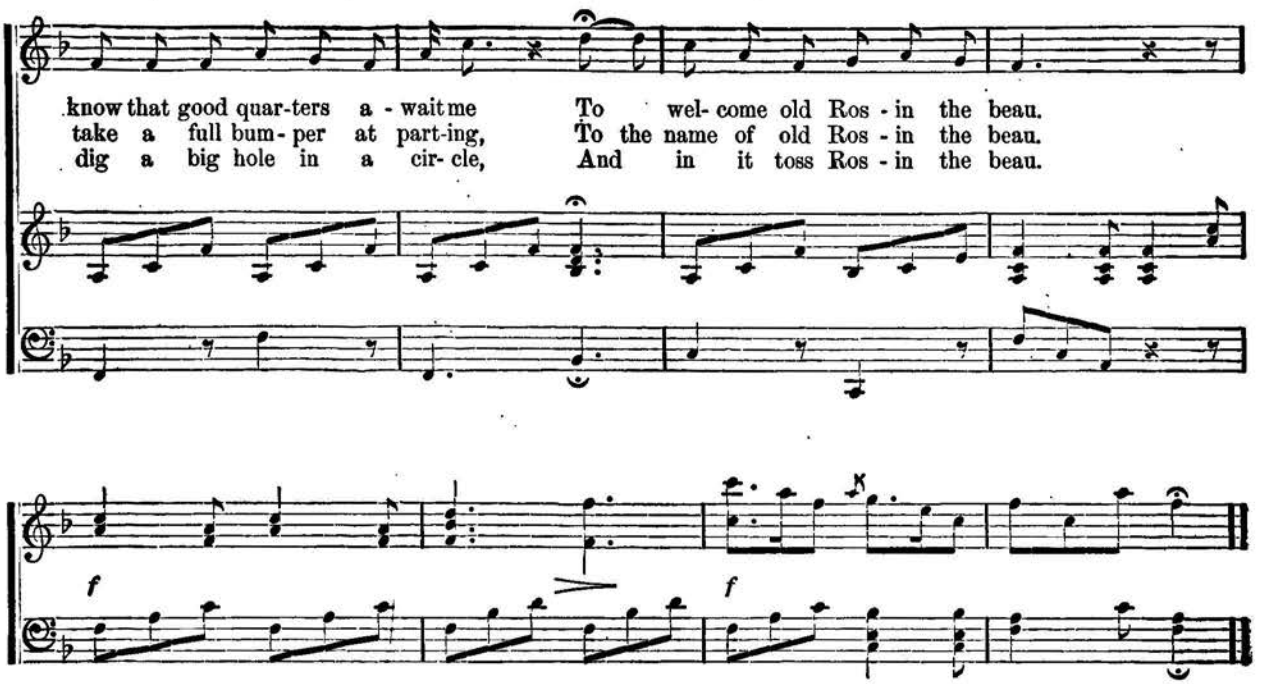

Agitato.
lit - tle cared I for the gloom..... of..... the
mf Agitato.
weath - er, For Rob - in, for Rob - in,..... why,.....
Rob - in..... and I were to - geth - er, were to - geth - er. For Rob - in,
cres.
cres.
why, Rob - in..... and I..... were to - geth - -
f
f

Andantino.
p
er. To - day I cold - ly scan it o'er, This flood of sun on the
Andantino.
p
si - lent floor, As it glit - ters and trem - bles, And vain - ly dis - sem - bles The
smorz.
bird-song with - out Is dis - cord and rout; And the sky looks me through With its cold
smorz.
slow.
eye of blue; For Rob - in is gone— Rob - in, my own! Ah,
slow.

Agitato.
what does it mat - ter how spark - - ling the weath - er, If
mf Agitato.
Rob - in and I, and I..... can - - not ram - - ble,
ram - ble to - geth - - er, to - geth - - er? If Rob - in and I, and I can - not
cres.
cres.
f
ram - - - - - - ble to - geth - - er?
f

OLD ROSIN THE BEAU.

THIS is an example of a popular American song based on an old English air but having words of an obviously local character. A large proportion of the songs that were current during the eighteenth century were thus adapted, and a number of the national patriotic songs of this country are thus found with airs of English origin. The original "Old Rosin," which is of considerable antiquity, was not a song, but a fiddle tune, and it was known as "Rosin the Bow." But its measures were eminently singable, and it was used as a setting for words of which a little play on the words of the title gave the theme. It is the last will and testament of a jovial old "rounder," who in exceedingly intemperate measures celebrates the glories of the "big bellied bottle" and a life of reckless rollicking. Numerous Americanisms in the wording of the verses clearly localize the song in this Country.

1. I live for the good of my Na-tion, And my sons are all grow-ing low, But I
2. In the gay round of pleas - ure I've travell'd, Nor will I be-hind leave a foe, And
3. Oh when I am go - ing to my grave, The chil-dren will all want to go, They'll
hope that my next gen - er - a - tion, Will re - sem - ble Old Ros - in the Beau. I've
when my com-pan- ions are jo - vial, They will drink to old Ros - in the beau. But
run to the doors and the win-dows, Say - ing "There goes old Ros - in the beau." Then
trav- ell'd this coun- try all o'er, And now to the next I will go, For I
my life is drawn to a clos-ing, And all will at last be so, So we'll
pick me out six trust - y fel-lows, And let them all stand in a row, And

know that good quar-ters a - wait me To wel- come old Ros - in the beau.
take a full bum- per at part-ing, To the name of old Ros - in the beau.
dig a big hole in a cir- cle, And in it toss Ros - in the beau.
f
f

I live for the good of my Nation,
And my sons are all growing low,
But I hope that my next generation,
Will resemble Old Rosin the Beau.
I've travelled this country all o'er,
And now to the next I will go,
For I know that good quarters await me
To welcome old Rosin the beau.

In the gay round of pleasure I've travelled,
Nor will I behind leave a foe,
And when my companions are jovial,
They will drink to old Rosin the beau.

But my life is drawn to a closing,
And all will at last be so,
So we'll take a full bumper at parting,
To the name of old Rosin the beau.

Oh! when I am going to my grave,
The children will all want to go,
They'll run to the doors and the windows,
Saying "There goes old Rosin the beau."
Then pick me out six trusty fellows,
And let them all stand in a row,
And dig a big hole in a circle,
And in it toss Rosin the beau.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

THOMAS MOORE sang his own songs with such effect, that singer and listener often wept together. He had selected the sweetest airs of his country, and had versified sentiments that would suit them, in a mood suggested by them, and it was a great trial to him that choking sobs would overwhelm him when he most longed for self-control. After the loss of his children he was often afraid to attempt pathetic music. The song of his which follows commemorates the love and sorrow of a beautiful girl, and her lover. The lady was Miss Sarah Curran, and the lover was Robert Emmet. Washington Irving thus tells the story:

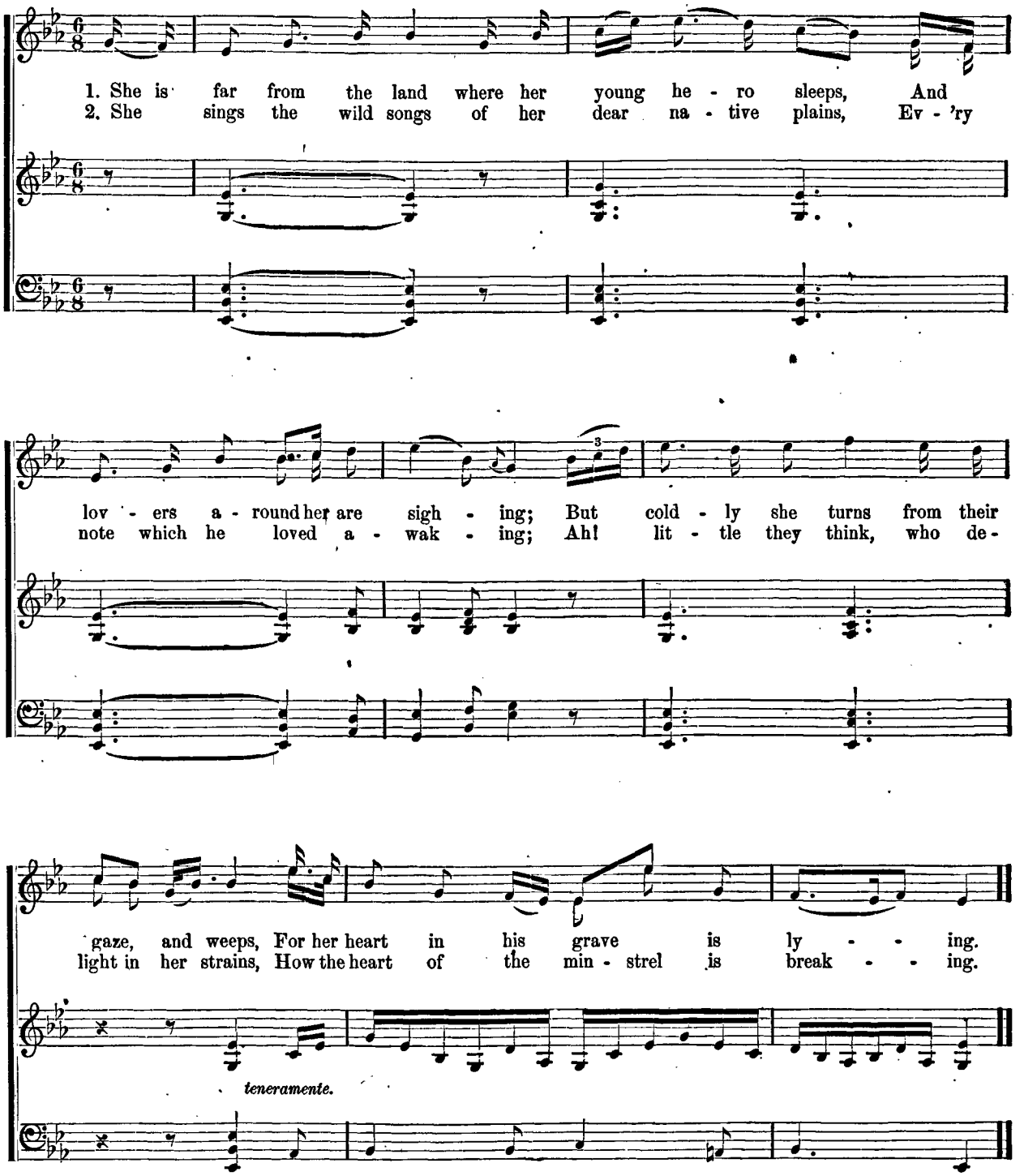
"Every one must recollect the tragical story of young E———, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous —so brave—so everything that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation —all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

"But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

"To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. The Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her love. But it was all in vain. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude; walking about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and 'heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.'

"The person who told me her story, had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness, more striking and painful, than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd, with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and, looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd, mute and silent, around her, and melted every one into tears.

"The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

"He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away, in a slow, but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart."

1. She is far from the land where her young he - ro sleeps, And
2. She sings the wild songs of her dear na - tive plains, Ev - 'ry
lov - ers a - round her are sigh - ing; But cold - ly she turns from their
note which he loved a - wak - ing; Ah! lit - tle they think, who de-
gaze, and weeps, For her heart in his grave is ly - - ing.
light in her strains, How the heart of the min - strel is break - - ing.
teneramente.

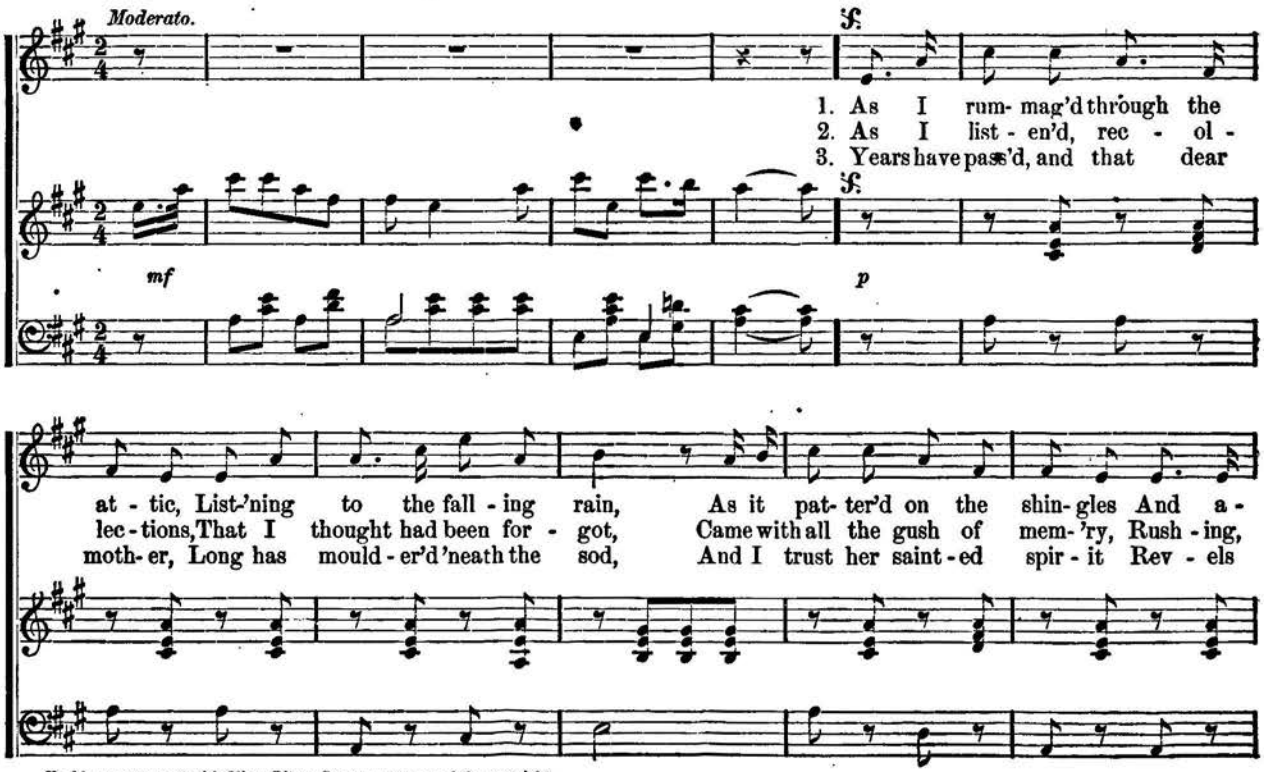
She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking;
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

MY TRUNDLE BED.

THIS was one of the most successful of the earlier songs on a theme related to the tender associations of home life; and it is free from the clap-trap sentimentality that degraded that type of song after it became a "craze." J. C. BAKER was the author of this and many other popular songs, including "Maggie, the Maid of Hawthorne Dell," "Hurrah for the Sea, Boys!" "Farewell," "Crimson Banner," "The Burman Lover," "Mountaineer's Farewell," "My Home in the Greenwood," "Rena Bell," "Thinks I to Myself," and other songs and part-songs. Although decidedly not an amateur composer, he was for many years in mercantile business in New York City.

Moderato.
1. As I rum- mag'd through the
2. As I list - en'd, rec - ol -
3. Years have pass'd, and that dear
mf
p
at - tic, List-'ning to the fall - ing rain, As it pat- ter'd on the shin- gles And a -
lec - tions, That I thought had been for - got, Came with all the gush of mem- 'ry, Rush - ing,
moth- er, Long has mould - er'd 'neath the sod, And I trust her saint - ed spir - it Rev - els

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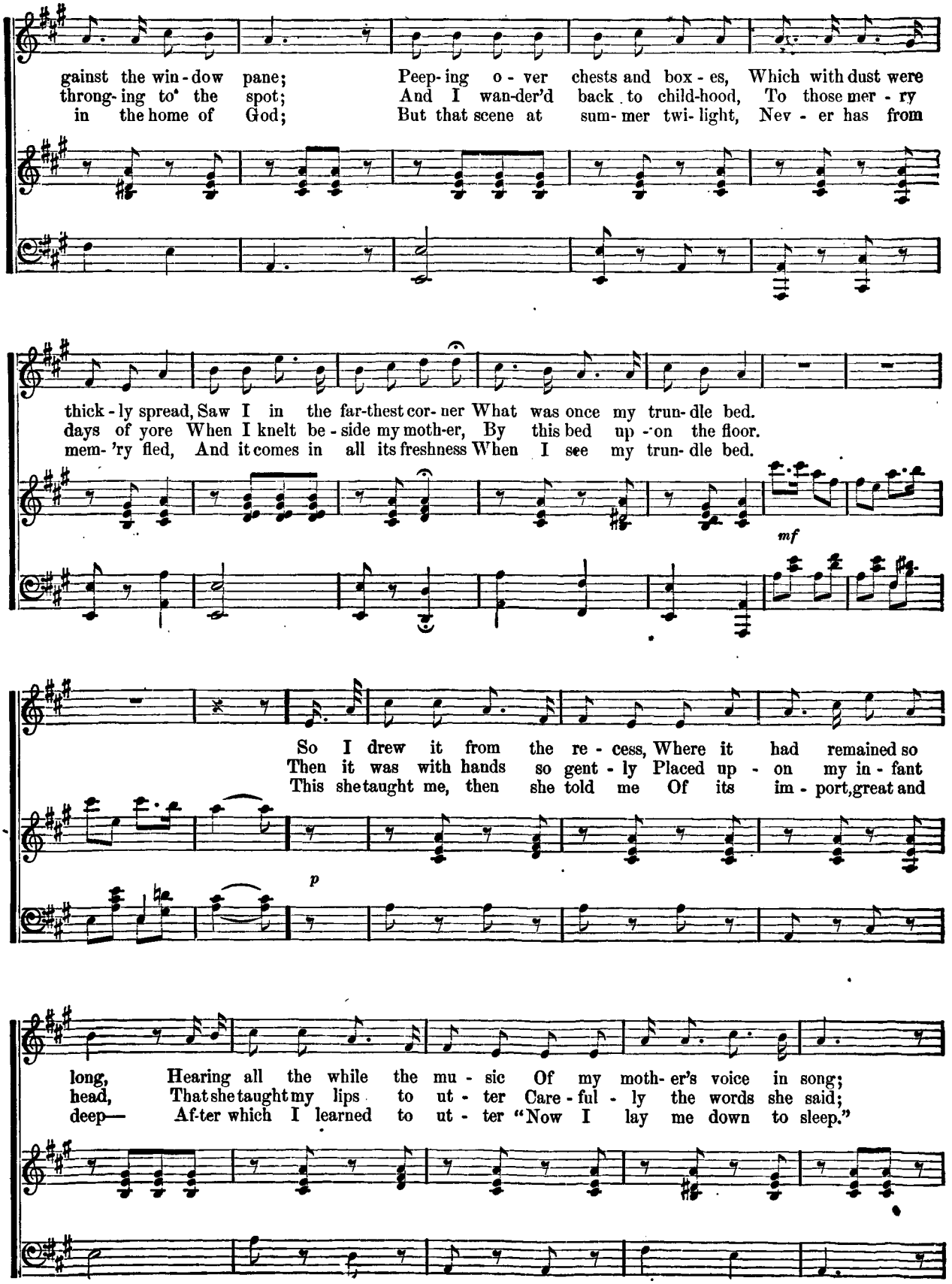

gainst the win-dow pane; Peep-ing o-ver chests and box-es, Which with dust were
throng-ing to' the spot; And I wan-der'd back to child-hood, To those mer-ry
in the home of God; But that scene at sum-mer twi-light, Nev-er has from
thick-ly spread, Saw I in the far-thest cor-ner What was once my trun-dle bed.
days of yore When I knelt be-side my moth-er, By this bed up-on the floor.
mem-'ry fled, And it comes in all its freshness When I see my trun-dle bed.
mf
So I drew it from the re-cess, Where it had remained so
Then it was with hands so gent-ly Placed up-on my in-fant
This she taught me, then she told me Of its im-port, great and
p
long, Hearing all the while the mu-sic Of my moth-er's voice in song;
head, That she taught my lips to ut-ter Care-ful-ly the words she said;
deep— Af-ter which I learned to ut-ter "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Larghetto.

As she sung in sweet - est ac - cents, What I since have of - ten read—"Hush, my dear, lie
Nev - er can they be for - got - ten, Deep are they in mem - 'ry riven—"Hal - lowed be Thy
Then it was with hands up - lift - ed, And in ac - cents soft and mild, That my moth - er

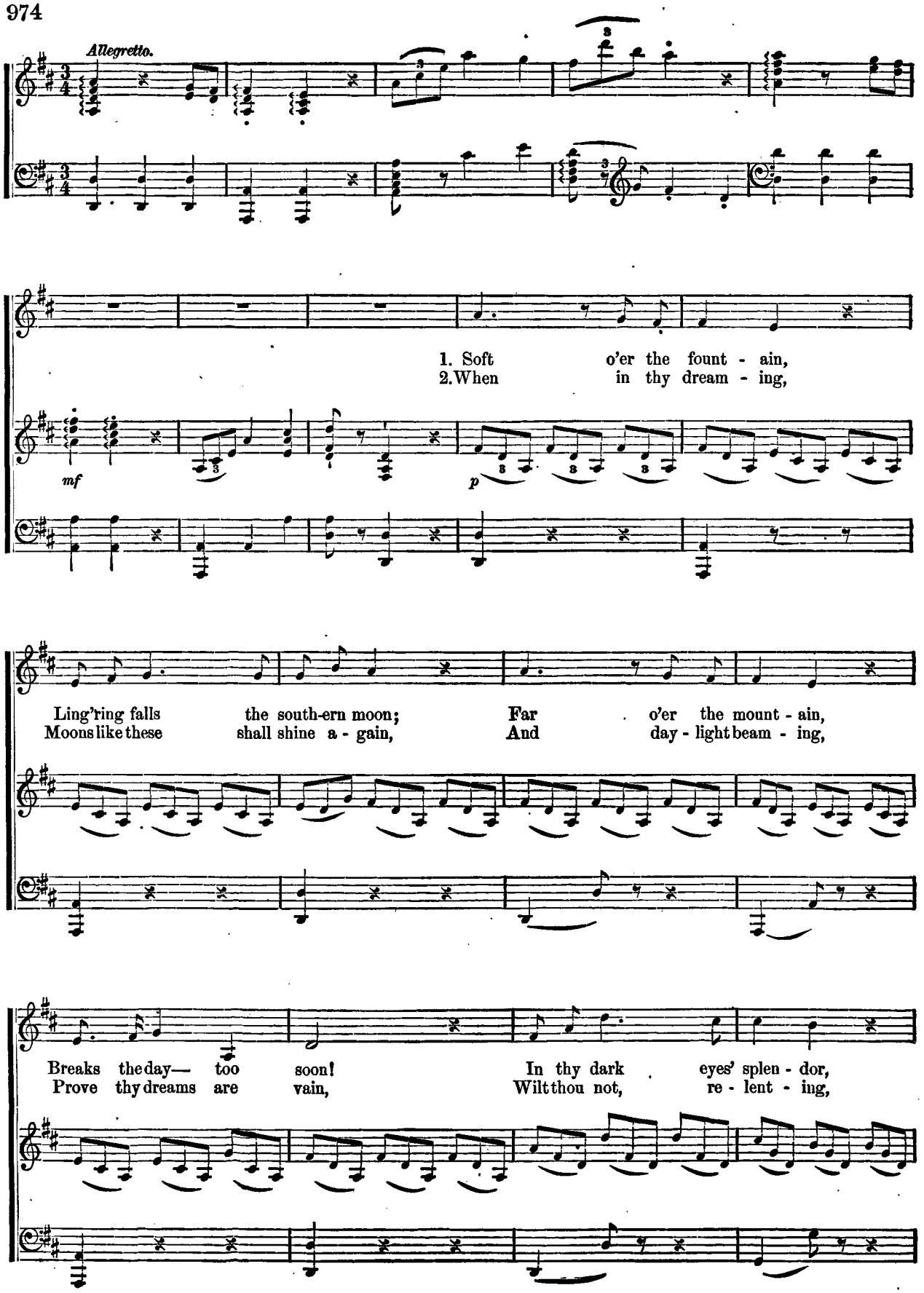
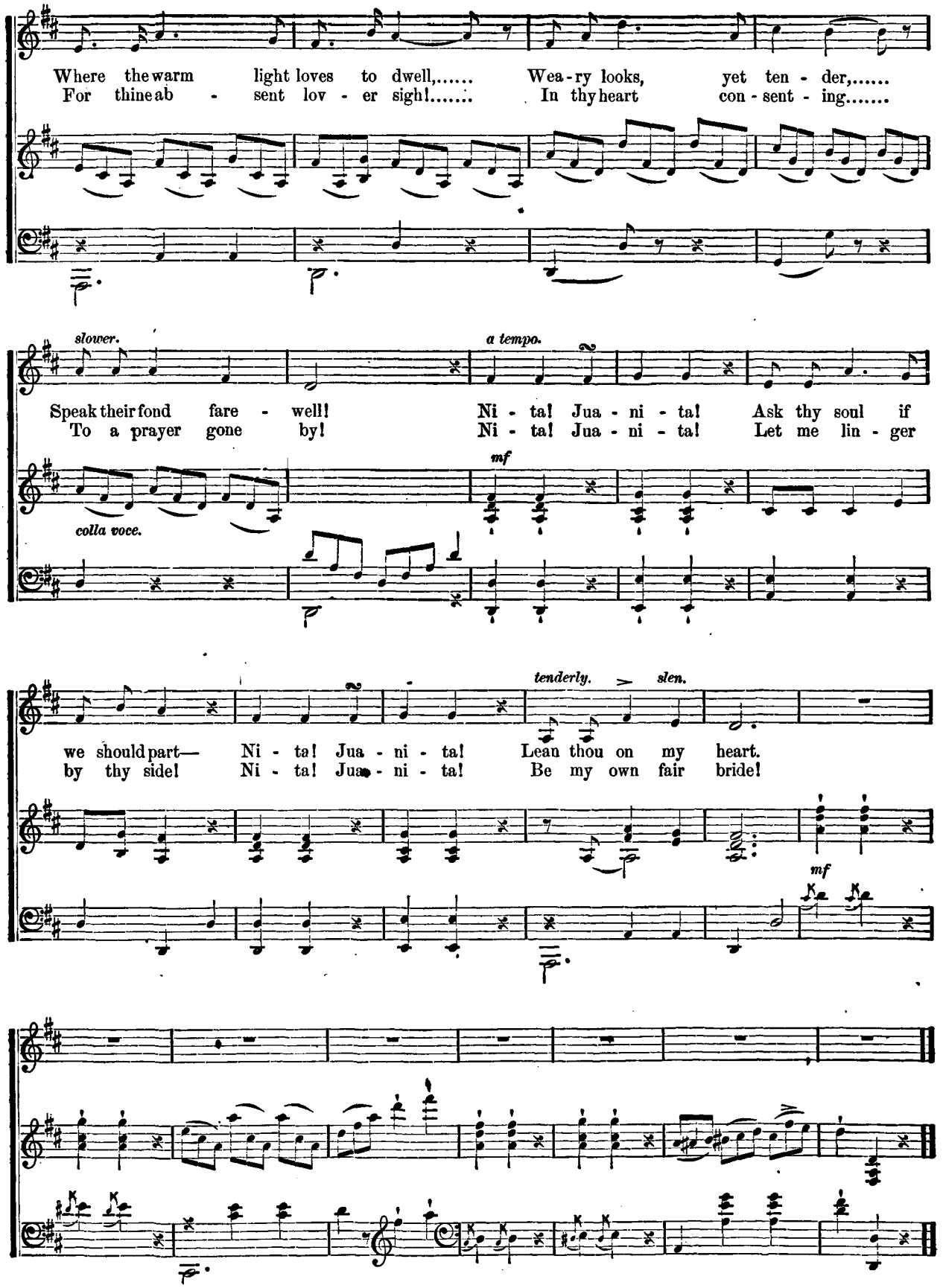
ad lib. *D.S.*

still and slum - ber, Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed."
name, O Fath - er! Fath - er! Thou who art in heaven."
asked, "Our Fath - er! Fath - er! do Thou bless my child!"

D.S.

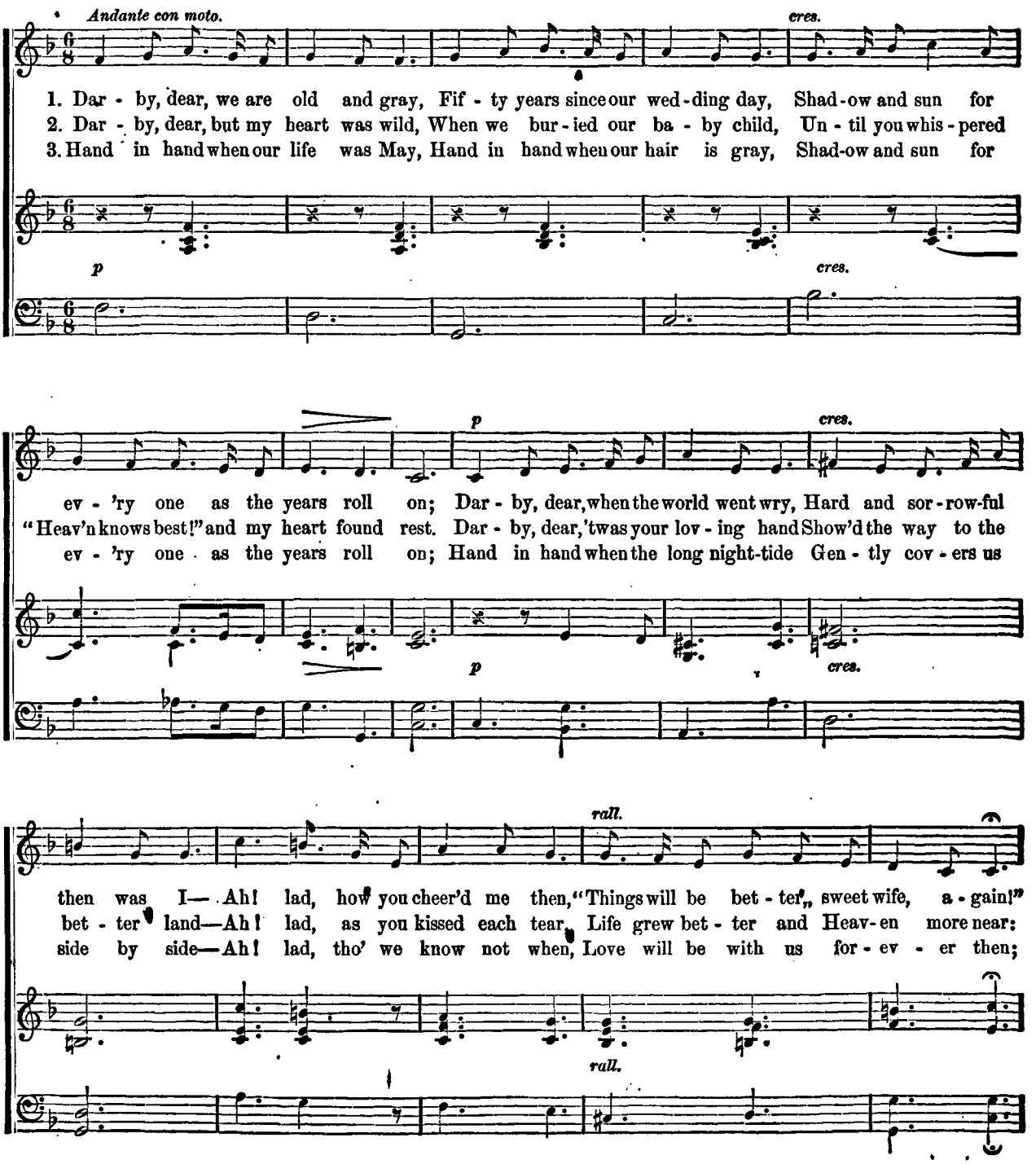
colla voce. *p* *morendo.*

JUANITA.

THE words of this song were written by CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH SHERIDAN NORTON, the granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, known as the Hon. Mrs. Norton, who wrote "Bingen on the Rhine" and much other poetry of high merit. She adapted this charming serenade to the air of an old Spanish ballad, to which it is admirably fitted. "Juanita" has been a favorite with all singers of English ballads, and will hardly diminish in popularity with the lapse of time. Mrs. Norton was herself an excellent musician and wrote many songs.

Allegretto.
1. Soft o'er the fount - ain,
2. When in thy dream - ing,
mf
p
Ling'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the mount - ain,
Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day - light beam - ing,
Breaks the day— too soon! In thy dark eyes' splen - dor,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing,

Where the warm light loves to dwell,..... Wea-ry looks, yet ten - der,.....
For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh!..... In thy heart con - sent - ing.....
slower.
a tempo.
Speak their fond fare - well! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Ask thy soul if
To a prayer gone by! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Let me lin - ger
mf
colla voce.
tenderly.
slen.
we should part— Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!
mf

DARBY AND JOAN.

FOR a century and a half before the version here given in FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY'S words and J. L. MOLLOY'S modern music, the original ballad of "Darby and Joan," did duty among the folk songs of old England. In each case the theme is the same, the typical Darby and Joan being a loving, old fashioned, virtuous couple happy in each other and averse to change of any kind. The ballad first appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine, in 1735, under the title of "The Happy Old Couple." The words have been attributed to Matthew Prior, but also, with more particularity, to Henry Woodfall, who is supposed to have commemorated in the lines the virtues of John Darby, a printer under whom he served an apprenticeship, and the good old wife of the latter. The characters described in the poem have passed into the English language and literature as a type.


Andante con moto.
cres.
1. Dar - by, dear, we are old and gray, Fif - ty years since our wed - ding day, Shad - ow and sun for
2. Dar - by, dear, but my heart was wild, When we bur - ied our ba - by child, Un - til you whis - pered
3. Hand in hand when our life was May, Hand in hand when our hair is gray, Shad - ow and sun for
p
cres.
p
cres.
ev - 'ry one as the years roll on; Dar - by, dear, when the world went wry, Hard and sor - row-ful
"Heav'n knows best!" and my heart found rest. Dar - by, dear, 'twas your lov - ing hand Show'd the way to the
ev - 'ry one as the years roll on; Hand in hand when the long night-tide Gen - tly cov - ers us
p
cres.
rall.
then was I— Ah! lad, how you cheer'd me then, "Things will be bet - ter, sweet wife, a - gain!"
bet - ter land—Ah! lad, as you kissed each tear, Life grew bet - ter and Heav - en more near:
side by side—Ah! lad, tho' we know not when, Love will be with us for - ev - er then;
rall.

p Meno mosso.

Al - ways the same, Dar - by, my own, Al - ways the same to your old wife, Joan,

Meno mosso.

ad lib.

Al-ways the same to your old wife, Joan.

colla voce. *mf tempo.* *dim e rall.*

LONGING FOR SPRING.

THESE words are set to a popular German air.

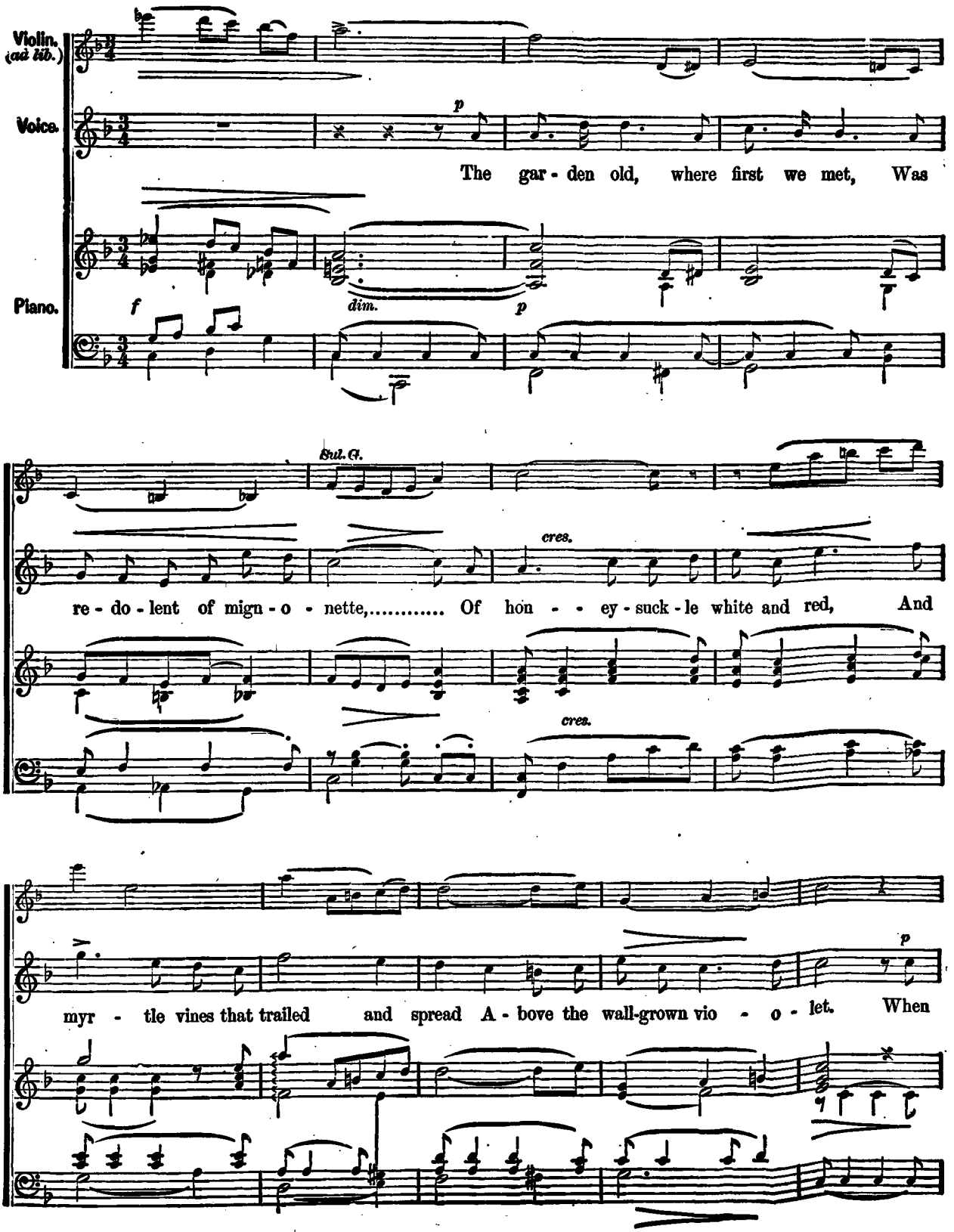
1. Oh, how cold the Win - ter weath - er, All is sor - row-ful and
2. Could I hast - en to the moun-tains, Could I see the val-ley
3. Quick-ly come in all thy beau - ty, Love-ly Spring - time, come a -
4. Yes, O Spring, we love thee tru - ly, Come in all thy bright ar-

drear, And the North wind whistles rude - ly, No bright sunbeam shin-eth near.
green, I would lie down 'mid the flow - ers, While the sun peep'd in be-tween.
gain! Bring us flow - ers, shade, and sing - ing, Brighten ev - 'ry hill and plain.
ray; Bring us soon thy love and glo - ry, Song and pleas - ure, dance and play.

THE GARDEN OLD.

HENRY K. HADLEY, the composer of this sweet song, was born in Somerville, Mass., in 1871. His musical ability was early made manifest, and at the age of twelve he commenced composition. Stephen Emery of the New England Conservatory was Mr. Hadley's first tutor; he afterward studied counterpoint with G. W. Chadwick, and the violin with C. N. Allen. During 1894 Mr. Hadley went to Europe and located in Vienna, where he became pupil successively of Eusebius Mandyczewski and Herman Csillag. He pursued his studies with marked devotion for a year, when he returned to America to accept the position of Musical Director at St. Paul's School, Garden City, L. I. Mr. Hadley's compositions comprise over seventy five songs, a string trio, a string quartette, a violin sonata, an operetta, a concert overture, "Hector and Andromache" and two ballet suites for orchestra and three dramatic ballades for chorus and orchestra.

THE GARDEN OLD.

A SONG WITH VIOLIN, (*ad lib.*)

Violin. (ad lib.)
Voice.
Piano.
p
The gar - den old, where first we met, Was
f
dim.
p
Sul. G.
cres.
re - do - lent of mign - o - nette,..... Of hon - - - ey - suck - le white and red, And
cres.
p
myr - tle vines that trailed and spread A - bove the wall-grown vio - o - let. When

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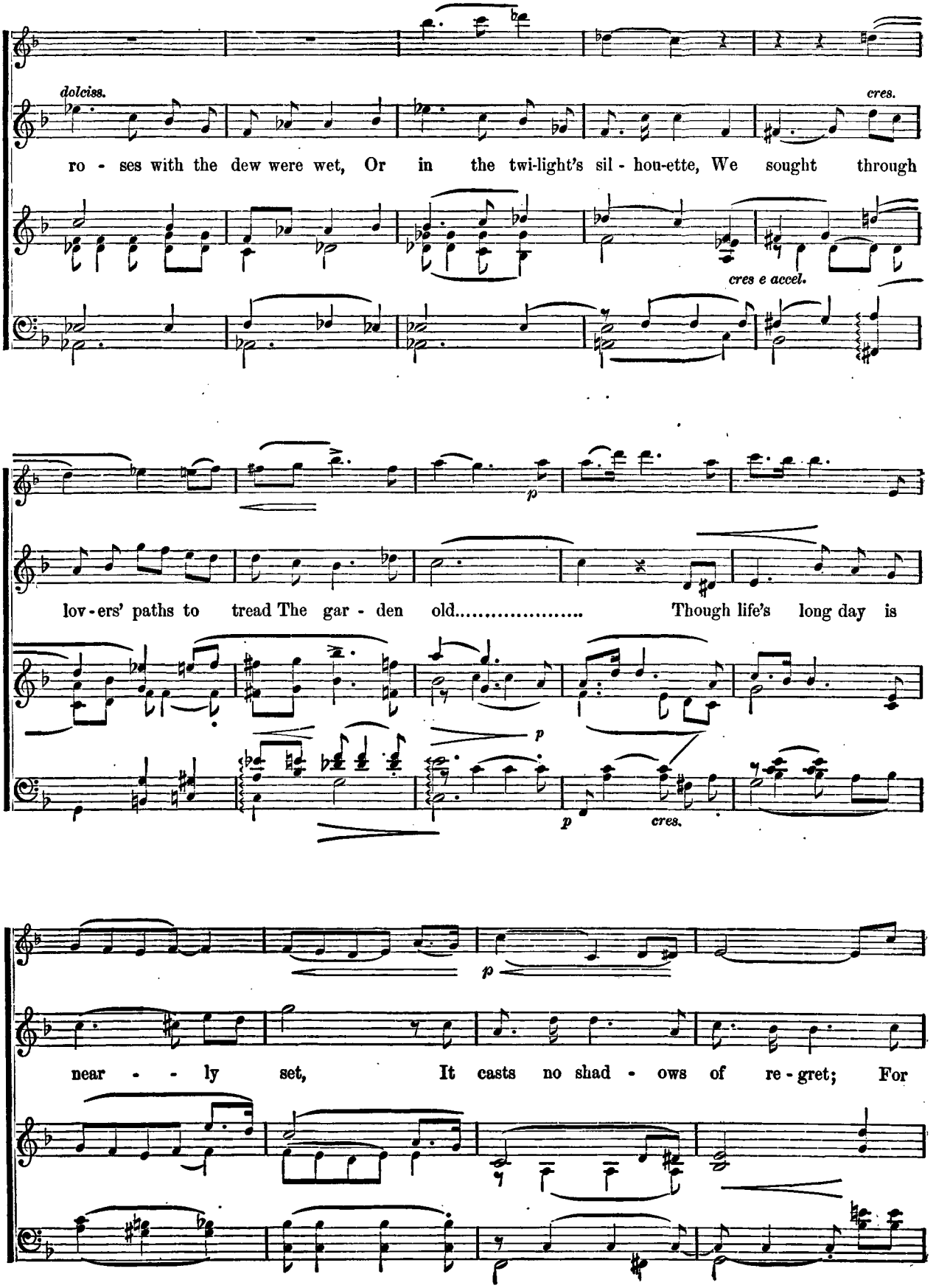
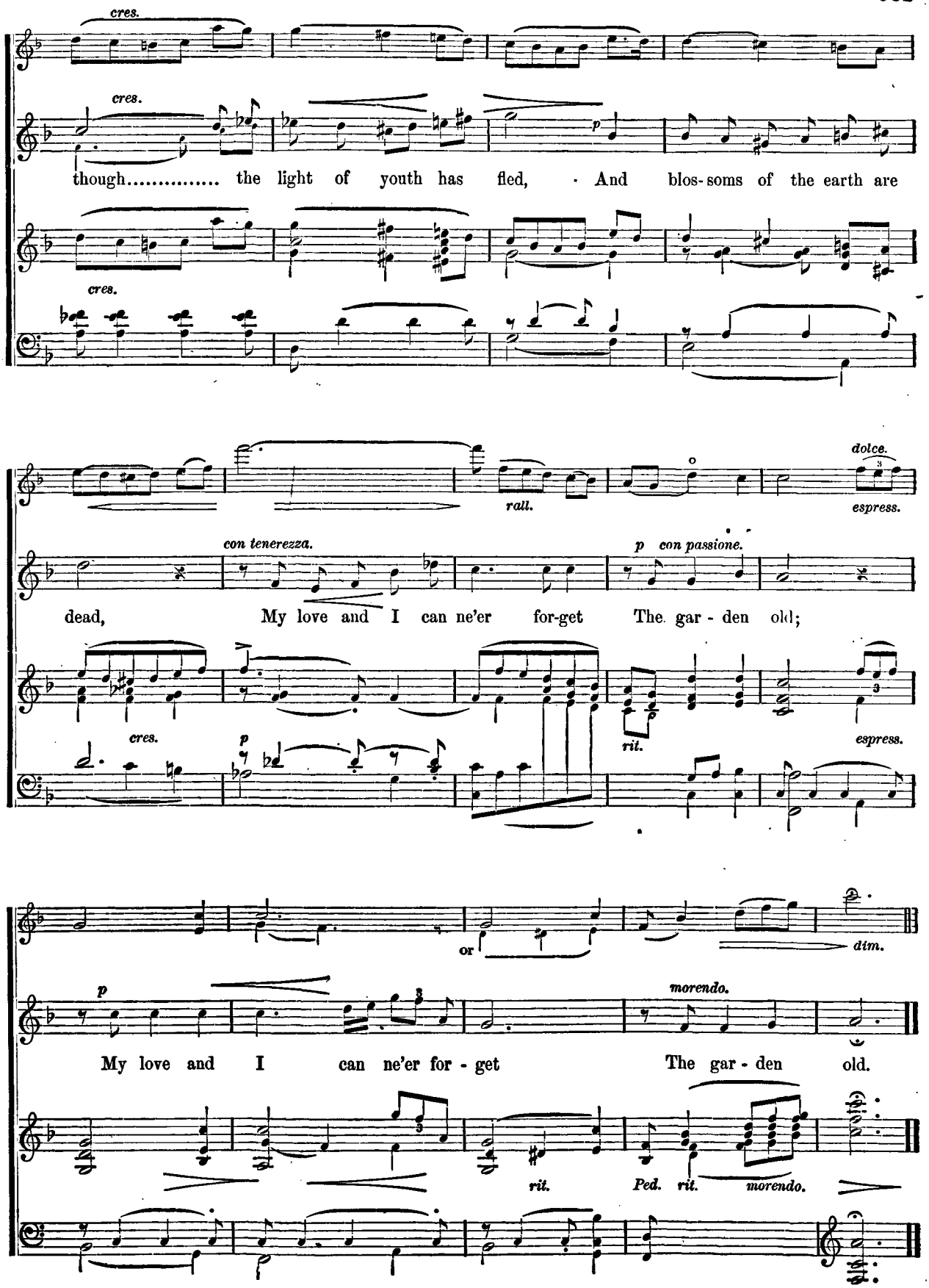
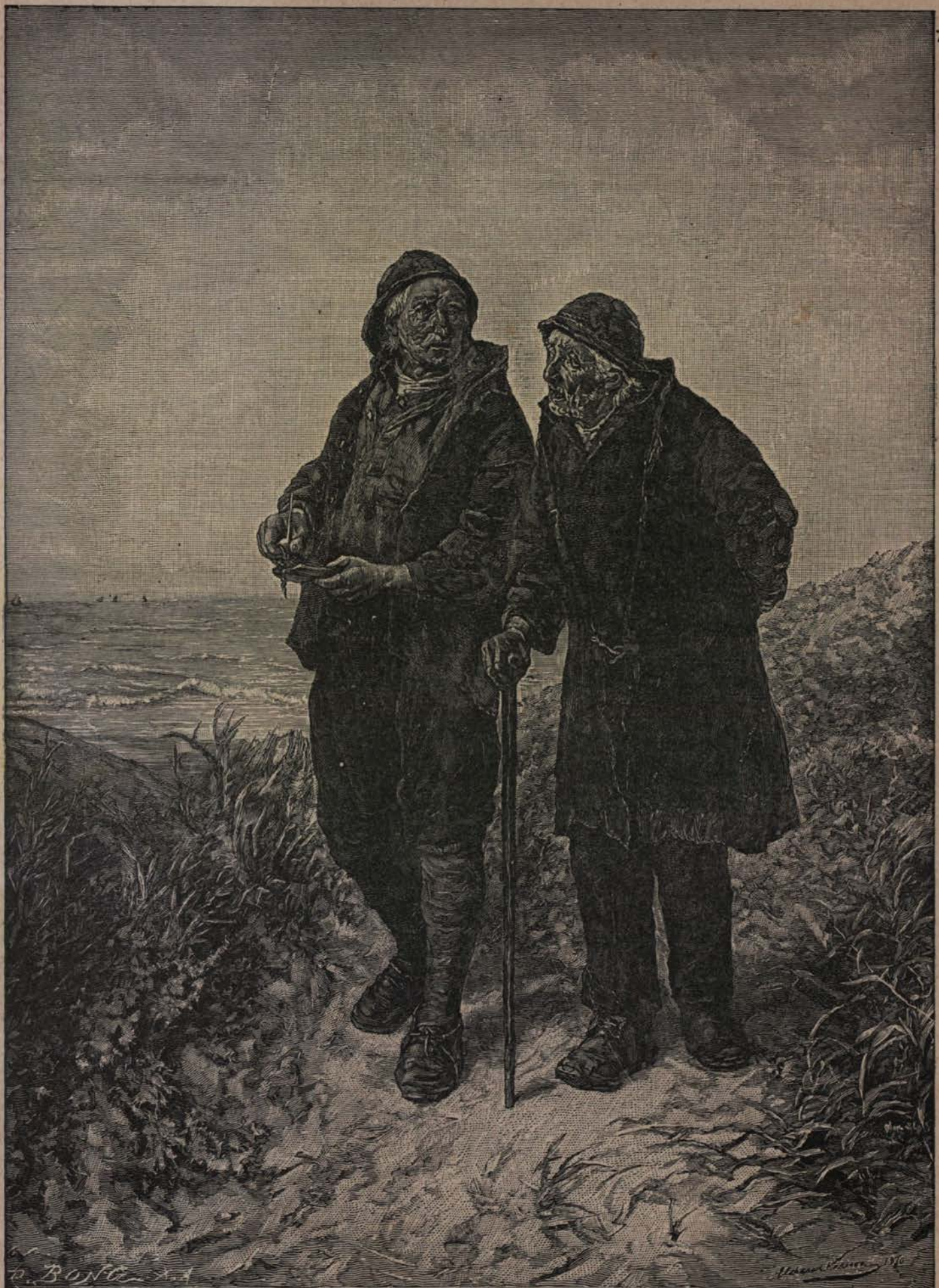
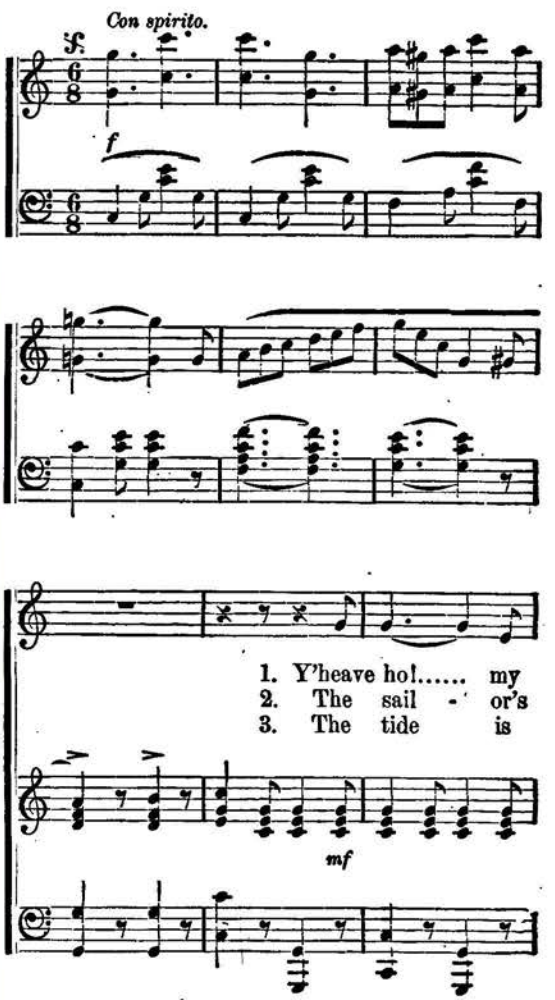
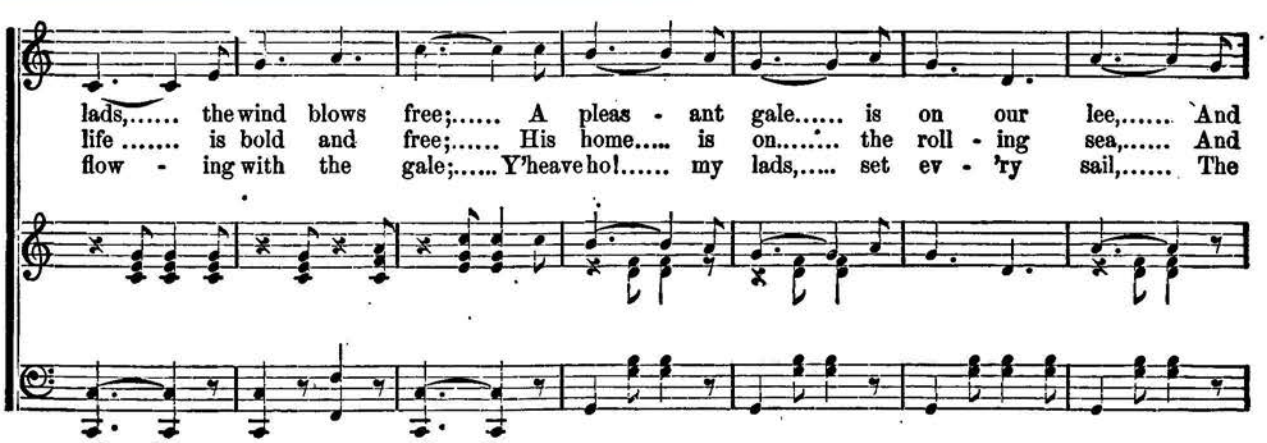
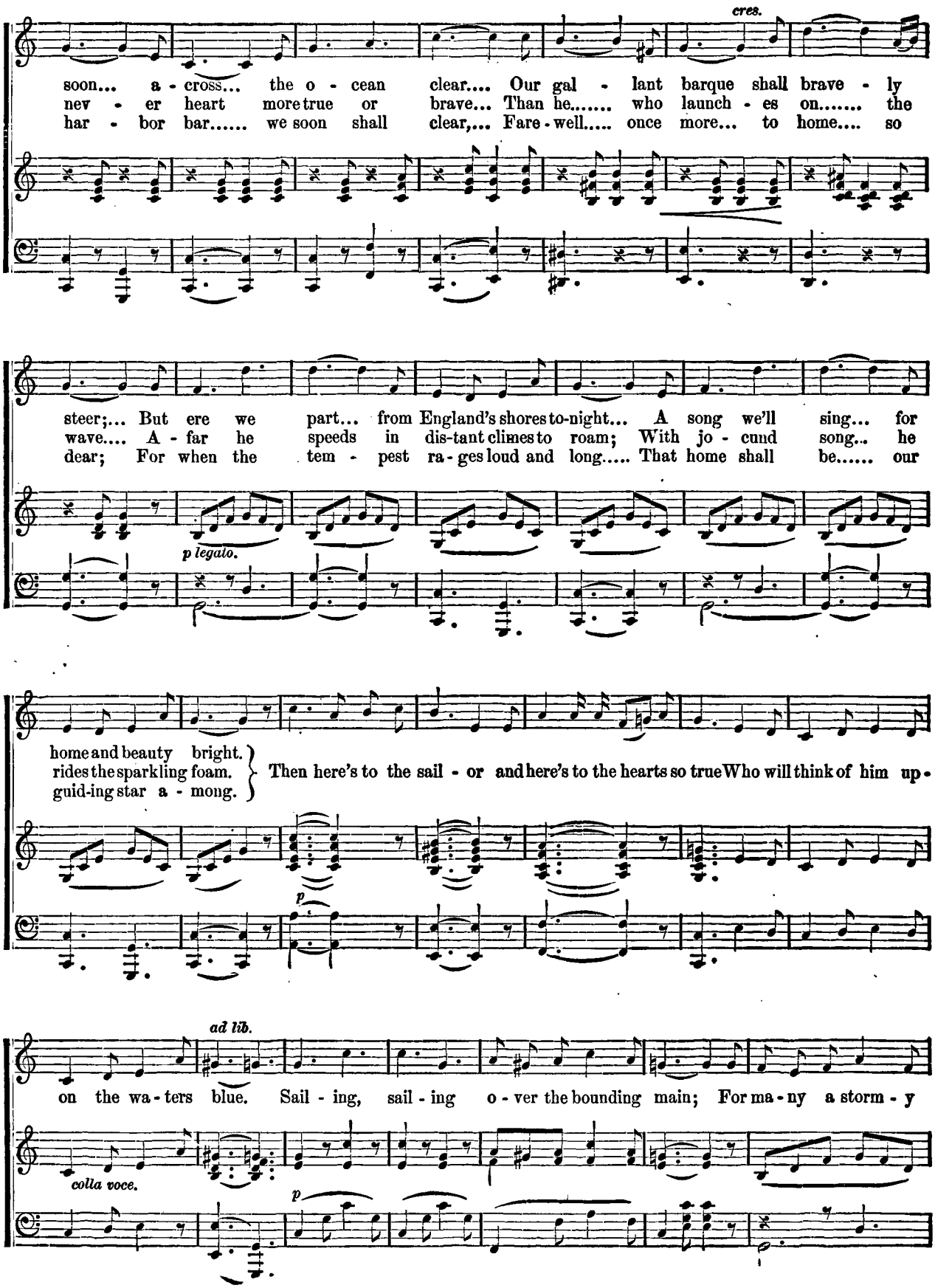
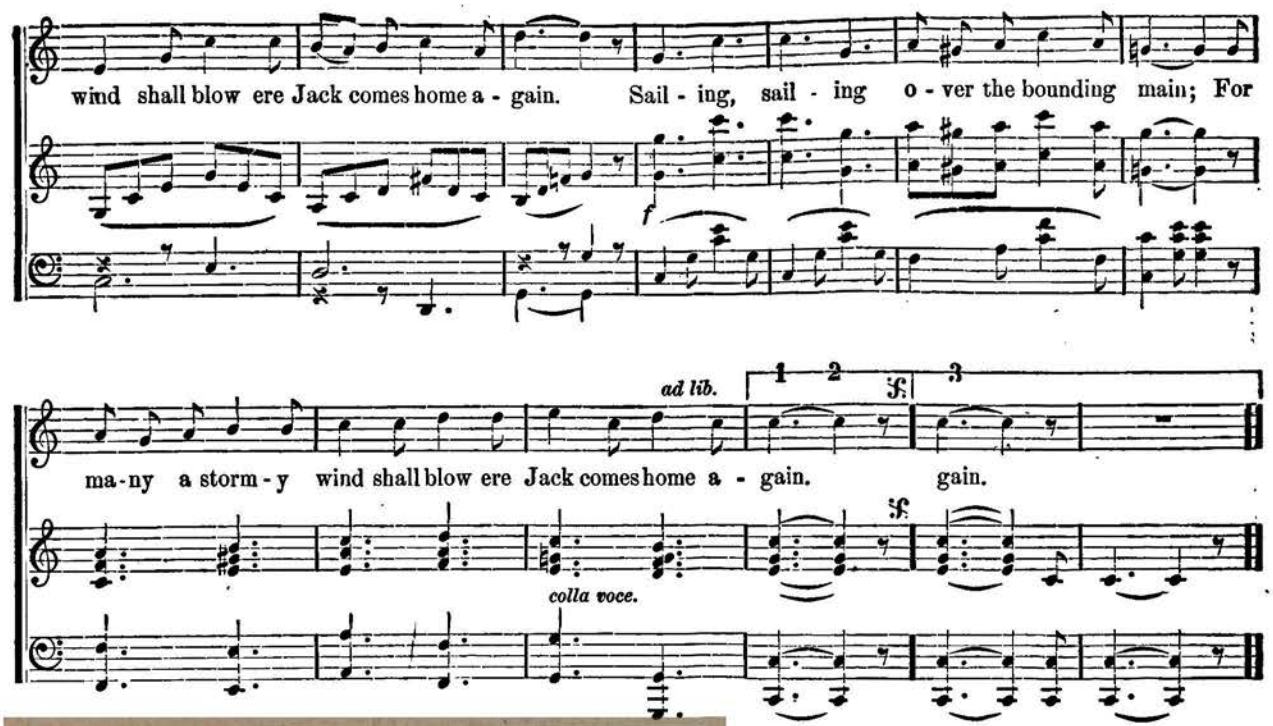
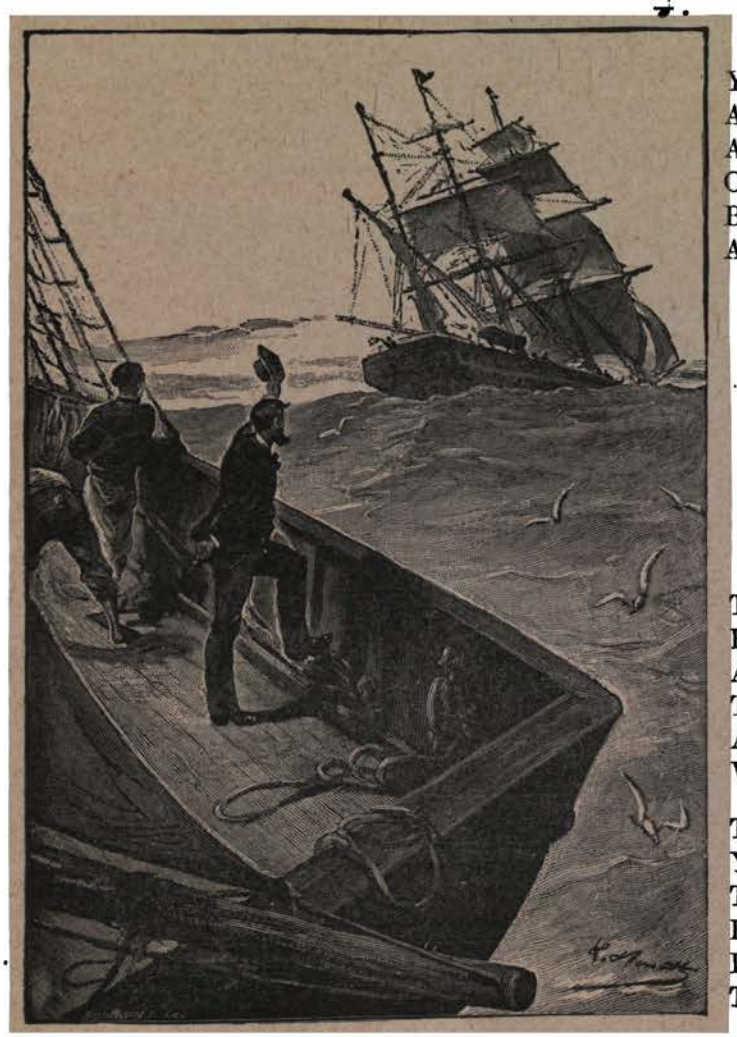

dolciss.
cres.
ro - ses with the dew were wet, Or in the twi-light's sil - hou-ette, We sought through
cres e accel.
p
lov-ers' paths to tread The gar - den old..... Though life's long day is
p
p
cres.
p
near - - ly set, It casts no shad - ows of re - gret; For

cres.
cres.
though..... the light of youth has fled, · And blos-soms of the earth are
cres.
dolce.
rall.
espress.
con tenerezza.
p con passione.
dead, My love and I can ne'er for-get The gar - den old;
cres.
p
rit.
espress.
or
dim.
p
morendo.
My love and I can ne'er for - get The gar - den old.
rit.
Ped. rit.
morendo.



RELICS OF THE SEA.

SAILING.

AN English composer who is known by a very few good songs is GODFREY MARKS. To the American public "Sailing" is almost the only composition of his that is familiar. It is one of the most spirited and tuneful of the songs of the sea, and the refrain, "Sailing, sailing," has a particularly inspiring swing.

lads,..... the wind blows free;..... A pleas - ant gale..... is on our lee,..... And
life ..... is bold and free;..... His home..... is on..... the roll - ing sea,..... And
flow - ing with the gale;..... Y'heave ho!..... my lads,..... set ev - 'ry sail,..... The

cres.
soon... a - cross... the o - cean clear.... Our gal - lant barque shall brave - ly
nev - er heart more true or brave... Than he..... who launch - es on..... the
har - bor bar..... we soon shall clear,... Fare - well..... once more... to home.... so
steer;... But ere we part... from England's shores to-night... A song we'll sing... for
wave.... A - far he speeds in dis-tant climes to roam; With jo - cund song.. he
dear; For when the tem - pest ra - ges loud and long..... That home shall be..... our
p legato.
home and beauty bright.
rides the sparkling foam.
guid-ing star a - mong.
Then here's to the sail - or and here's to the hearts so true Who will think of him up -
p
ad lib.
on the wa - ters blue. Sail - ing, sail - ing o - ver the bounding main; For ma - ny a storm - y
colla voce.
p

wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a - gain.
Sail - ing, sail - ing o - ver the bounding main; For
ad lib.
1 2
3
ma-ny a storm-y wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a - gain.
gain.
colla voce.



Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free;
A pleasant gale is on our lee,
And soon across the ocean clear
Our gallant barque shall bravely steer;
But ere we part from England's shores to-night
A song we'll sing for home and beauty bright.

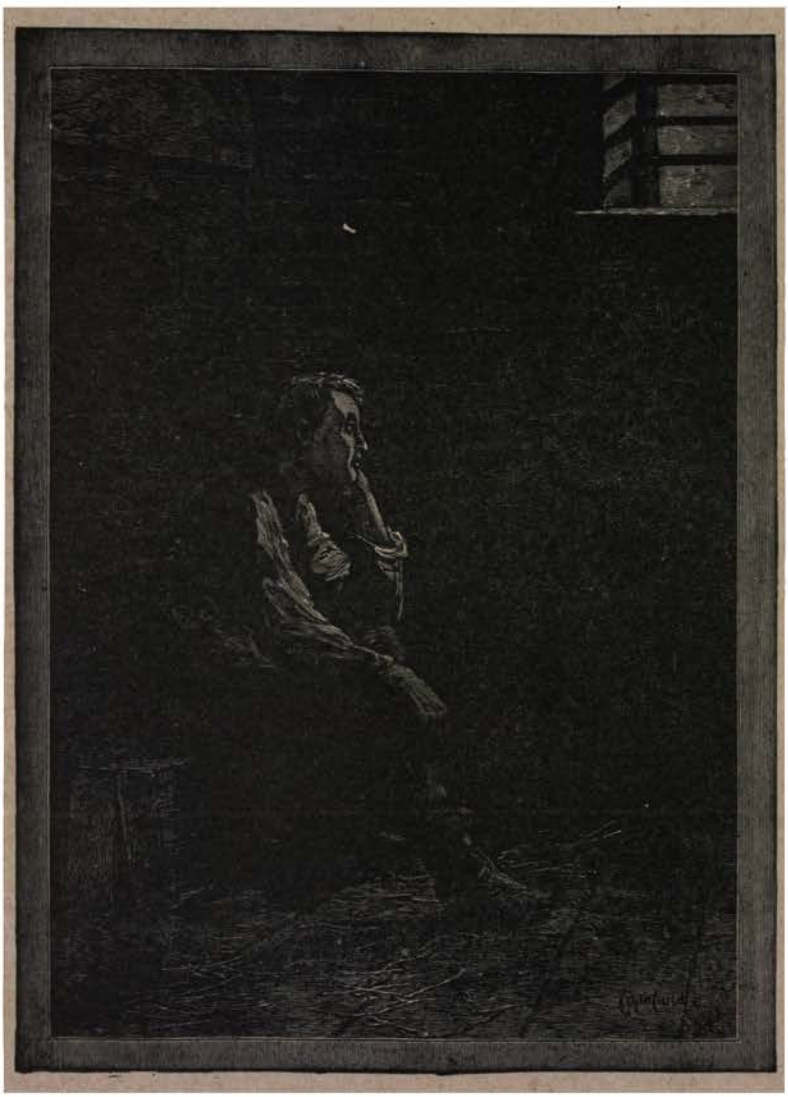
CHORUS.

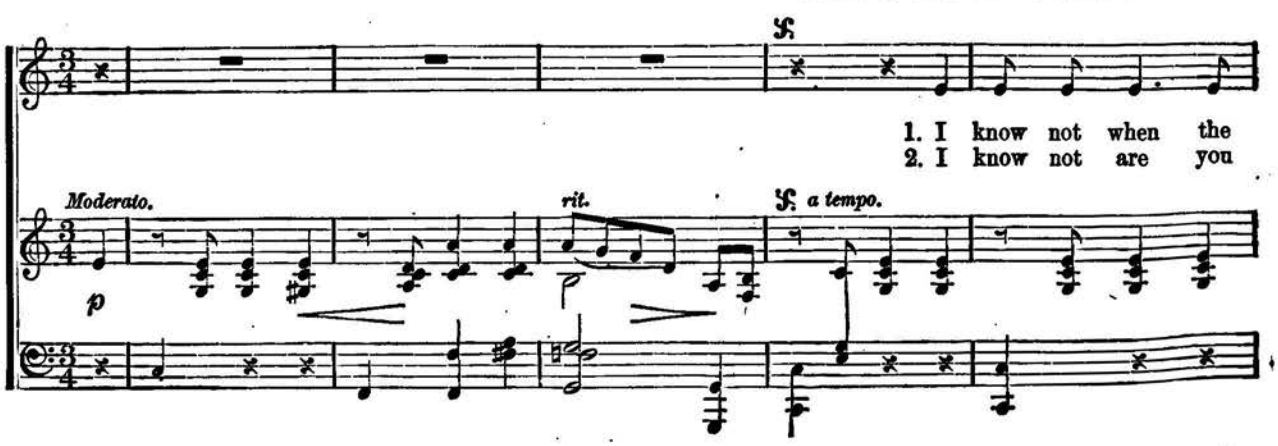
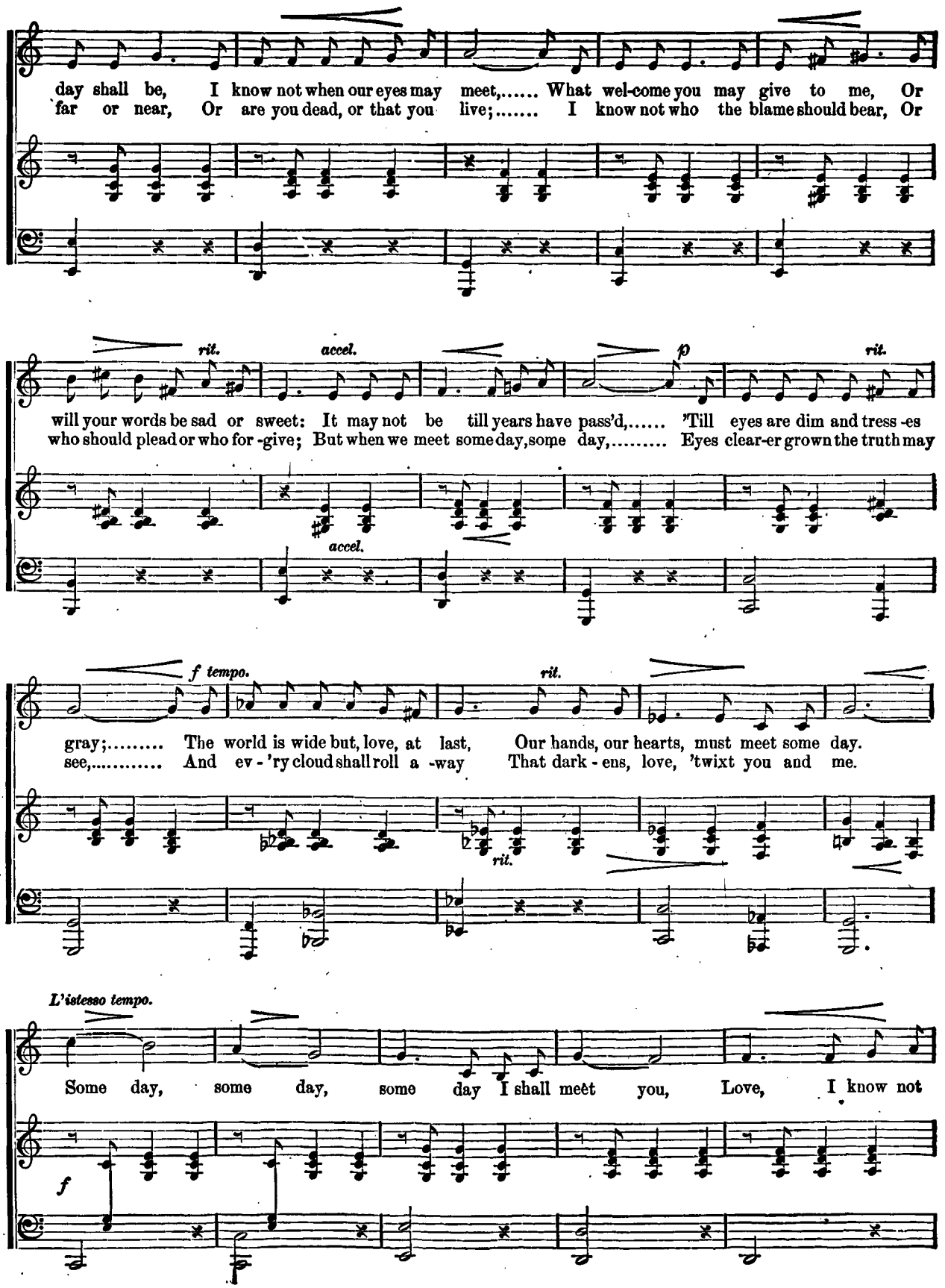
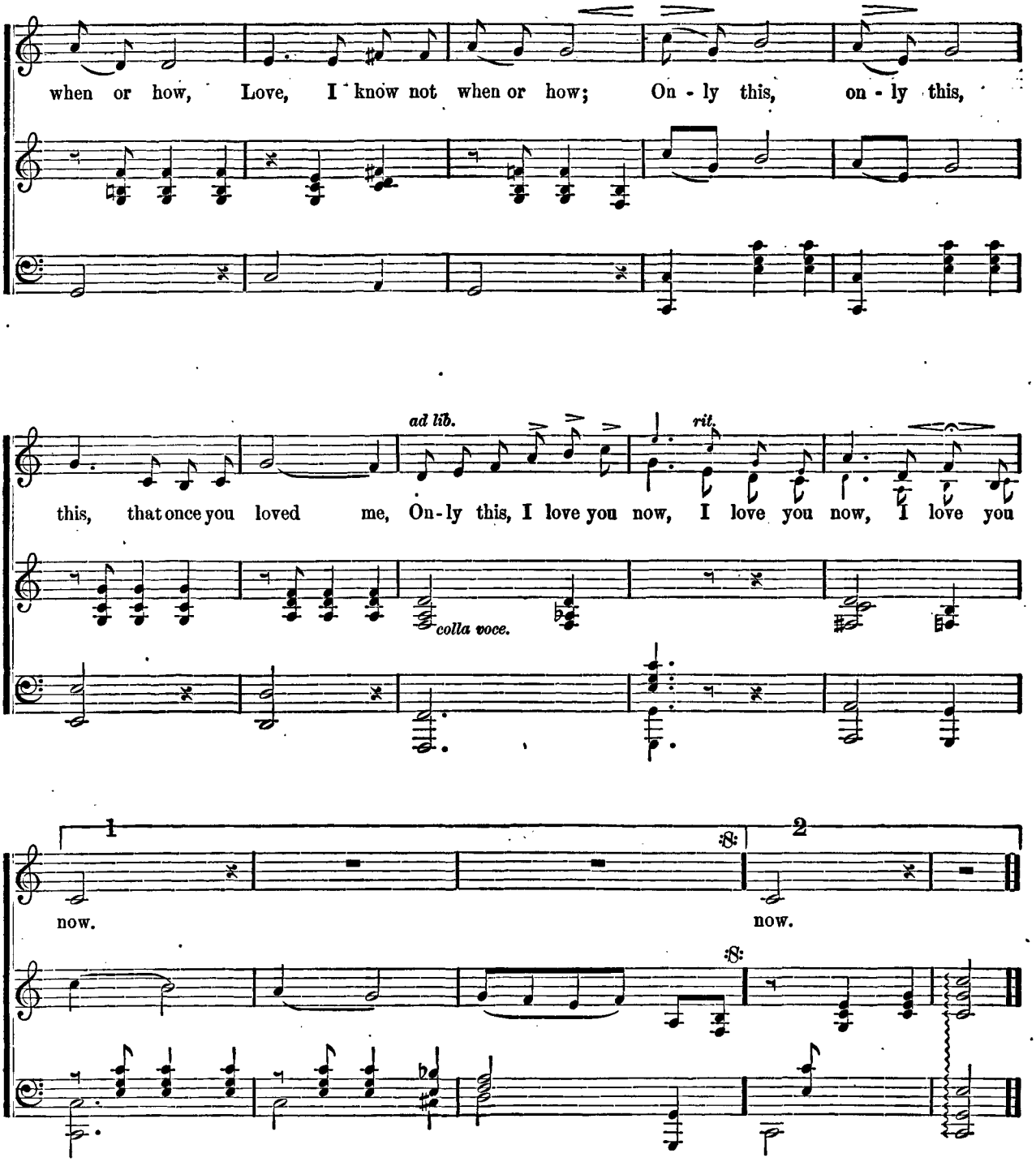
Then here's to the sailor and here's to the
hearts so true
Who will think of him upon the waters
blue.
Sailing, sailing over the bounding main;
For many a stormy wind shall blow ere
Jack comes home again.

The sailor's life is bold and free;
His home is on the rolling sea,
And never heart more true or brave
Than he who launches on the wave.
Afar he speeds in distant climes to roam;
With jocund song he rides the sparkling foam.

The tide is flowing with the gale;
Y'heave ho! my lads, set every sail,
The harbor bar we soon shall clear,
Farewell once more to home so dear;
For when the tempest rages loud and long
That home shall be our guiding star among.

SOME DAY.

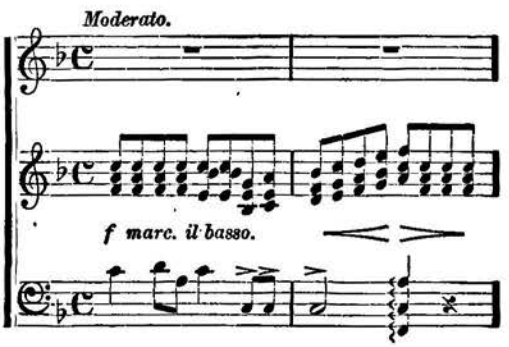
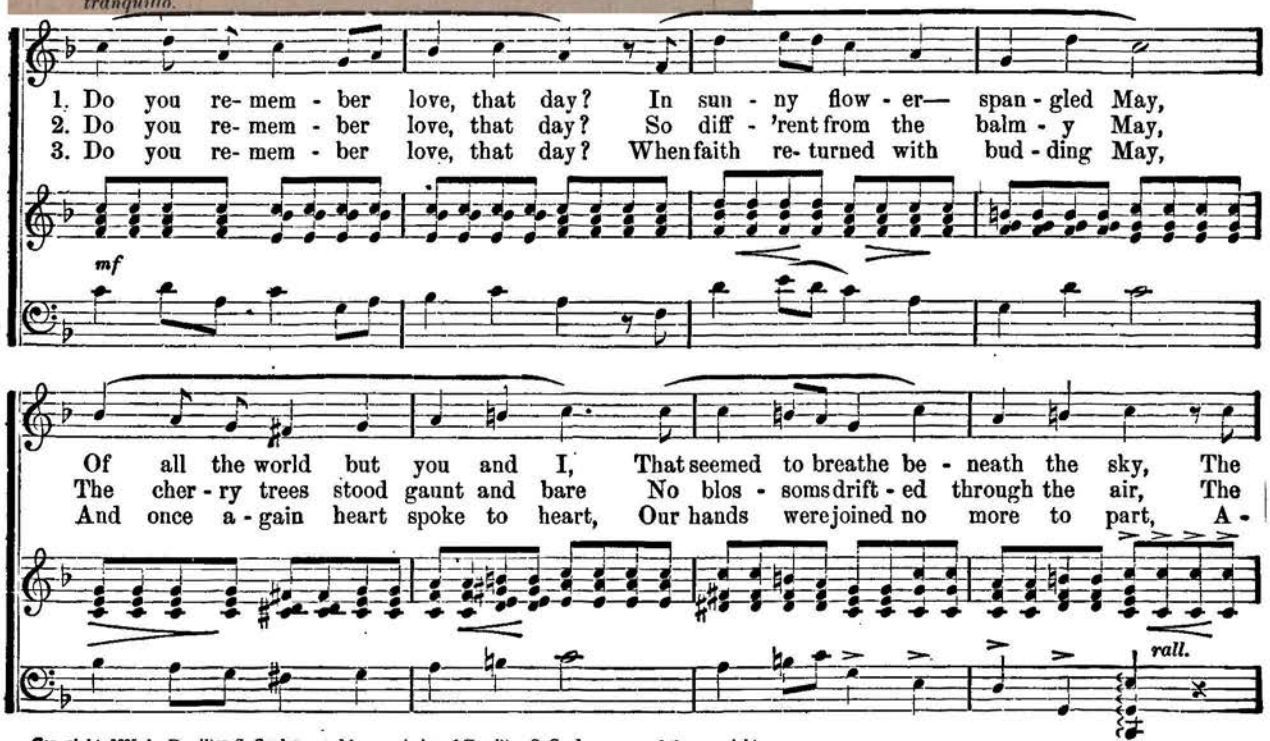


If "Hugh Conway" had not written "Called Back," he would have been known as the writer of the words of this song, which has had a popularity equal to that of the novel which brought the author fame and is likely to be even more enduring. John Frederick Fargus, whose death within two years after the appearance of "Called Back" was universally lamented, was born at Bristol, England, in 1847, the son of an auctioneer at that place. He was sent to a school ship to be prepared for the merchant marine, but took to business instead, eventually succeeding to the control of his father's establishment. While still a clerk in an accountant's office, he began to write and publish the verses by which he became known as a song writer, but which he attributed to a fictitious name derived from the name of his old school ship, the "Conway." "Some Day" was one of his early successes during this period. His first volume was "A Life's Idylls," published in 1879. "Called Back" appeared in 1883, and had a phenomenal success, which prompted the collection into a volume of several previously published stories, under the appropriate title "Bound Together." In this same year (1884) appeared "Dark Days," a new work of such merit as to justify the hope that a new literary light had indeed arisen. But this promising career was cut off by the author's death in 1885. Mr. Fargus was a regular contributor to Blackwood's Magazine. The music of "Some Day" is one of the most felicitous efforts of Milton Wellings.

day shall be, I know not when our eyes may meet,..... What wel-come you may give to me, Or
far or near, Or are you dead, or that you live;..... I know not who the blame should bear, Or
rit.
accel.
p
rit.
will your words be sad or sweet: It may not be till years have pass'd,..... 'Till eyes are dim and tress-es
who should plead or who for-give; But when we meet some day, some day,..... Eyes clear-er grown the truth may
accel.
f tempo.
rit.
gray;..... The world is wide but, love, at last, Our hands, our hearts, must meet some day.
see,..... And ev-'ry cloud shall roll a-way That dark-ens, love, 'twixt you and me.
rit.
L'istesso tempo.
Some day, some day, some day I shall meet you, Love, I know not
f

when or how, Love, I know not when or how; On - ly this, on - ly this,
ad lib.
rit.
this, that once you loved me, On - ly this, I love you now, I love you now, I love you
colla voce.
1
2
now.
now.

I know not when the day shall be,
I know not when our eyes may meet,
What welcome you may give to me,
Or will your words be sad or sweet:
It may not be till years have passed,
Till eyes are dim and tresses gray;
The world is wide, but, love, at last,
Our hands, our hearts, must meet some day.
Some day, *etc.*

I know not are you far or near,
Or are you dead, or that you live;
I know not who the blame should bear,
Or who should plead or who forgive;
But when we meet some day, some day,
Eyes clearer grown the truth may see,
And every cloud shall roll away
That darkens, love, 'twixt you and me.
Some day, *etc.*

DO YOU REMEMBER, LOVE?

THE words of this song were written by GENEVIEVE MCCLOUD, and the music is ascribed to RENWAR BORSCY. But under this very foreign sounding name the friends of the composer detect the identity of WARREN CROSBY, who, like Barry Cornwall, assumed a name that was an anagram of his own. Mr. Crosby is known favorably as an orchestral leader and composer of songs and instrumental music, who has produced, under various assumed names, a number of excellent songs. Among his compositions are "The Other Day," "La Teracita," and some very beautiful ballet music.


tranquillo.
1. Do you re- mem - ber love, that day? In sun - ny flow - er— span - gled May,
2. Do you re- mem - ber love, that day? So diff - 'rent from the balm - y May,
3. Do you re- mem - ber love, that day? When faith re- turned with bud - ding May,
mf
Of all the world but you and I, That seemed to breathe be - neath the sky, The
The cher - ry trees stood gaunt and bare No blos - soms drift - ed through the air, The
And once a - gain heart spoke to heart, Our hands were joined no more to part, A -
rall.

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più mosso.

gnarled and an - cient cher - ry trees, Flung in - cense to the pass - ing breeze, And
morn - ing wind was cold and drear, The lead - en skies gave forth no cheer, And
gain the trees with blos - soms rare, Made rich with per - fume all the air, We

f

cov - ered all the grass be - low, With blos - soms white as the driv - en snow.
from our lives the joy had sped, And from our hearts all the love had fled.
knew the bit - ter pain was o'er, Our hearts were one for - ev - er more.

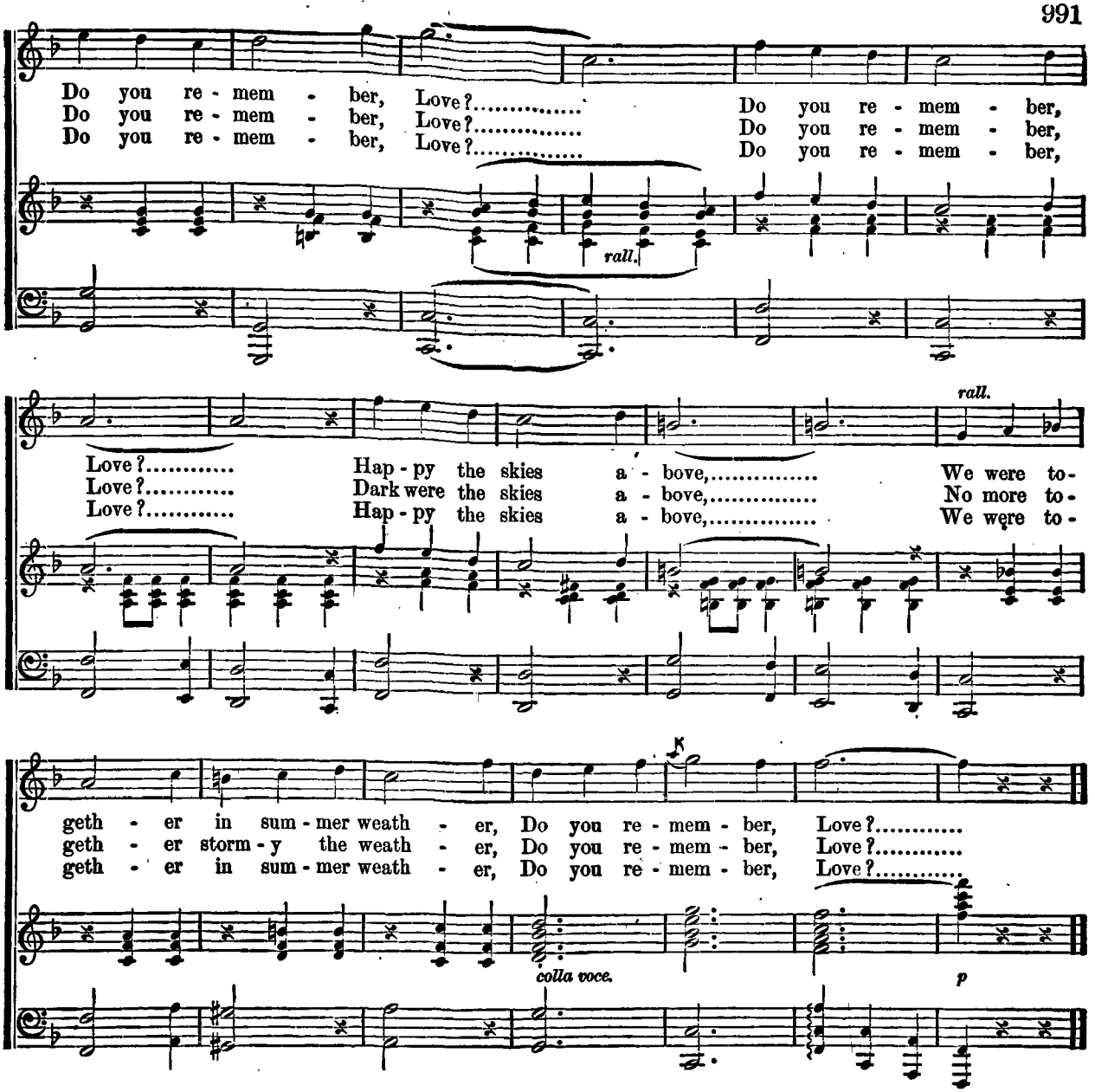
rall e marc.

f

Valse Lento.

1. Do you re - mem - ber, Love?..... Hap - py the skies a -
2. Do you re - mem - ber, Love?..... Dark were the skies a -
3. Do you re - mem - ber, Love?..... Hap - py the skies a -

f

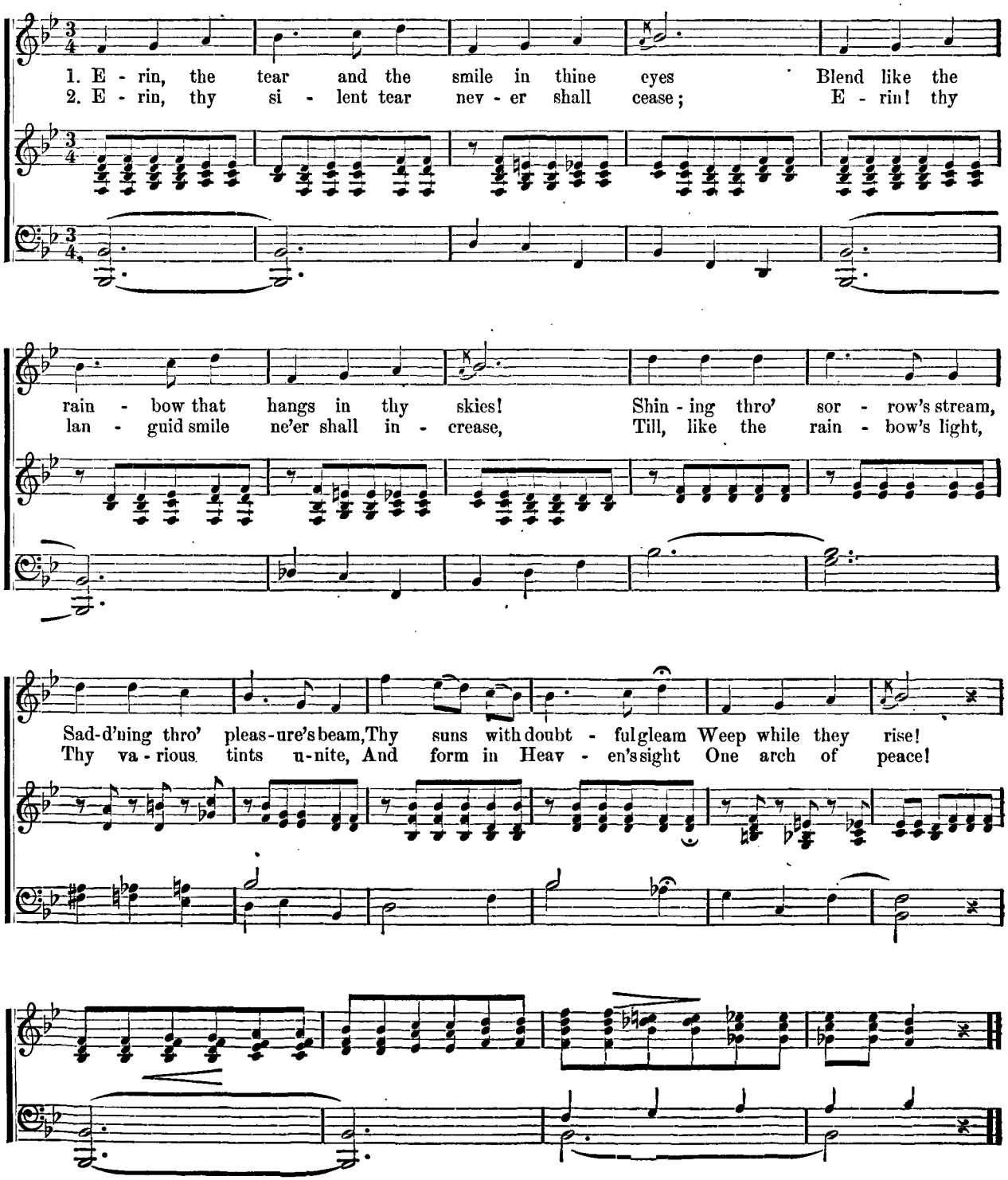
bove,..... We were to - geth - er in sum - mer weath - er,
bove,..... No more to - geth - er, storm - y the weath - er,
bove,..... We were to - geth - er in sum - mer weath - er,

Do you re - mem - ber, Love?.....
Do you re - mem - ber, Love?.....
Do you re - mem - ber, Love?.....
rall.
Do you re - mem - ber,
Do you re - mem - ber,
Do you re - mem - ber,
Love?.....
Love?.....
Love?.....
Hap - py the skies a - bove,.....
Dark were the skies a - bove,.....
Hap - py the skies a - bove,.....
rall.
We were to-
No more to-
We were to-
geth - er in sum - mer weath - er, Do you re - mem - ber, Love?.....
geth - er storm - y the weath - er, Do you re - mem - ber, Love?.....
geth - er in sum - mer weath - er, Do you re - mem - ber, Love?.....
colla voce.
p

Do you remember love, that day?
In sunny flower-spangled May,
Of all the world but you and I,
That seemed to breathe beneath the sky,
The gnarled and ancient cherry trees,
Flung incense to the passing breeze,
And covered all the grass below,
With blossoms white as the driven snow.
Do you remember, love? *etc.*

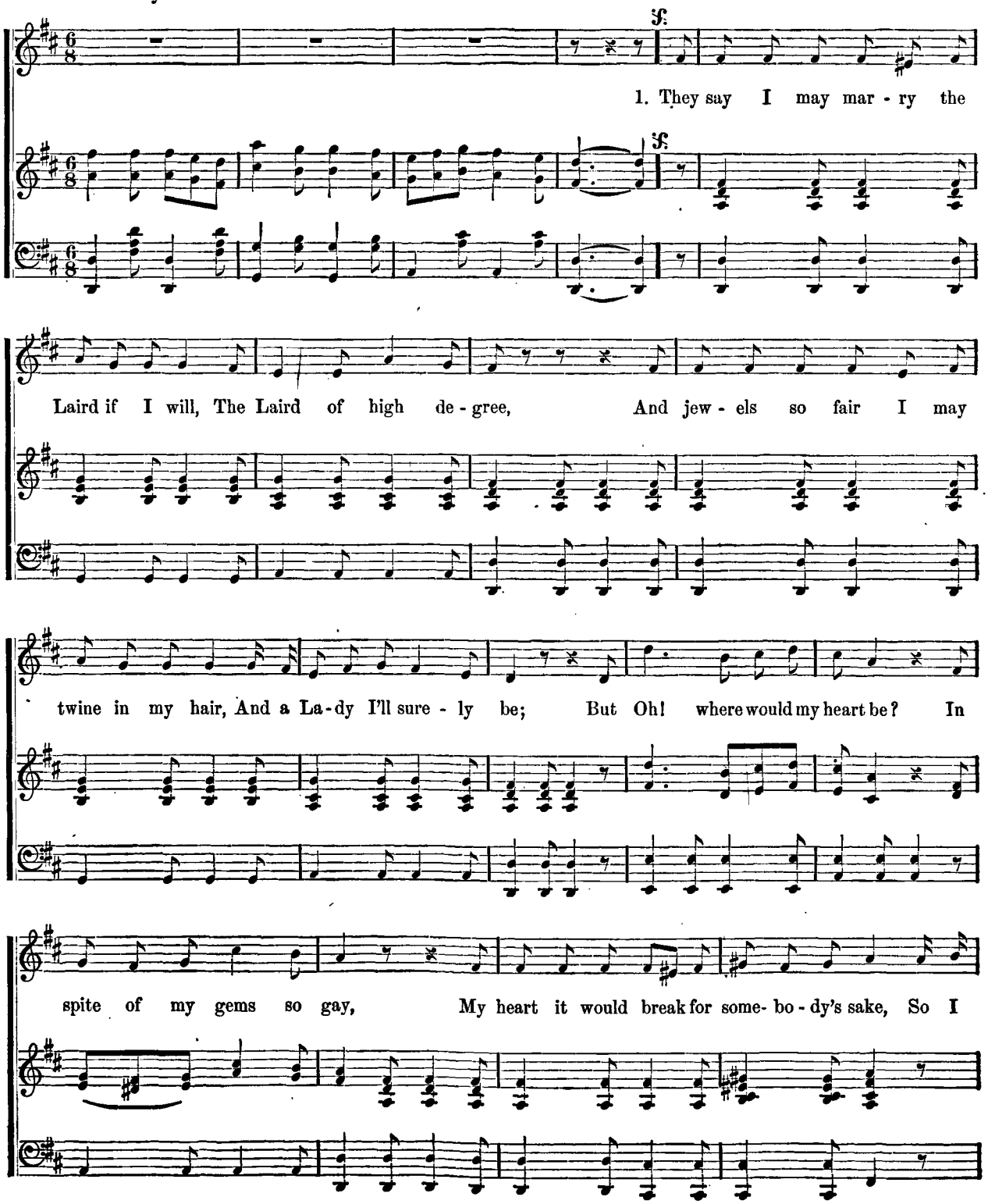
Do you remember love, that day?
So different from the balmy May,
The cherry trees stood gaunt and bare
No blossoms drifted through the air,
The morning wind was cold and drear,
The leaden skies gave forth no cheer,
And from our lives the joy had sped,
And from our hearts all the love had fled.
Do you remember, Love? *etc.*

Do you remember love, that day?
When faith returned with budding May,
And once again heart spoke to heart,
Our hands were joined no more to part,
Again the trees with blossoms rare,
Made rich with perfume all the air,
We knew the bitter pain was o'er,
Our hearts were one forevermore.
Do you remember, love? *etc.*

ERIN, THE TEAR.

THE following song of THOMAS MOORE'S is one of the many which SIR JOHN ANDREW STEVENSON arranged to old Irish airs. Stevenson was born in 1761, in Dublin, Ireland, where his father was a professor of music. When ten years old, he was received into the choir school of Christ Church, where he soon gave promise of the fine abilities that afterward distinguished him. He was made choral-vicar of Dublin Cathedral, and was knighted. He produced an oratorio entitled "The Thanksgiving," and anthems and glees that are still popular. He died September 14, 1833. The air to which "Erin, the Tear" is sung is "Eileen Aroon," which is the true old Irish form of the beautiful "Robin Adair."

1. E - rin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes Blend like the
2. E - rin, thy si - lent tear nev - er shall cease; E - rin! thy
rain - bow that hangs in thy skies! Shin - ing thro' sor - row's stream,
lan - guid smile ne'er shall in - crease, Till, like the rain - bow's light,
Sad-d'ning thro' pleas-ure's beam, Thy suns with doubt - ful gleam Weep while they rise!
Thy va - rious tints u-nite, And form in Heav - en's sight One arch of peace!

JANET'S CHOICE.

WHEREVER English songs are sung, the name "CLARIBEL"—the pseudonym of Charlotte Barnard—is dear. Her ballads live in the homes and hearts of the people, because they are known to be musically and morally pure. "Drearily drift the shadows," "I cannot sing the old songs," "Janet's choice" and "We'd better bide a wee," are types of songs which, for beauty, pathos, and nobility of sentiment, may be almost said to form a class by themselves.

1. They say I may mar - ry the
Laird if I will, The Laird of high de - gree, And jew - els so fair I may
twine in my hair, And a La - dy I'll sure - ly be; But Oh! where would my heart be? In
spite of my gems so gay, My heart it would break for some- bo - dy's sake, So I

think I had bet - ter say "Nay," And I will mar-ry my own love, my own love, my

own love, And I will mar - ry my own love, For true of heart am I.

1 2 3

D.S.

2d VERSE.

So the Laird may mar - ry the La - dy, The La - dy of high de-

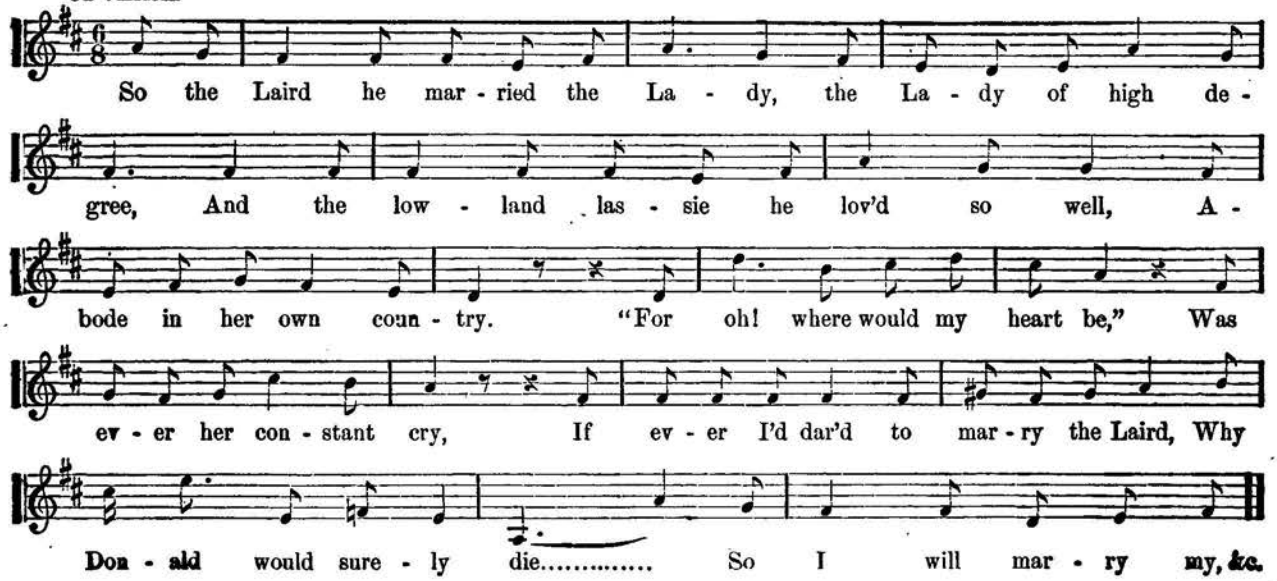
gree, And jew - els so fair she may twine in her hair; They are

bet - ter for her than me. And gai - ly I'll dance at the bri - dal. I'll

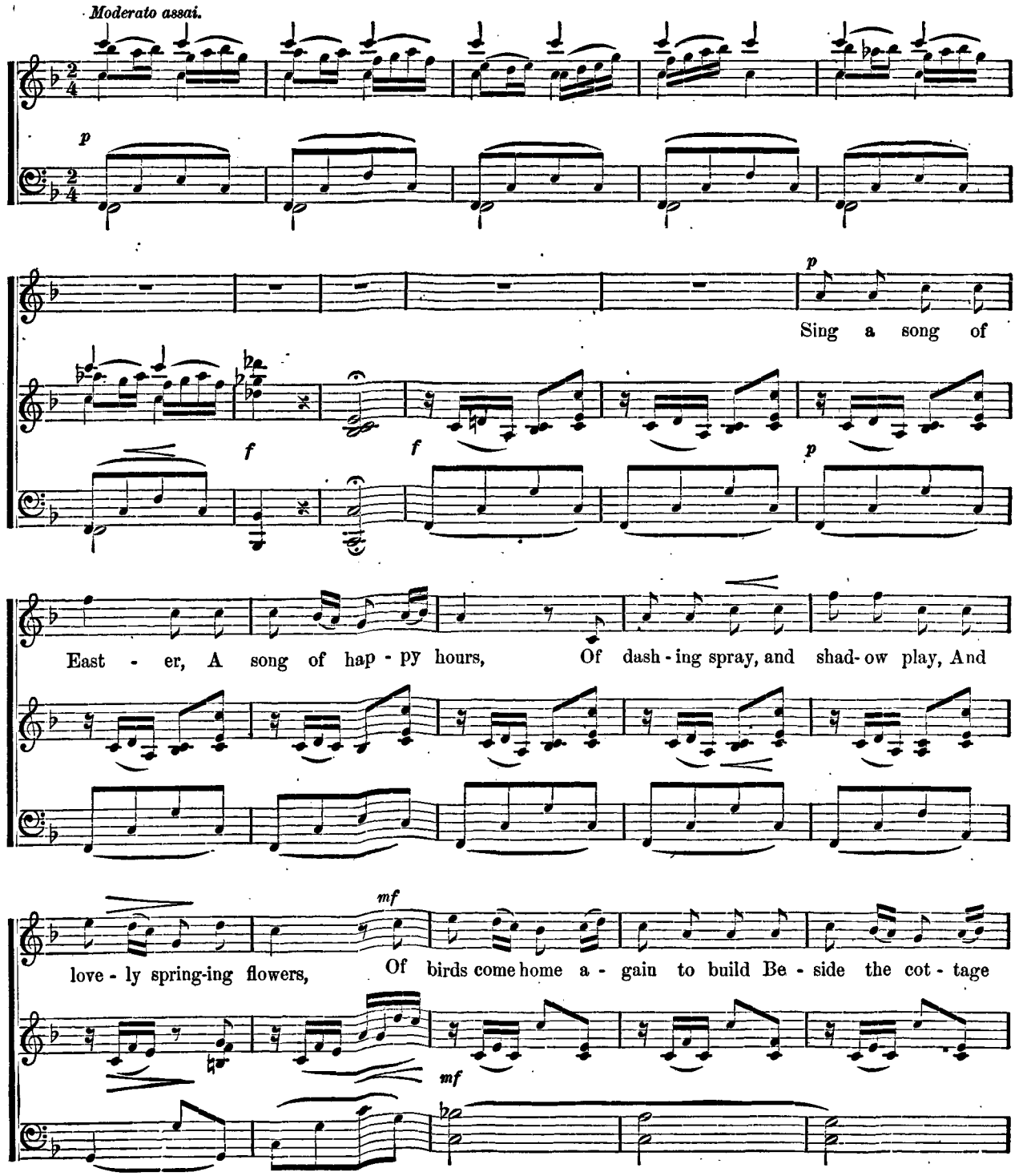
mer - ri - ly dance on the lea. Wilt Su - san and Al - ice, and

Em - ma. But Don - ald shall dance with me! And I will mar - ry my, &c.

3d VERSE.


So the Laird he mar - ried the La - dy, the La - dy of high de -
gree, And the low - land las - sie he lov'd so well, A -
bode in her own coun - try. "For oh! where would my heart be," Was
ev - er her con - stant cry, If ev - er I'd dar'd to mar - ry the Laird, Why
Don - ald would sure - ly die..... So I will mar - ry my, &c.

AN EASTER SONG.

A HAPPY and appropriate musical setting to MARY MAPES DODGE'S joyous "Easter Song" is that of the CHEVALIER MARZO, organist of the Church of the Ascension, of New York city. Eduardo Marzo is a Neapolitan by birth. He came to the United States about 1871; but returned to Italy to study composition; and settled permanently in America about 1881. His teachers in his native country were Miceli, Nacciarone, and Pappalardo. In 1884 he was made a Chevalier by the King of Italy; and the Royal Academy of Saint Cecilia elected him a member after a searching examination of his musical compositions. His songs are very popular.

Moderato assai.
p
Sing a song of
East - er, A song of hap - py hours, Of dash - ing spray, and shad - ow play, And
mf
love - ly spring-ing flowers, Of birds come home a - gain to build Be - side the cot - tage

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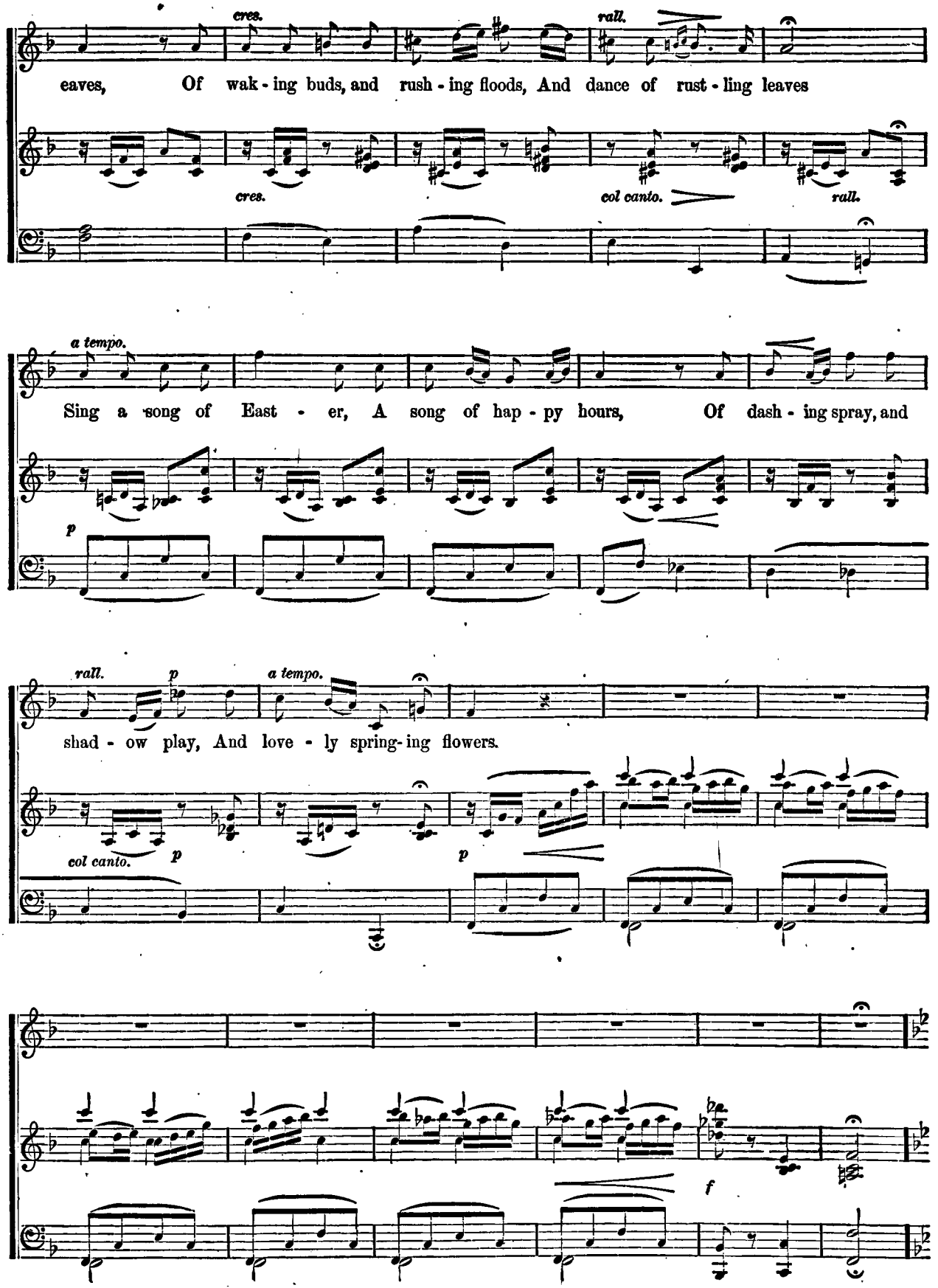
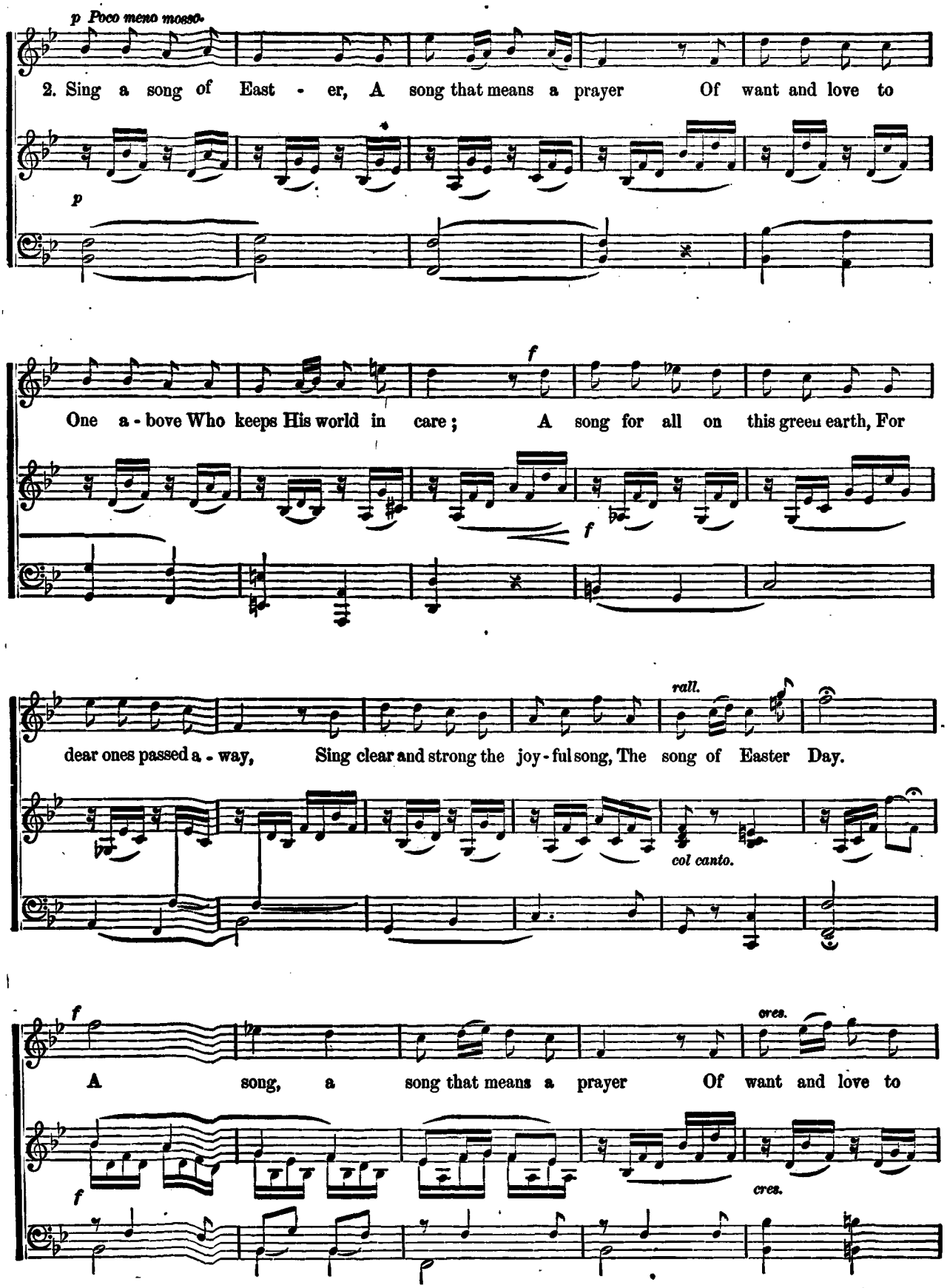
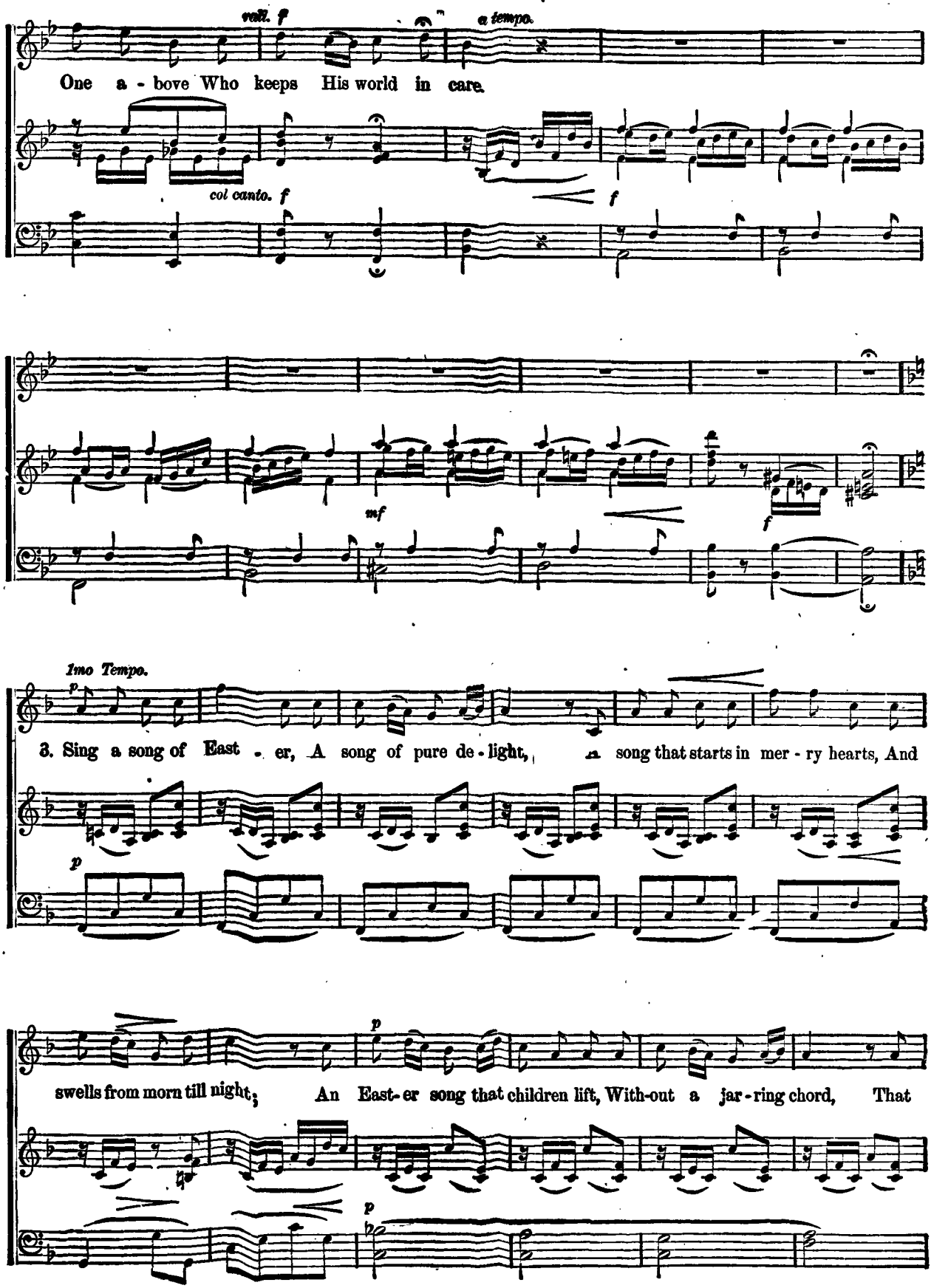
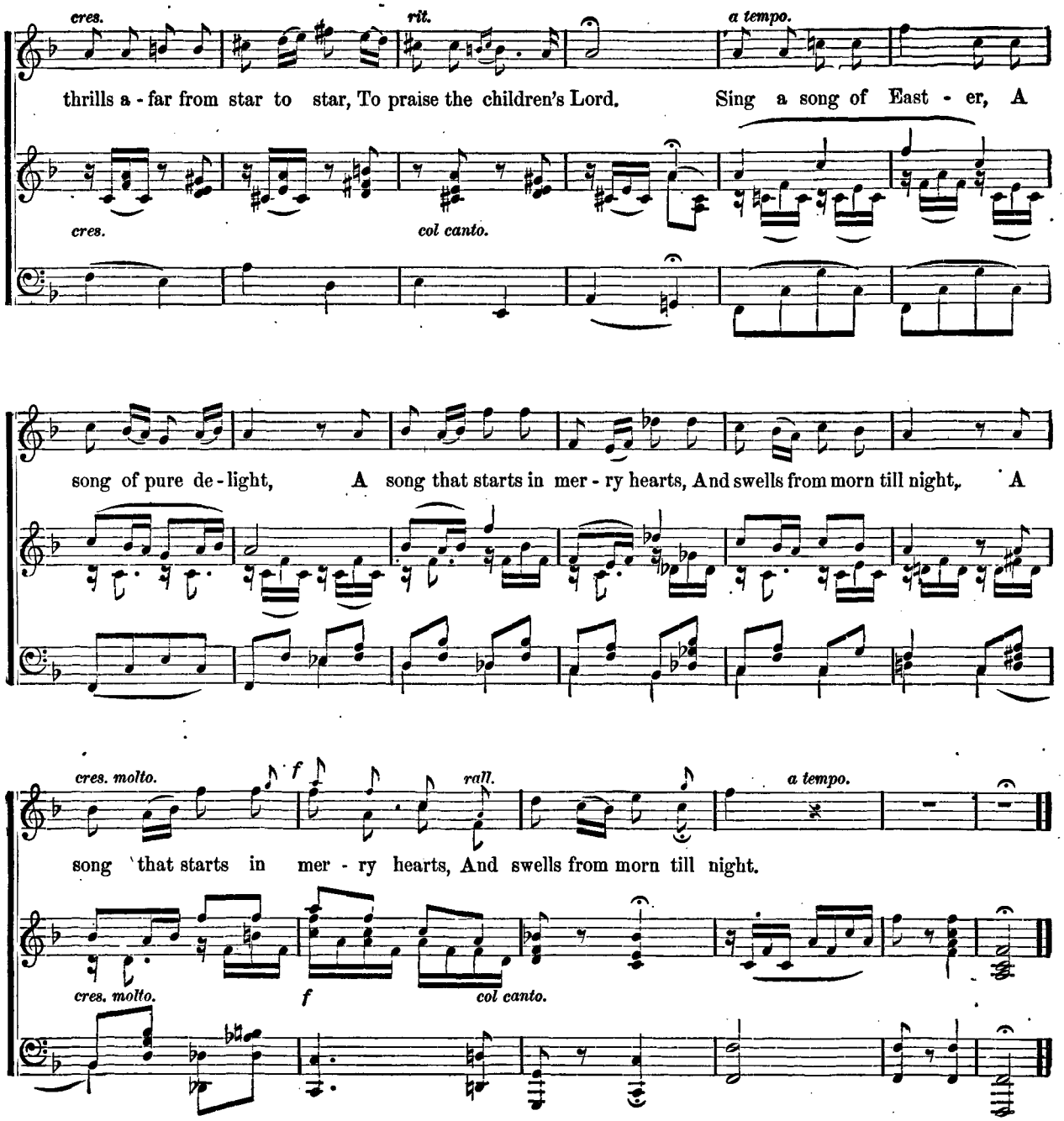
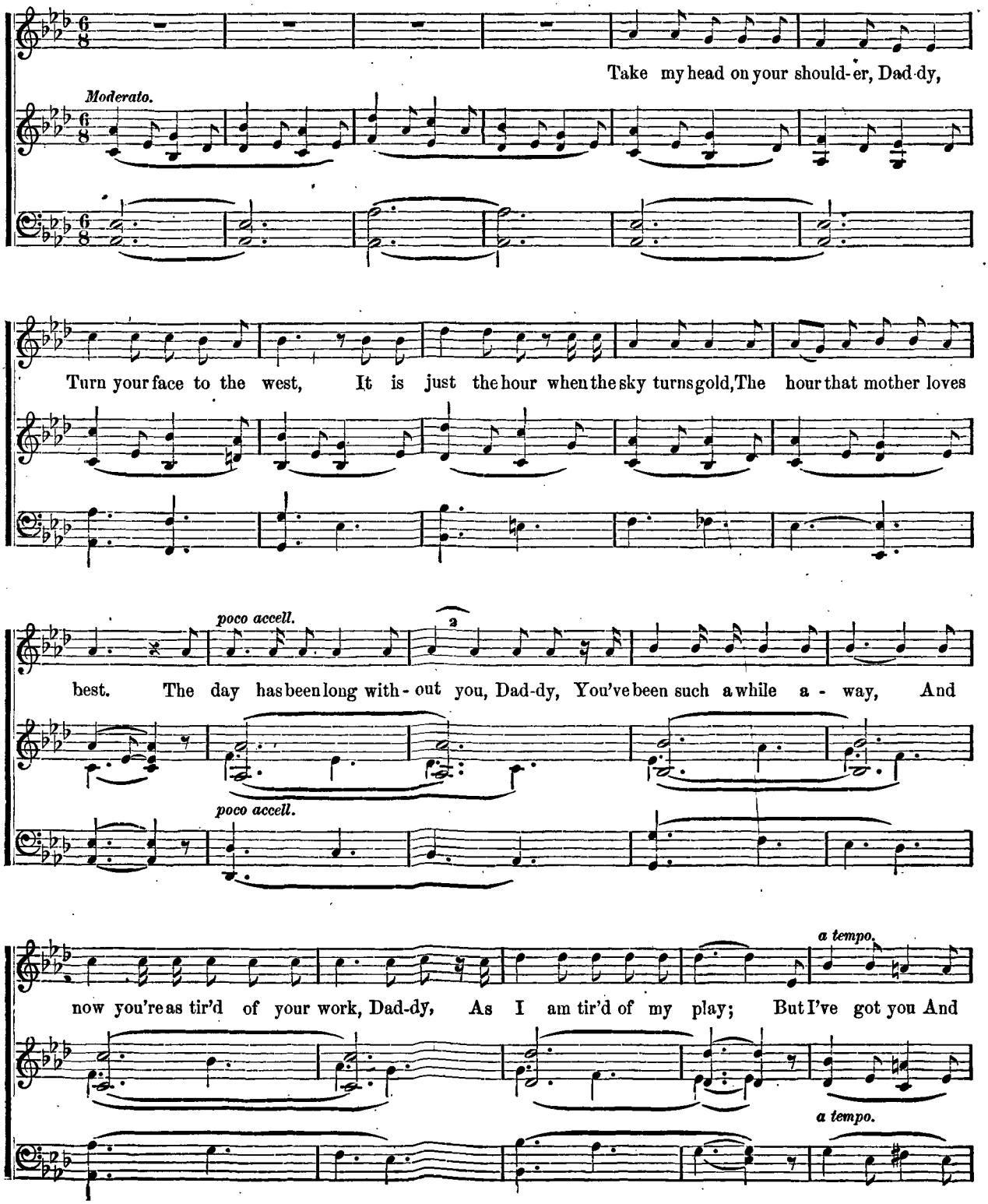
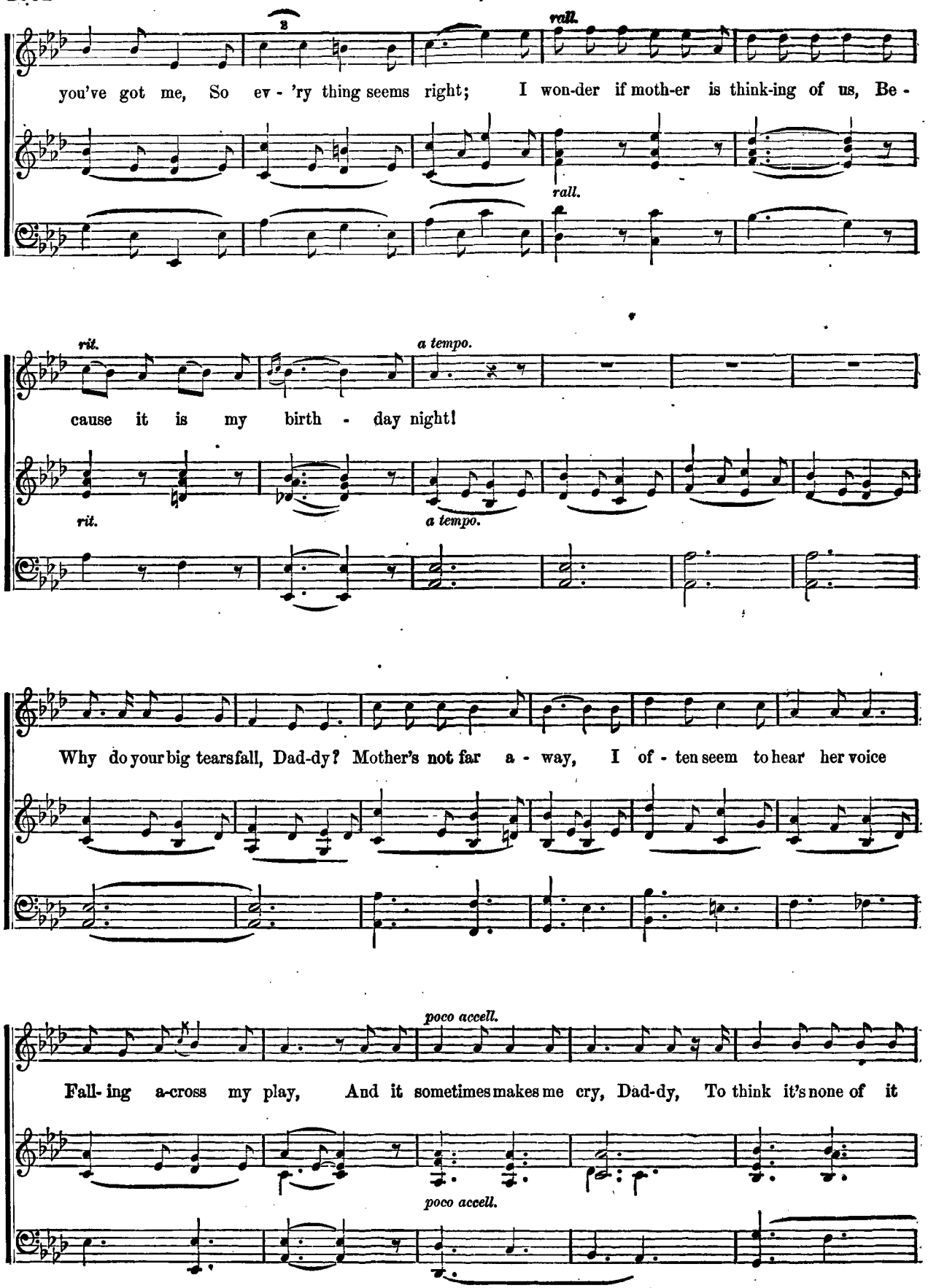
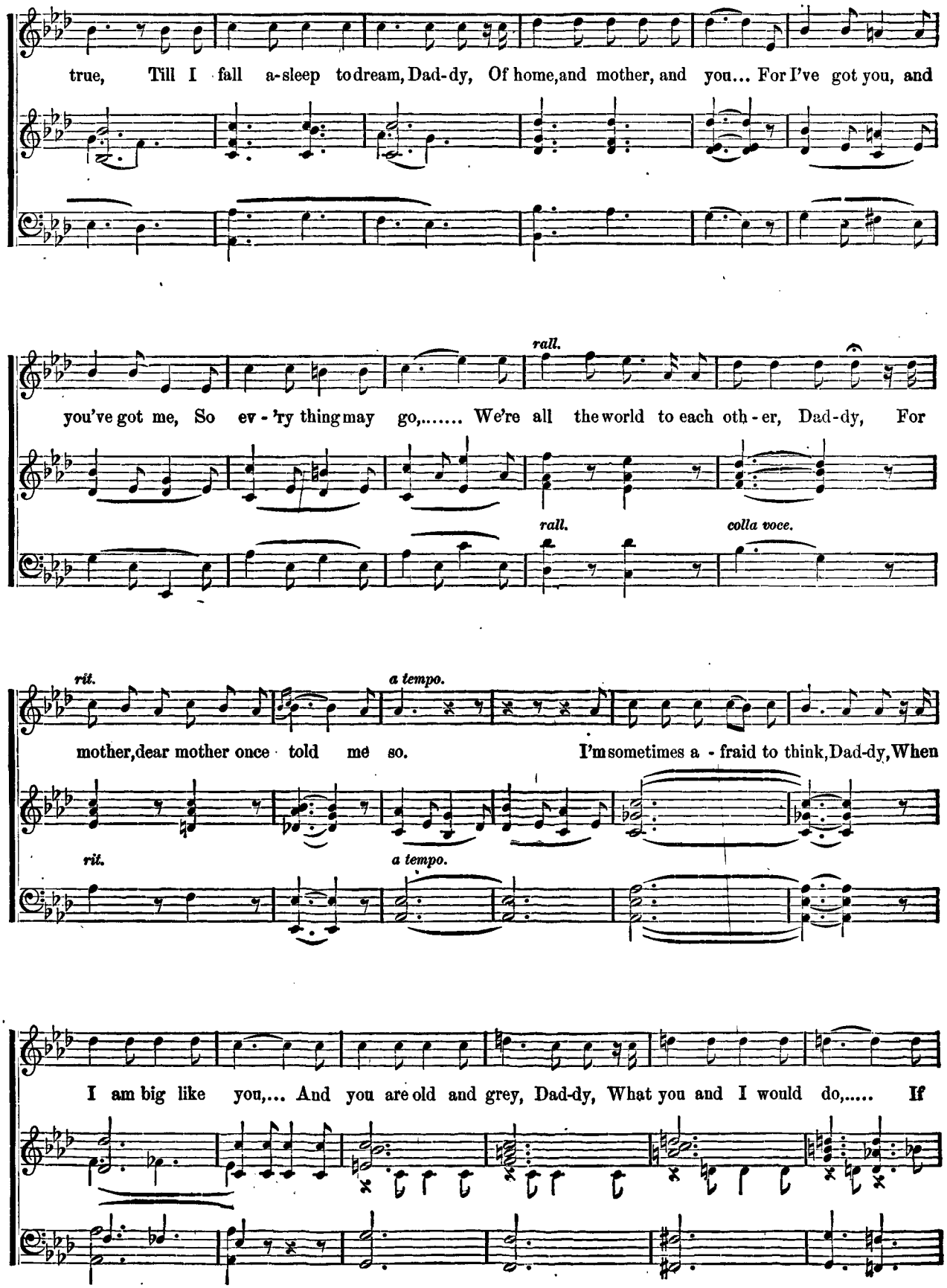
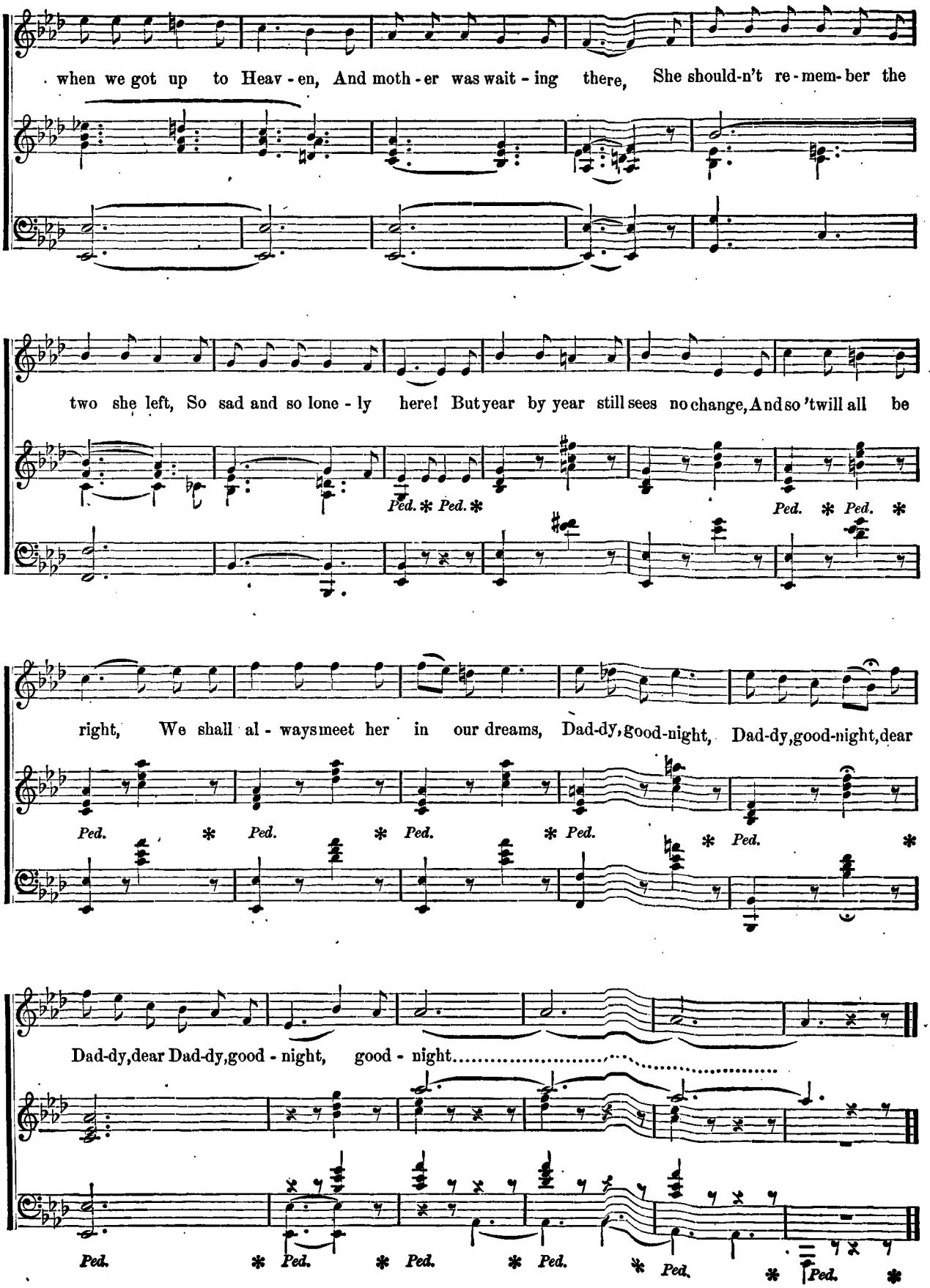

cres.
rall.
eaves, Of wak - ing buds, and rush - ing floods, And dance of rust - ling leaves
cres.
col canto.
rall.
a tempo.
Sing a song of East - er, A song of hap - py hours, Of dash - ing spray, and
p
rall.
p
a tempo.
shad - ow play, And love - ly spring - ing flowers.
col canto.
p
p
f

p Poco meno mosso.
2. Sing a song of East - er, A song that means a prayer Of want and love to
p
One a - bove Who keeps His world in care; A song for all on this green earth, For
f
f
rall.
dear ones passed a - way, Sing clear and strong the joy - ful song, The song of Easter Day.
col canto.
f
cres.
A song, a song that means a prayer Of want and love to
f
cres.

rall. f
a tempo.
One a - bove Who keeps His world in care.
col canto. f
f
mf
f
1mo Tempo.
p
3. Sing a song of East - er, A song of pure de - light, a song that starts in mer - ry hearts, And
p
p
swells from morn till night; An East-er song that children lift, With-out a jar - ring chord, That
p

cres.
rit.
a tempo.
thrills a - far from star to star, To praise the children's Lord. Sing a song of East - er, A
cres.
col canto.
song of pure de - light, A song that starts in mer - ry hearts, And swells from morn till night, A
cres. molto.
f
rall.
a tempo.
song that starts in mer - ry hearts, And swells from morn till night.
cres. molto.
f
col canto.

Sing a song of Easter,
A song of happy hours,
Of dashing spray, and shadow play,
And lovely springing flowers,
Of birds come home again to build
Beside the cottage eaves,
Of waking buds, and rushing floods,
And dance of rustling leaves.

Sing a song of Easter,
A song that means a prayer
Of want and love to One above
Who keeps His world in care;
A song for all on this green earth,
For dear ones passed away,
Sing clear and strong the joyful song,
The song of Easter Day.

Sing a song of Easter,
A song of pure delight,
A song that starts in merry hearts,
And swells from morn till night;
An Easter song that children lift,
Without a jarring chord,
That thrills afar from star to star,
To praise the children's Lord.

DADDY.

THESE beautifully domestic verses were written by MARY MARK-LEMON. The "Daddy" of the song was doubtless her own father, the genial founder and editor of *Punch*, author of the home song "Would I were a boy again!"—and the sainted mother was she who used to sing songs to them of an evening while the old gentleman would beat time with his pipe. The music is by A. H. BEHREND.

Take my head on your should-er, Dad-dy,
Moderato.
Turn your face to the west, It is just the hour when the sky turns gold, The hour that mother loves
poco accell.
2
best. The day has been long with-out you, Dad-dy, You've been such a while a-way, And
poco accell.
a tempo.
now you're as tir'd of your work, Dad-dy, As I am tir'd of my play; But I've got you And
a tempo.

rall.
you've got me, So ev - 'ry thing seems right; I won-der if moth-er is think-ing of us, Be -
rall.
rit.
a tempo.
cause it is my birth - day night!
rit.
a tempo.
Why do your big tears fall, Dad-dy? Mother's not far a - way, I of - ten seem to hear her voice
poco accell.
Fall- ing a-cross my play, And it sometimes makes me cry, Dad-dy, To think it's none of it
poco accell.

true, Till I fall a-sleep to dream, Dad-dy, Of home, and mother, and you... For I've got you, and
you've got me, So ev-'ry thing may go,..... We're all the world to each oth-er, Dad-dy, For
rall.
rall.
colla voce.
rit.
a tempo.
mother, dear mother once told me so. I'm sometimes a-fraid to think, Dad-dy, When
rit.
a tempo.
I am big like you,... And you are old and grey, Dad-dy, What you and I would do,..... If

when we got up to Heav - en, And moth - er was wait - ing there, She should-n't re - mem - ber the
two she left, So sad and so lone - ly here! But year by year still sees no change, And so 'twill all be
Ped. * Ped. *
Ped. * Ped. *
right, We shall al - ways meet her in our dreams, Dad-dy, good-night, Dad-dy, good-night, dear
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Dad-dy, dear Dad-dy, good - night, good - night.....
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

AULD LANG SYNE.

ROBERT BURNS was born near Ayr, Scotland, January 25, 1759, and died in Dumfries on the 21st day of July, 1796. His loves and his sorrows, his joys and his revelings, are as well known as his "Highland Mary" and his "Auld Lang Syne." Here is his own account of his first love and his first song: "You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labors of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn, my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; but you know the Scottish idiom—she was a *bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass.* In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below! How she caught the contagion, I cannot tell; you medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, &c.; but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labors; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an Æolian harp; and, particularly, why my pulse beat such a furious rattan when I looked and fingered over her little hand, to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles. Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sung sweetly; and it was her favorite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine I could make verses like printed ones composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sung a song, which was said to be composed by a small country laird's son, on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love! and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for, excepting that he could shear sheep, and cast peats, his father living in the moor-lands, he had no more scholar craft than myself."

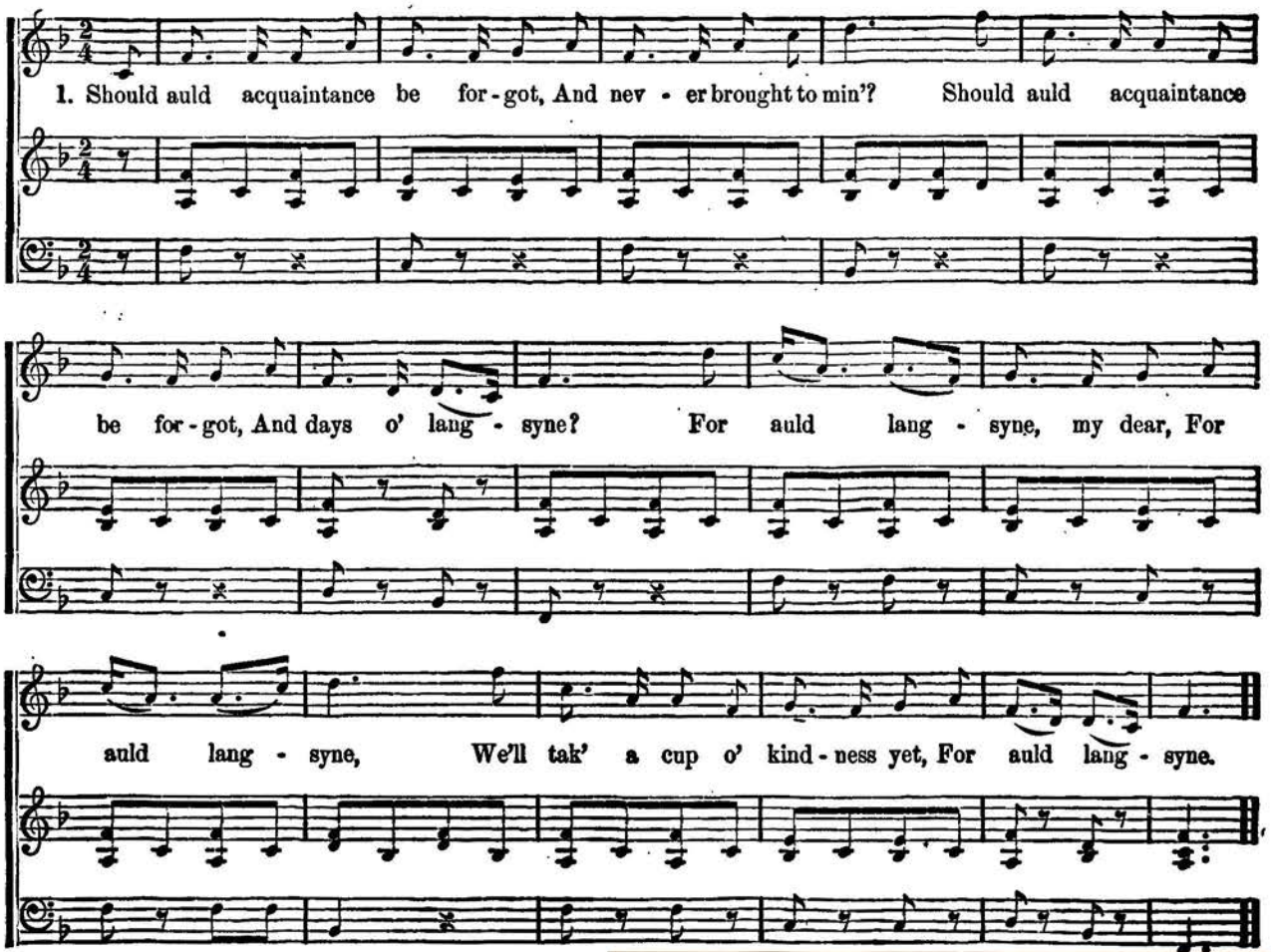
Of the world-famous "Auld Lang Syne," only the second and third stanzas were written by Burns, although he retouched them all. A song bearing that title can be traced in broadsides to the latter part of 1600, and the phrase "auld lang syne," was current in the time of Charles I. Allan Ramsay wrote an inferior set of words to the original air, beginning—

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Though they return with scars?"

In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, dated December 17, 1788, Burns says: "Your meeting, which you so well describe, with your old school-fellow and friend, was truly interesting. Out upon the ways of the world!—they spoil these 'social offspring of the heart.' Two veterans of the 'men of the world' would have met with little more heart-workings than two hacks worn out on the road. Apropos, is not the Scotch phrase 'auld lang syne' exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul; I shall give you the verses in the other sheet. Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment!" It is impossible to tell which set of words with this refrain Burns refers to in his letter to Mrs. Dunlop; for there are at least three which antedate his. Here is the best, given by Chambers, in his "Scottish Songs." It bears the date 1716:

Should old acquaintance be forgot,
And never thought upon,
The flames of love extinguished,
And fully past and gone?
Is thy kind heart now grown so cold
In that loving breast of thine,
That thou canst never once reflect
On Old Long Syne?

Where are thy protestations,
Thy vows, and oathes, my dear,
Thou mad'st to me, and I to thee,
In regester yet clear?
Is faith and truth so violate
To the immortal gods divine,
That thou canst never once reflect
On Old Long Syne?

In another letter, to George Thomson, who is intimately associated with Burns and Scottish music, dated September, 1793, Burns says: "One song more, and I have done—'Auld Lang Syne.' The air is but mediocre; but the following song, the old song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing, is enough to recommend any air." Mr. Thomson set the words to an old Lowland melody, entitled "I fee'd a lad at Michaelmas," and together they make our Old Long Since.

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to min'? Should auld acquaintance
be for-got, And days o' lang-syne? For auld lang-syne, my dear, For
auld lang-syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang-syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, *etc.*

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, *etc.*

We twa hae paidl't in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, *etc.*

And there's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right gude willy-waught
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, *etc.*

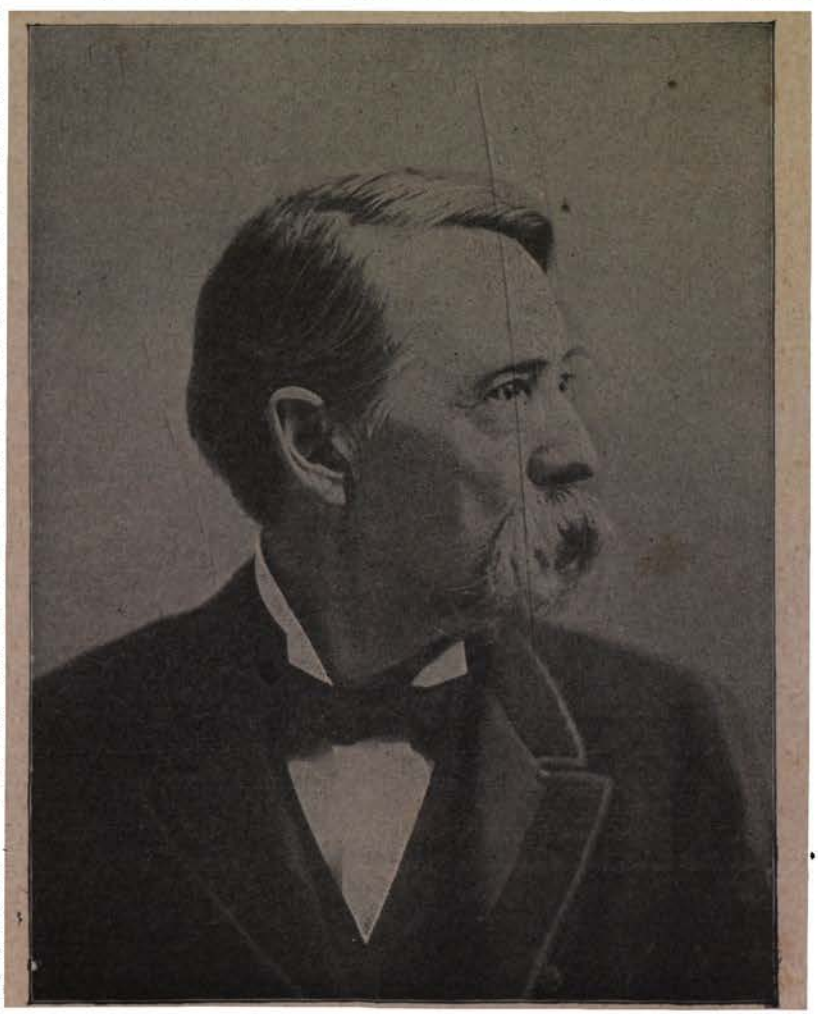
And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
As surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, *etc.*

BEN BOLT.

THE name of DR. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH is familiar to the readers of the past forty years; but I think it has not generally been associated with this widely popular song. The music appeared with only the composer's name attached.

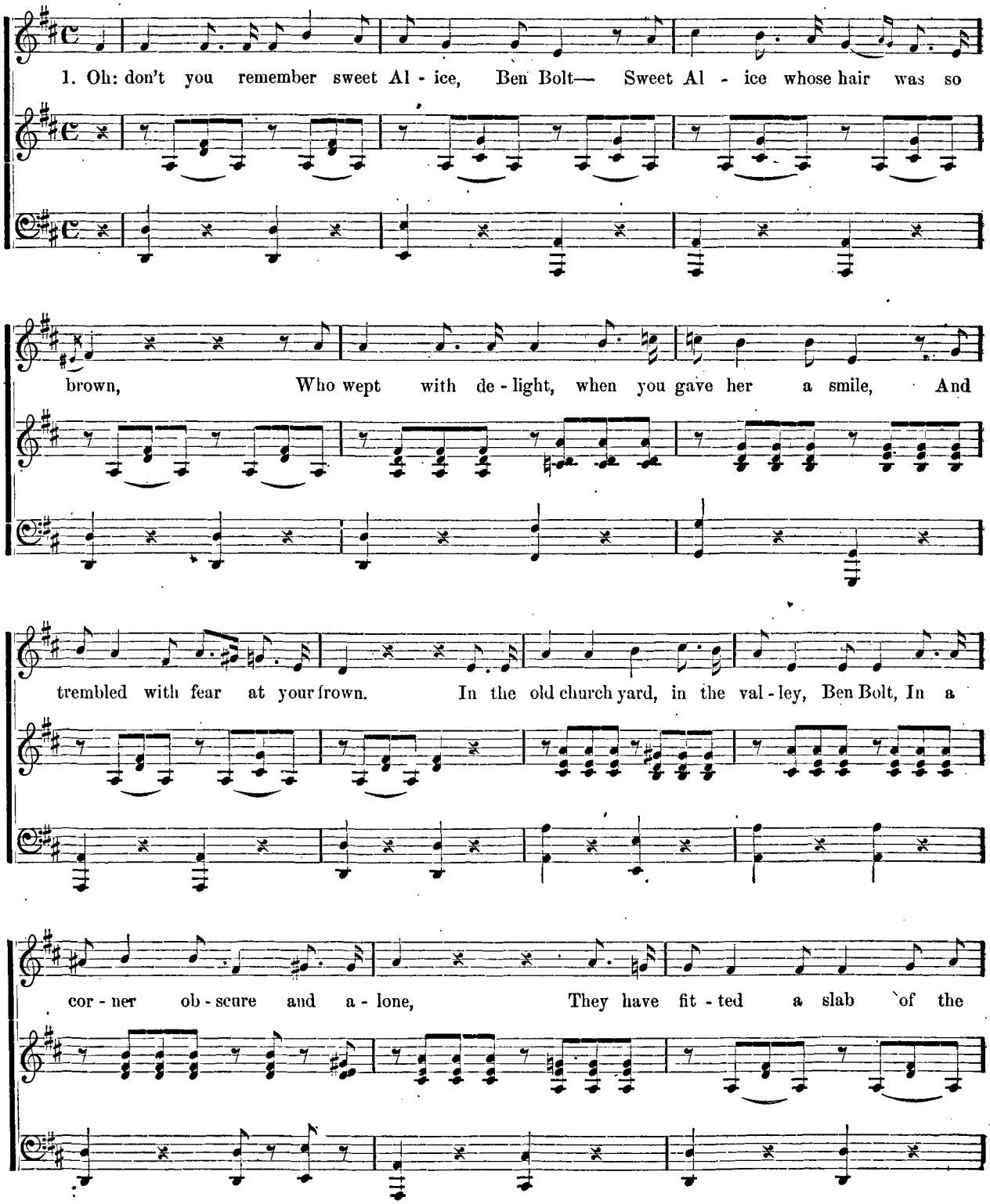
Dr. English was born in Philadelphia, June 29, 1819. He received the degree of M. D. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1839, was called to the bar in 1842, and was a practising physician at Fort Lee, New Jersey, from 1859 till he retired a few years ago. He was for years devoted to literary pursuits, as author, editor, and contributor to various periodicals. His vigorous poem, "The Gallows-Goers," made a great sensation about 1845, when capital punishment was an exciting subject of popular debate. A selection from his historical poems has recently (1880) been published in New York, under the title of "American Ballads."

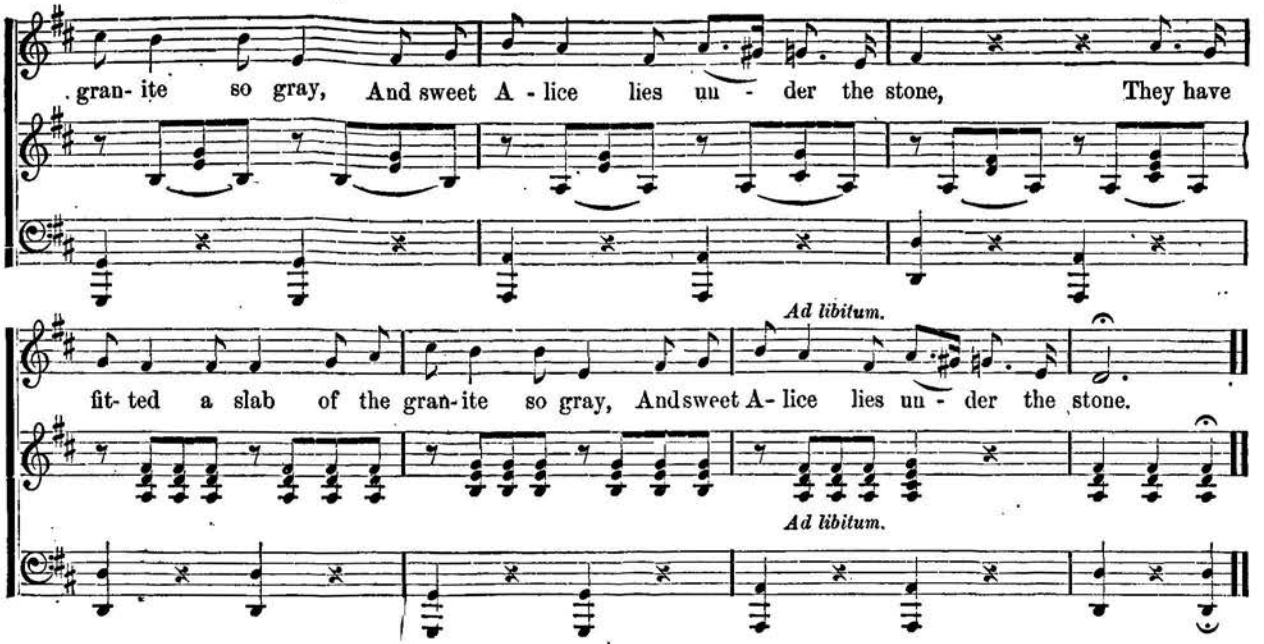
"Ben Bolt" was written in 1842. Its author was visiting in New York, and N. P. Willis, who with George P. Morris was editing the *New Mirror*, asking him for a gratuitous contribution, and suggested that it be a sea-song. Dr. English promised one, and on returning to his home, attempted to make good his word. Only one line that smacked of the sea came at his bidding; but at a white heat he composed the five stanzas of "Ben Bolt," as it now reads, betraying the original intention in the last line of the last stanza. Within a year the poem had been reprinted in England, and its author then thought it might be a still greater favorite if set to appropriate music. Dominick M. H. Hay wrote an air for it, which was never printed; and Dr. English wrote one himself, which, although printed, had no sale. It was written entirely for the black keys. In 1848, a play was brought out in Pittsburgh, Penna., called "The Battle of Buena Vista," in which the song of "Ben Bolt" was introduced. A. M. Hunt, an Englishman, connected with western journalism, had read the words in an English newspaper, and gave them from memory to NELSON KNEASS, filling in from his imagination where his memory failed. Kneass adapted a German melody to the lines, and they were sung in the play. The drama died, but the song survived. A music publisher of Cincinnati obtained the copyright, and it was the business success of his career. In theatres, concert-rooms, minstrel-shows, and private parlors nothing was heard but "Ben Bolt." It was ground on hand-organs, and whistled in the streets, and "Sweet Alice" became the pet of the public. A steamboat in the West, and a ship in the East, were named after her. The steamer was blown up, and the ship was wrecked; but Alice floated safely in the fragile bark of song. The poem went abroad, and obtained great popularity in England. The streets of London were flooded with parodies, answers, and imitation, printed on broadsides, and sung and sold by curbstone minstrels. A play was written there, based upon it, and as late as 1877 a serial novel ran through a London weekly paper of note, in which the memories evoked by the singing of "Ben Bolt" played a prominent part in evolving the catastrophe. The song was again brought into general notice recently by being quoted in Du Maurier's novel "Trilby."



DR. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

NELSON KNEASS (not Nicholas, as the name has been generally printed,) came of a good family, but preferred a semi-vagrant life. He was a teacher of music in New York, and a singer in the Park Theatre, and afterward

became a negro minstrel. He married a Mrs. Sharpe, who lost her life by falling overboard from a Mississippi steamboat. He was a jolly, companionable fellow, "nobody's enemy but his own," and ended a precarious existence in poverty. He always complained that he received but a trifle for the music. The author of the words, never received anything, and when he complained of mutilation in the words, he was told that they were decidedly improved! I give the original stanzas complete.

1. Oh: don't you remember sweet Al - ice, Ben Bolt— Sweet Al - ice whose hair was so
brown, Who wept with de - light, when you gave her a smile, And
trembled with fear at your frown. In the old church yard, in the val - ley, Ben Bolt, In a
cor - ner ob - scure and a - lone, They have fit - ted a slab of the


gran- ite so gray, And sweet A - lice lies un - der the stone, They have
Ad libitum.
fit- ted a slab of the gran-ite so gray, And sweet A- lice lies un - der the stone.
Ad libitum.

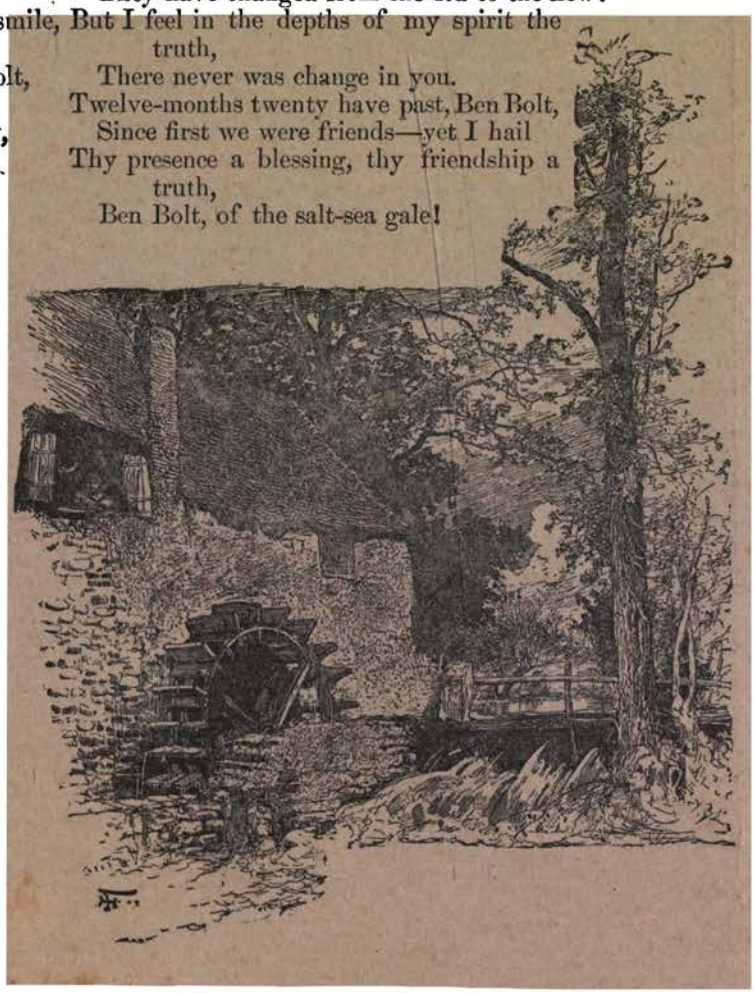
Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?—
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown!
In the old church-yard, in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone!

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noon-day shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet that crawls round the walls as you gaze,
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the door-step stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved,
Grows grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook by the running brook,
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then,
There are only you and I.

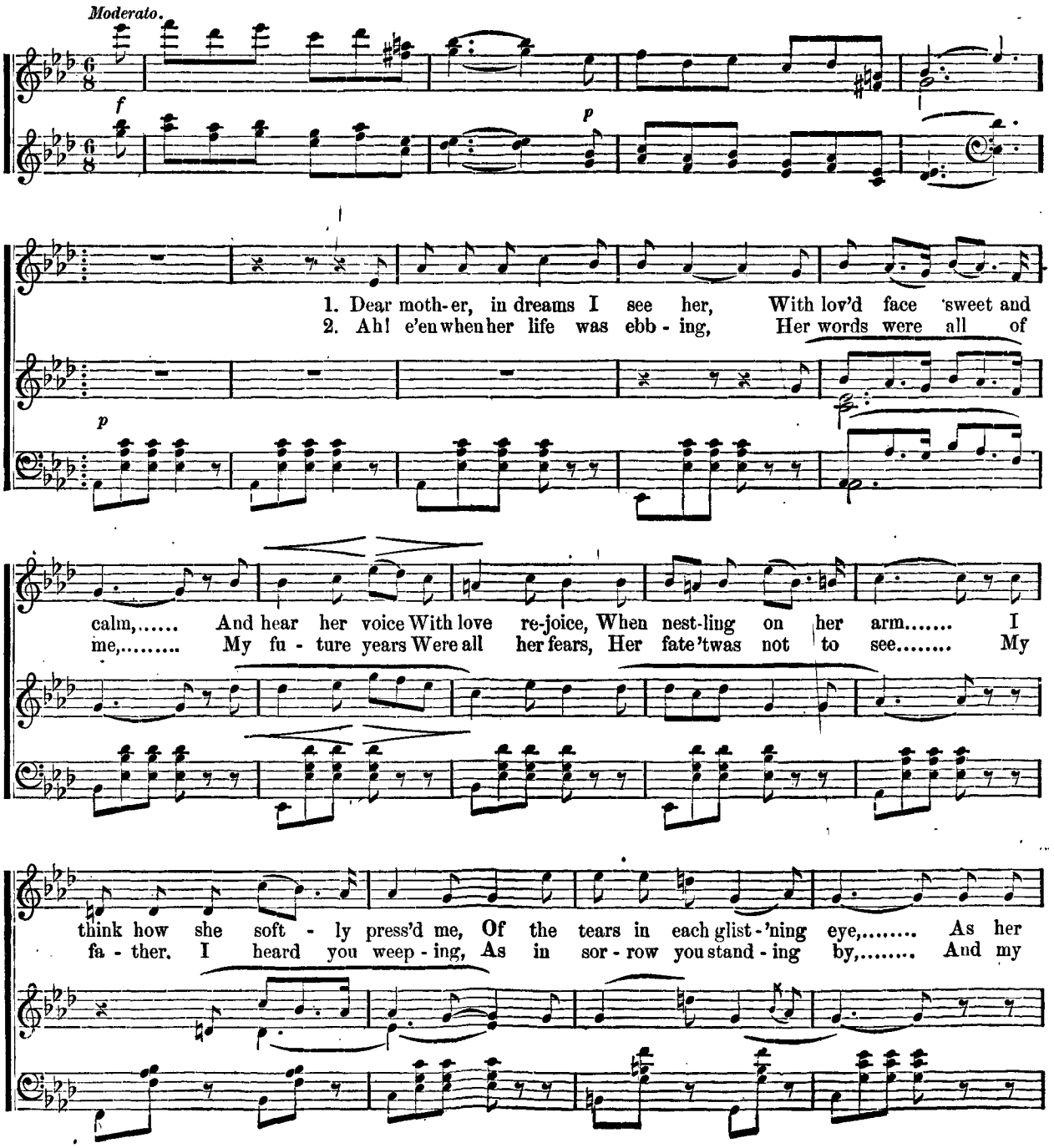
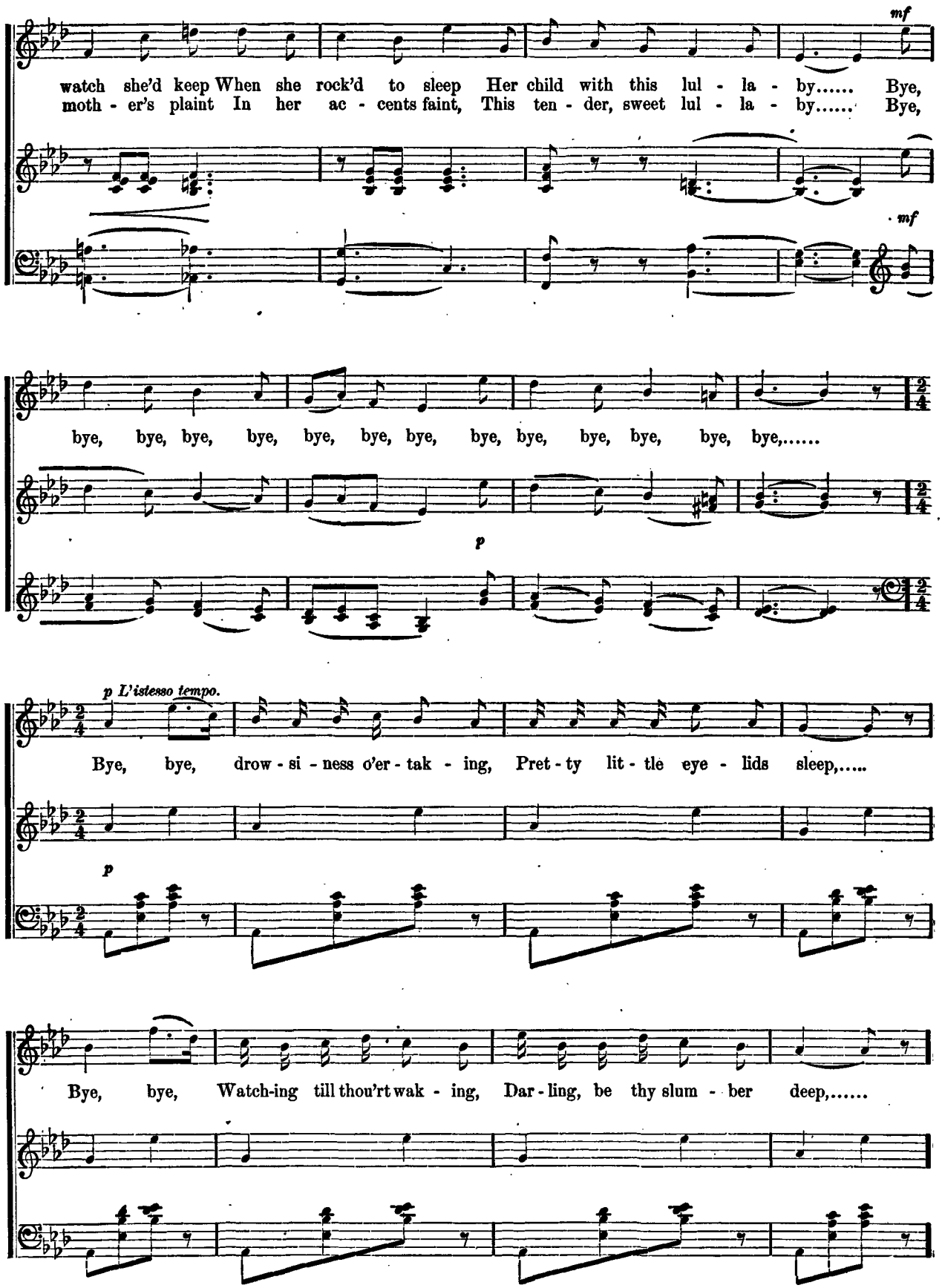
There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new:
But I feel in the depths of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelve-months twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt, of the salt-sea gale!

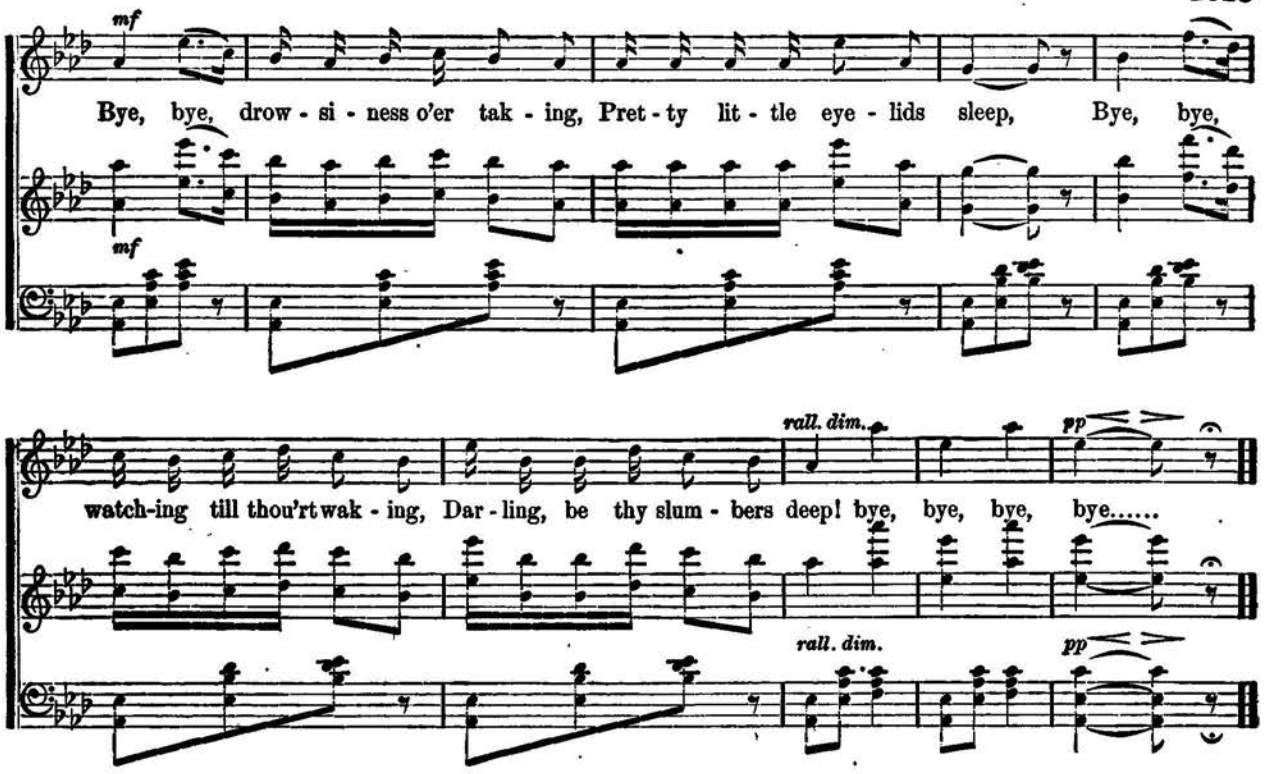


LULLABY.

LULLABY.

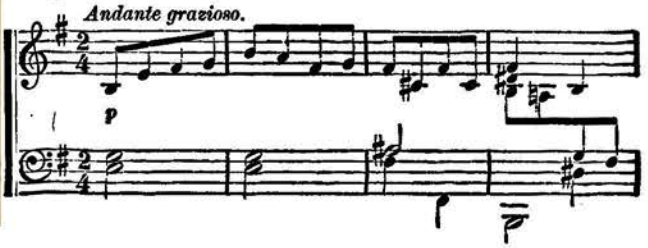
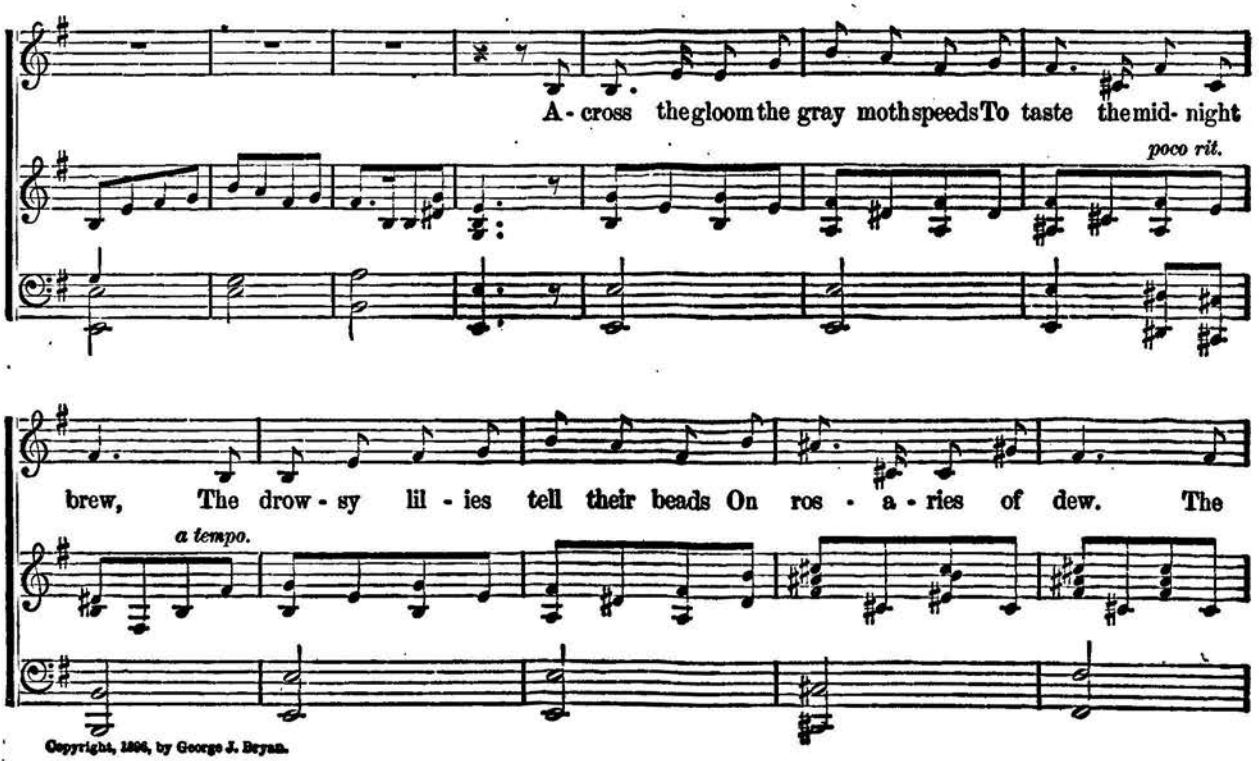
FROM "ERMINIE."

A COMIC opera was produced in London in November, 1885, which took the town by storm, and was transplanted the following Spring to New York, where a like success awaited it. This was EDUARD JAKOBOWSKI's "Erminie." Its popularity here was such that it remained for several years the permanent attraction at the Casino, where it made the reputations of several of the artists participating in its production and established them before the public as stars and popular favorites. Francis Wilson and Pauline Hall were conspicuous illustrations of this result of a phenomenal success. One of the favorite numbers in the opera was the "Lullaby," here given, which was sung by Miss Hall. Jakobowski, a composer living in London, wrote the music to the libretto by HARRY PAULTON, a well known and successful English librettist. Another opera by the same composer is "Paolo."

Moderato.
f
p
1. Dear moth-er, in dreams I see her, With lov'd face sweet and
2. Ah! e'en when her life was ebb-ing, Her words were all of
p
calm,..... And hear her voice With love re-joice, When nest-ling on her arm..... I
me,..... My fu-ture years Were all her fears, Her fate 'twas not to see..... My
think how she soft-ly press'd me, Of the tears in each glist-'ning eye,..... As her
fa-ther. I heard you weep-ing, As in sor-row you stand-ing by,..... And my

mf
watch she'd keep When she rock'd to sleep Her child with this lul - la - by..... Bye,
moth - er's plaint In her ac - cents faint, This ten - der, sweet lul - la - by..... Bye,
mf
bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye,.....
p
p L'istesso tempo.
Bye, bye, drow - si - ness o'er - tak - ing, Pret - ty lit - tle eye - lids sleep,.....
p
Bye, bye, Watch-ing till thou'rt wak - ing, Dar - ling, be thy slum - ber deep,.....


mf
Bye, bye, drow - si - ness o'er tak - ing, Pret - ty lit - tle eye - lids sleep, Bye, bye,
mf
rall. dim.
pp
watch-ing till thou'rt wak - ing, Dar - ling, be thy slum - bers deep! bye, bye, bye, bye.....
rall. dim.
pp

SAY YES, MIGNON!

FREDERICK R. BURTON.

THE composer of this song, FREDERICK RUSSELL BURTON, is well known in literary circles. Although he considers musical composition his avocation, he has devoted heretofore the most of his time to writing stories. He was born in Jonesville, Michigan, February 23, 1861, and graduated from Harvard in 1882. His musical ability was developed in college and he won highest honors in the department devoted to the theory of music. On leaving college he embarked in a musical career; he lacked practice, however, and his theory was of little use to him. Having always inclined toward literary work, he naturally turned to writing, and was connected with leading Boston, New York and other daily papers. Mr. Burton has written a number of stories; but only on one book, entitled "The Victim of his Clothes," does his name appear. Mr. Burton was one of the first to advocate the publication of music in newspapers. He has composed a number of songs, and the melody to the words of FRANK L. STANTON'S poem "Say Yes, Mignon" is numbered among the best of them.

A - cross the gloom the gray moth speeds To taste the mid - night
poco rit.
brew, The drow - sy lil - ies tell their beads On ros - a - ries of dew. The
a tempo.

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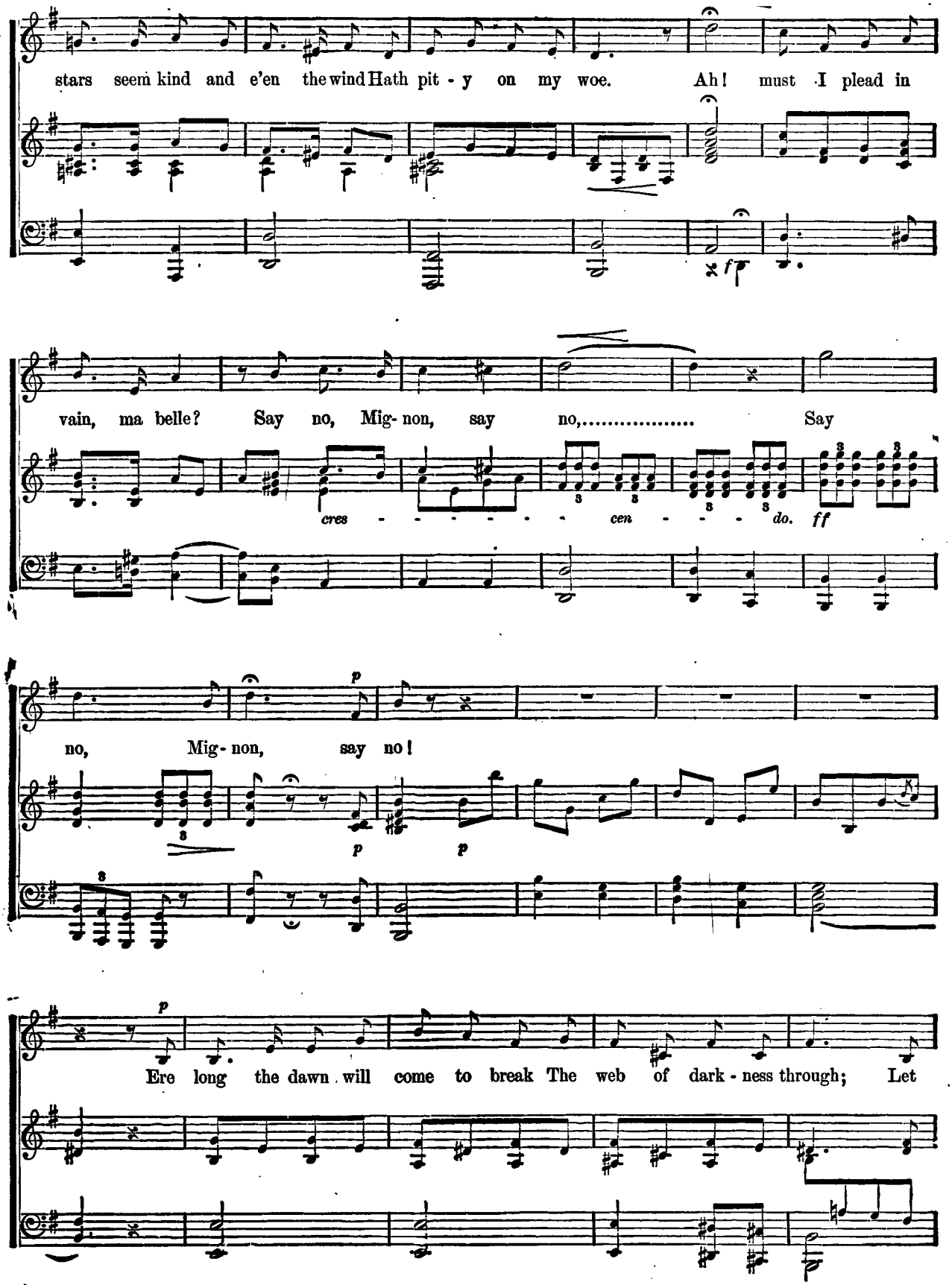
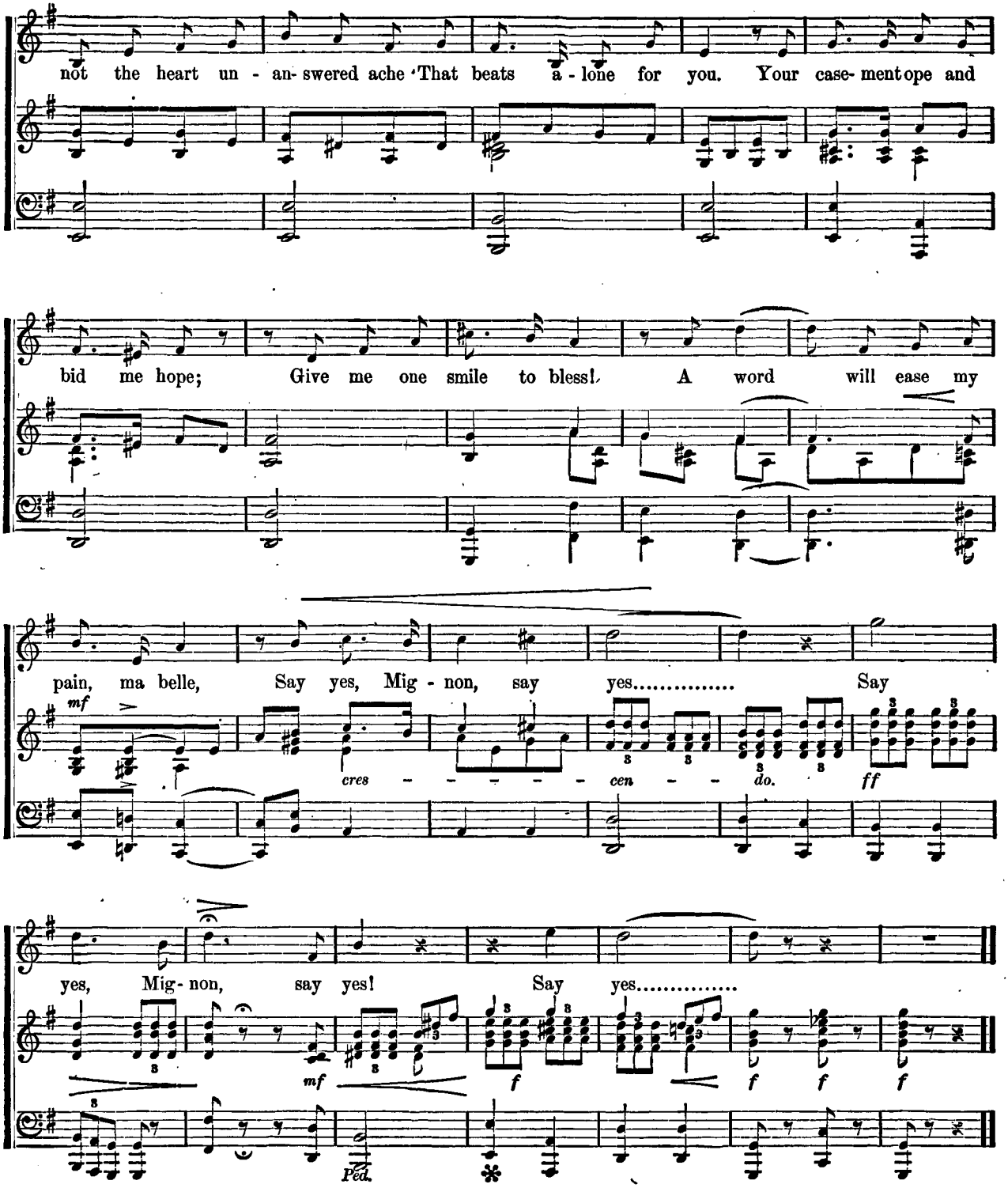
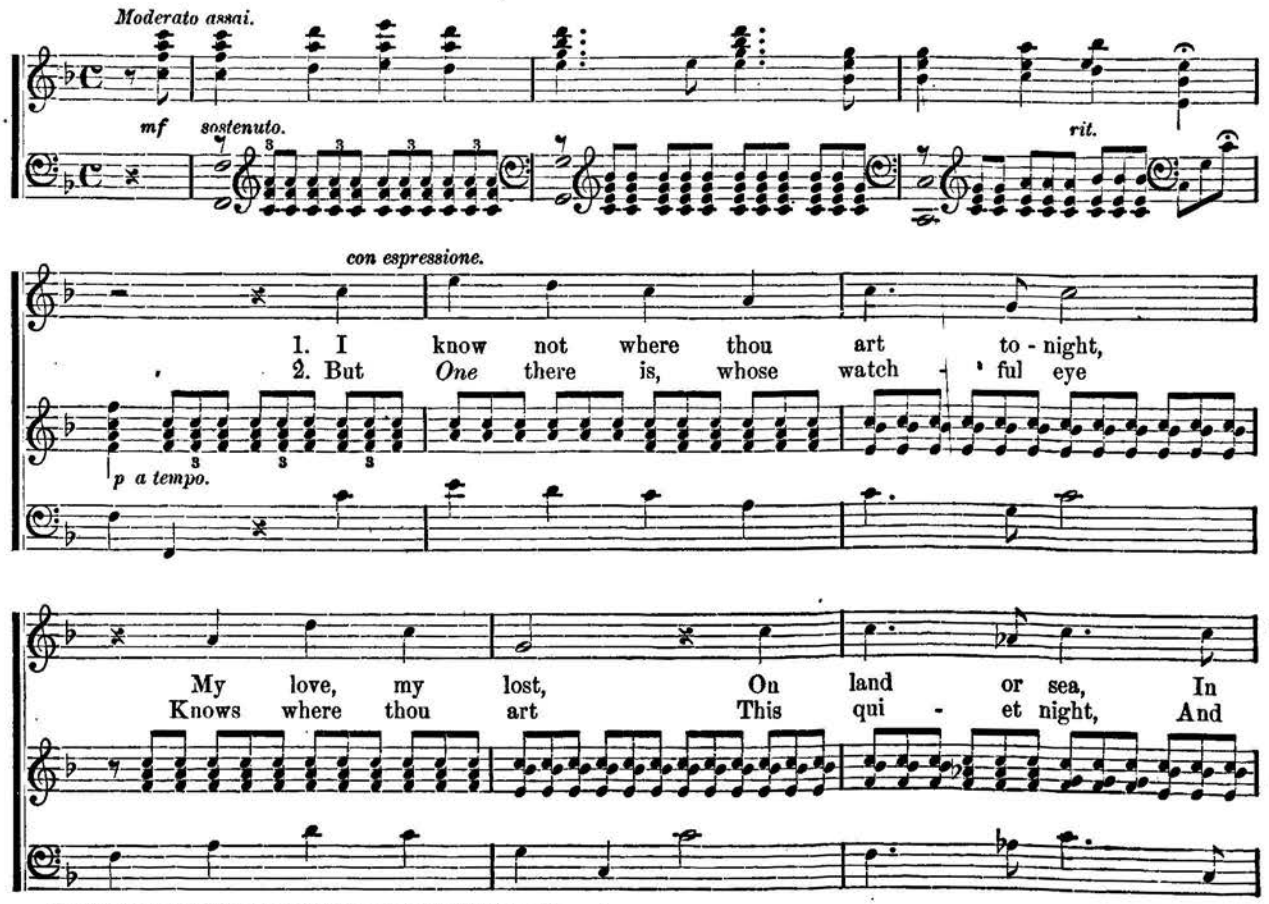

stars seem kind and e'en the wind Hath pit - y on my woe. Ah! must I plead in
vain, ma belle? Say no, Mig- non, say no,..... Say
cres - - - - - - - cen - - - do.
ff
no, Mig- non, say no!
p
p
p
Ere long the dawn will come to break The web of dark - ness through; Let

not the heart un - an- swered ache That beats a - lone for you. Your case- ment ope and
bid me hope; Give me one smile to bless! A word will ease my
pain, ma belle, Say yes, Mig - non, say yes..... Say
mf
cres - - - - - - cen - - do.
ff
yes, Mig- non, say yes! Say yes.....
mf
f
f
f
f
Ped.

Across the gloom the gray moth speeds
To taste the midnight brew,
The drowsy lilies tell their beads
On rosaries of dew.
The stars seem kind and e'en the wind
Hath pity on my woe.
Ah! must I plead in vain, ma belle?
Say no, Mignon, say no.

Ere long the dawn will come to break
The web of darkness through;
Let not the heart unanswered ache
That beats alone for you.
Your casement ope and bid me hope;
Give me one smile to bless!
A word will ease my pain, ma belle,
Say yes, Mignon, say yes.

APART.

BEARDSLEY VAN DE WATER.

BEARDSLEY VAN DE WATER, the composer of "Apart," was born in Oswego, N. Y. He has written many successful songs, among which may be mentioned, "Night-time," "Sweet Message," "Pleasant Dreams," "Darling," "Elaine," "The Publican," "The Penitent," "Night of Nights," "Day of Days," "The Christ-Child," "Easter Song," and "One Quiet Night." He has also written many part songs. "Sunset" and "Anabel Lee" have been given by the prominent Musical Societies throughout this country and in England, as well as "Philip the Huntsman," "Babette," "Sleep Little Baby," and many other compositions. As well as a successful composer, Mr. Van de Water is a poet of no mean order, having written the words of most of his publications, as well as many characteristic poems which have appeared in the current literature of the day. He is also an accomplished organist and for some time past has been the Musical Director of the Westminster Presbyterian Church of New York, as well as the Westminster Choral Society.

Moderato assai.
mf
sostenuto.
rit.
con espressione.
1. I know not where thou art to - night,
2. But One there is, whose watch - ful eye
p a tempo.
My love, my lost, On land or sea, In
Knows where thou art This qui - et night, And

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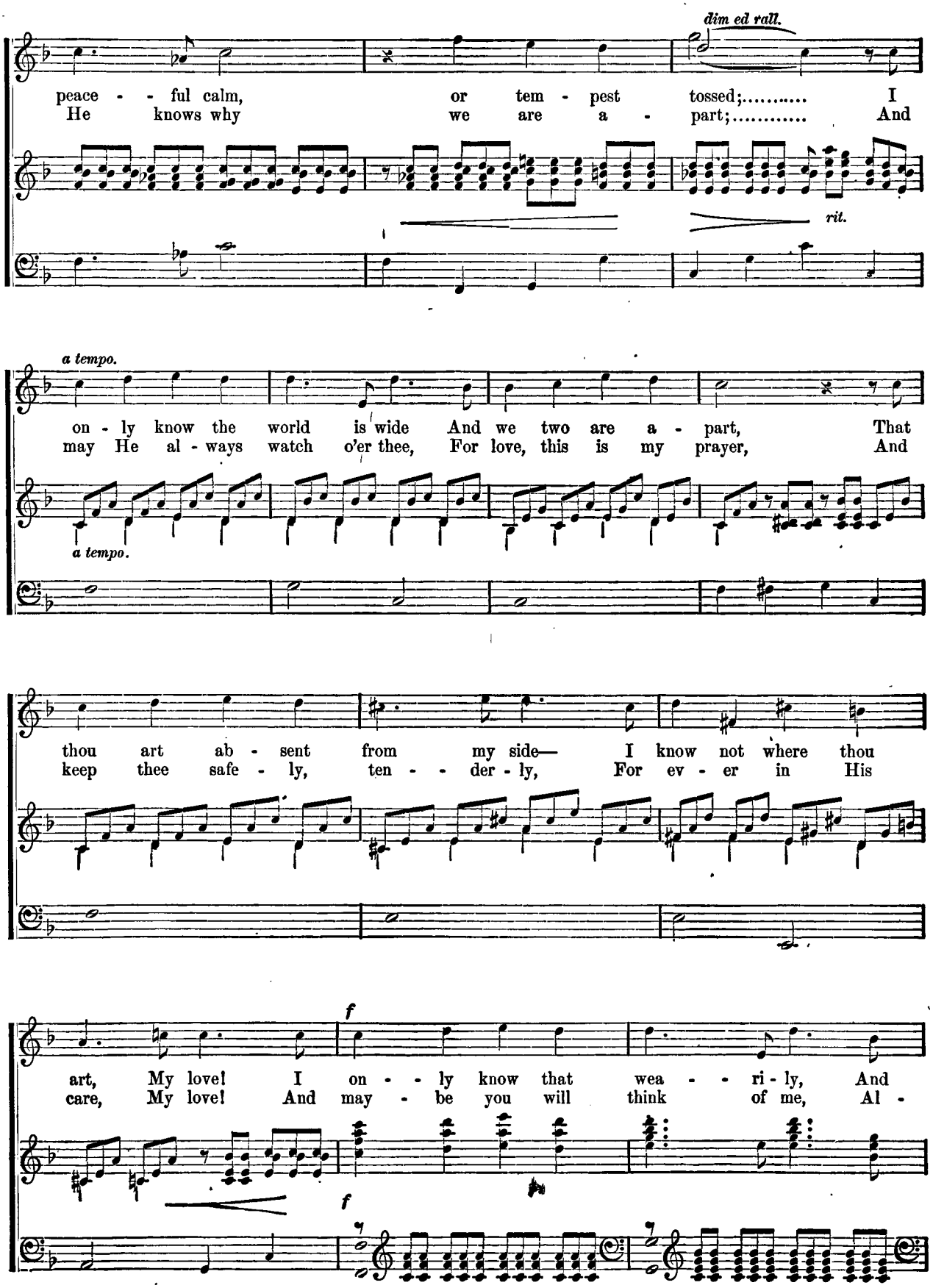
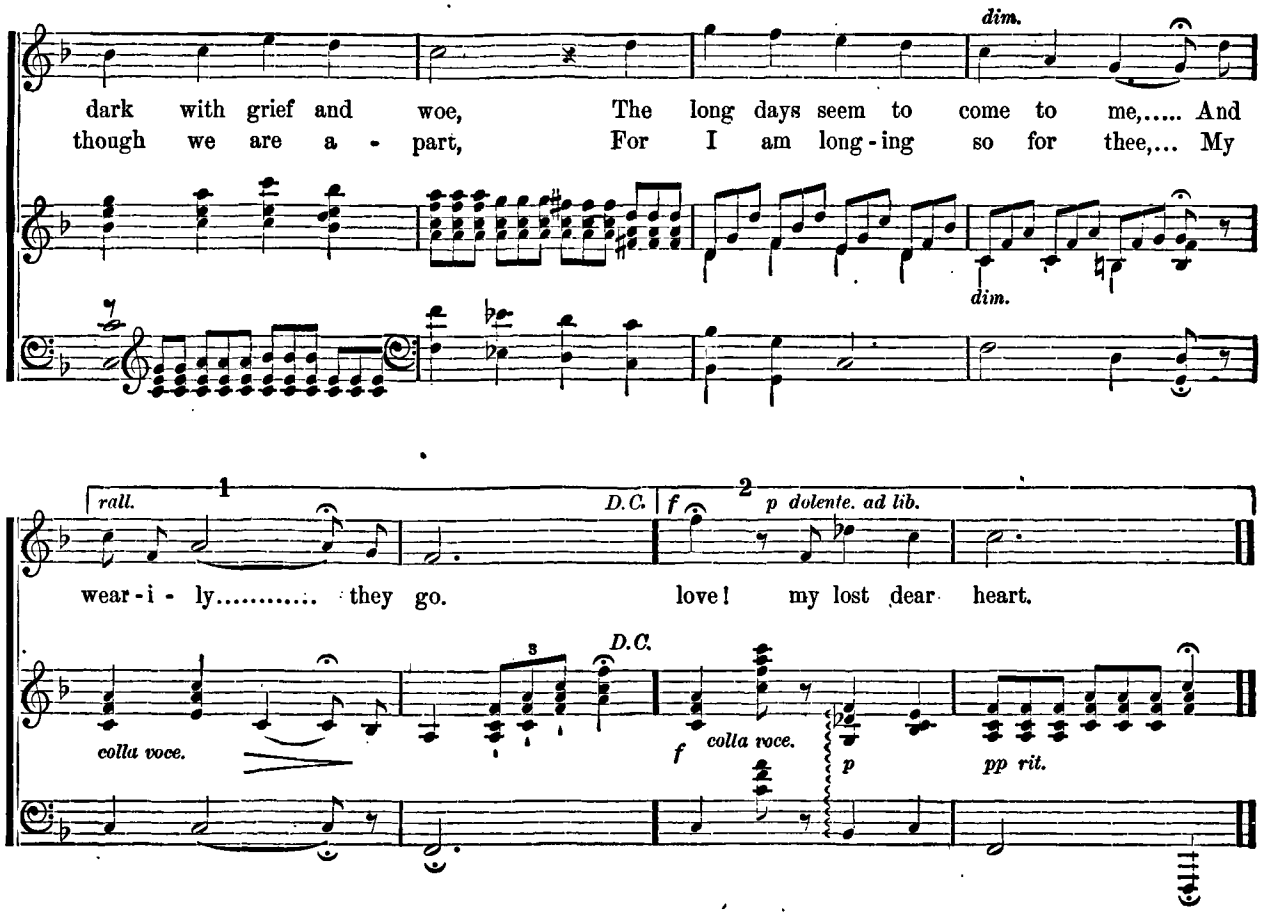
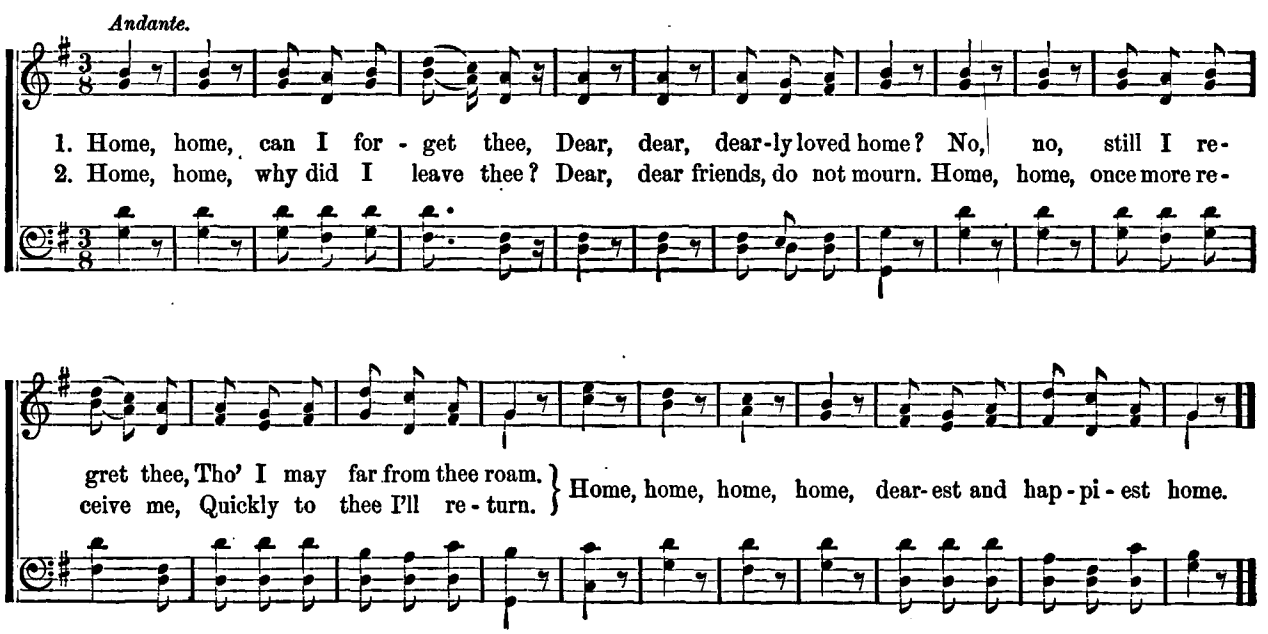
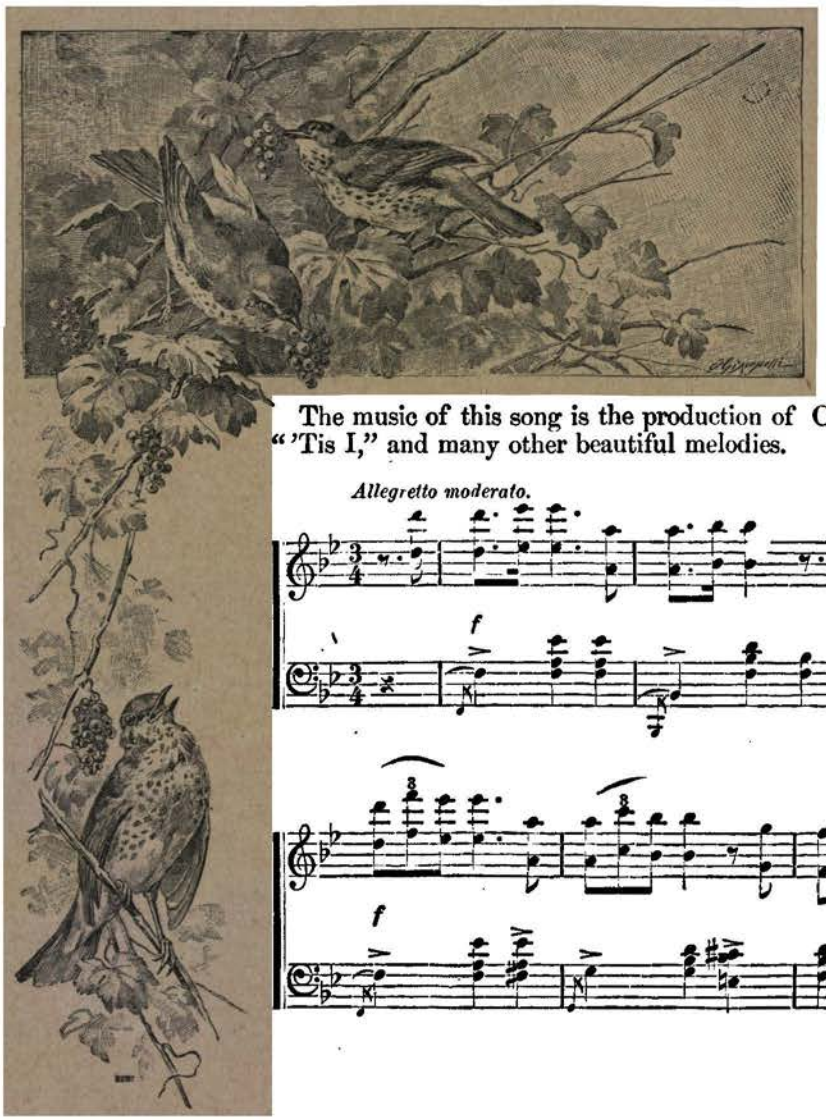

dim ed rall.
peace - - ful calm, or tem - pest tossed;..... I
He knows why we are a - part;..... And
rit.
a tempo.
on - ly know the world is wide And we two are a - part, That
may He al - ways watch o'er thee, For love, this is my prayer, And
a tempo.
thou art ab - sent from my side— I know not where thou
keep thee safe - ly, ten - - der - ly, For ev - er in His
f
art, My love! I on - - ly know that wea - - ri - ly, And
care, My love! And may - be you will think of me, Al -
f

HOME, CAN I FORGET THEE?

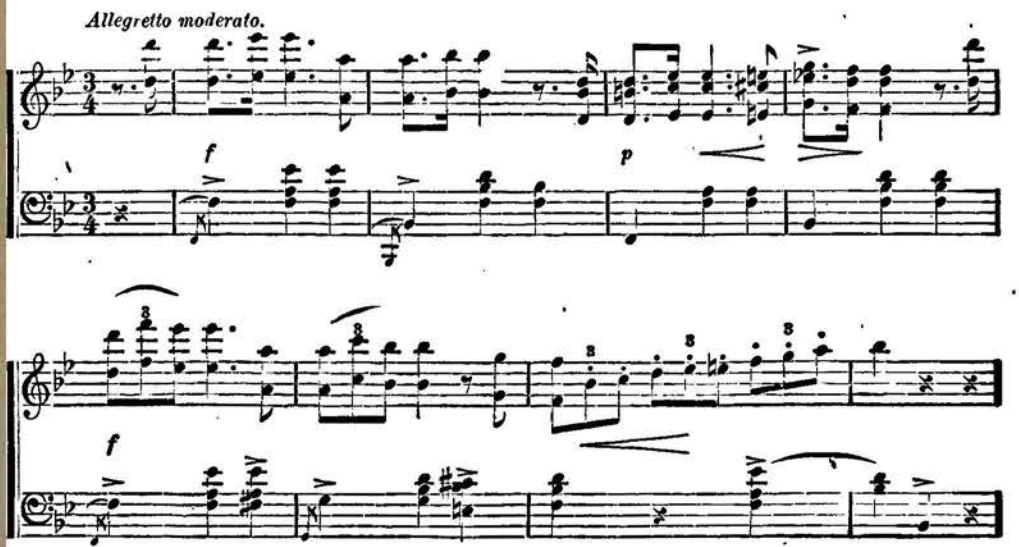
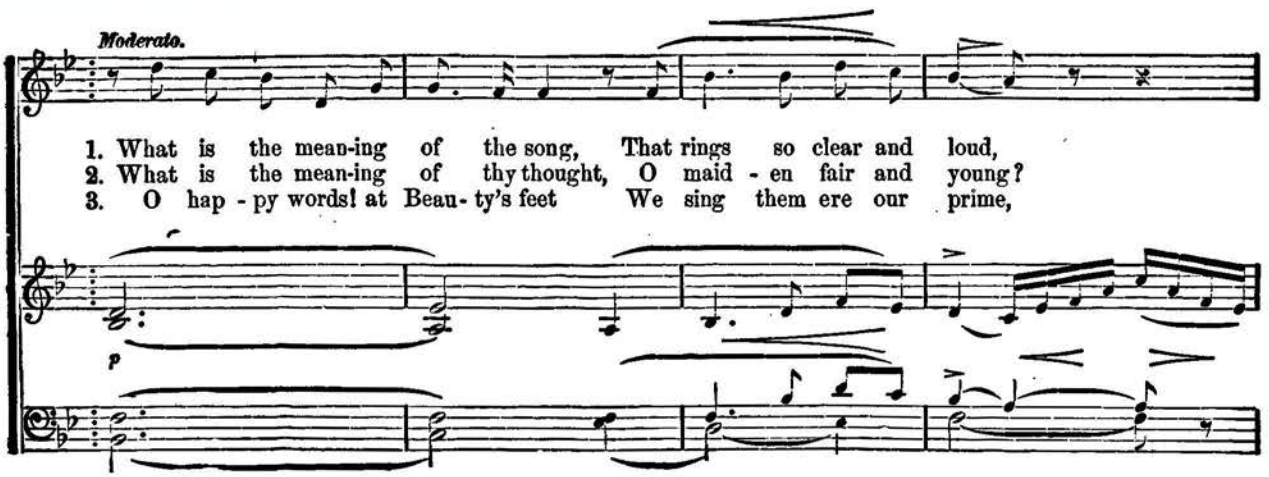
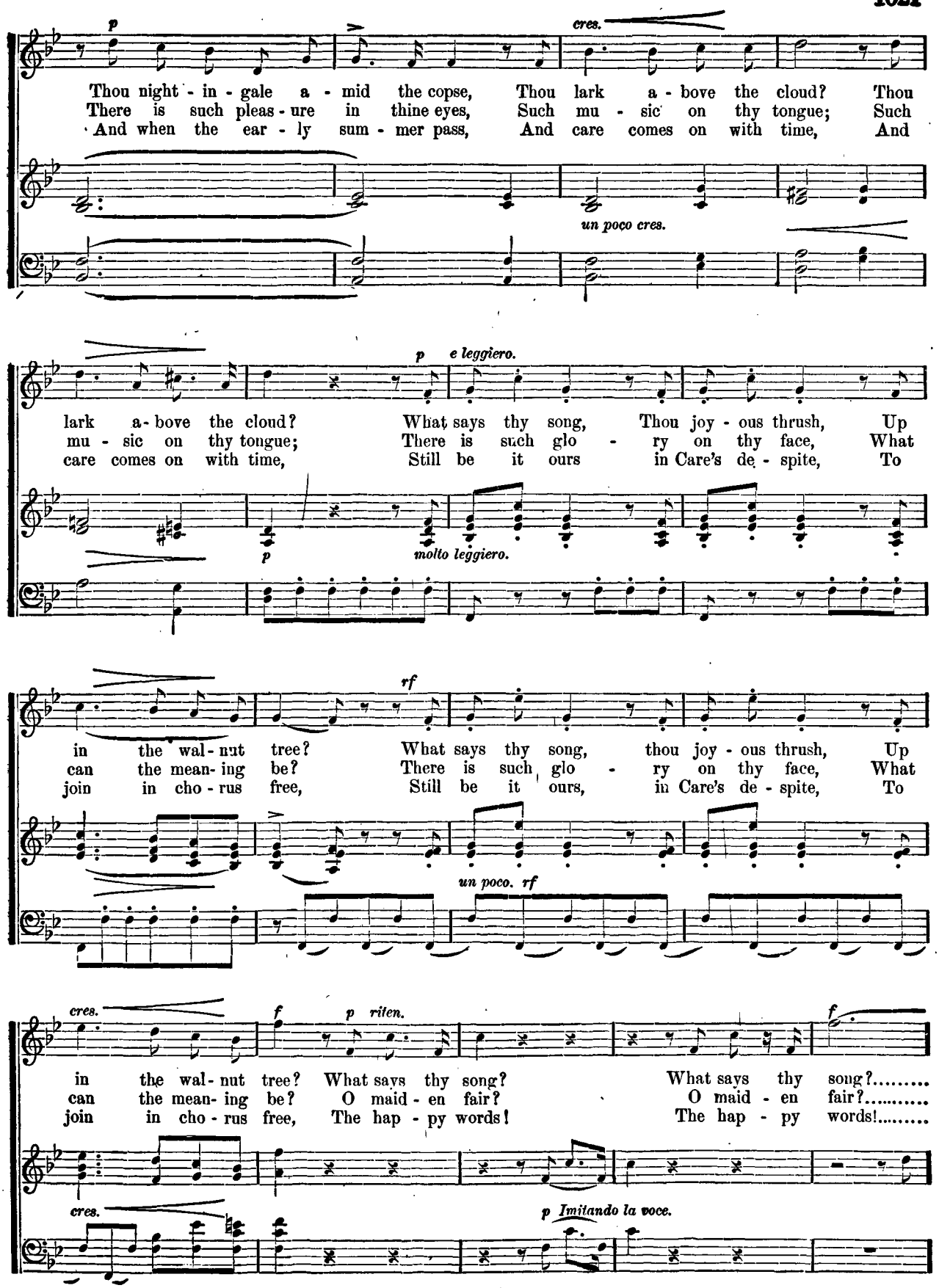
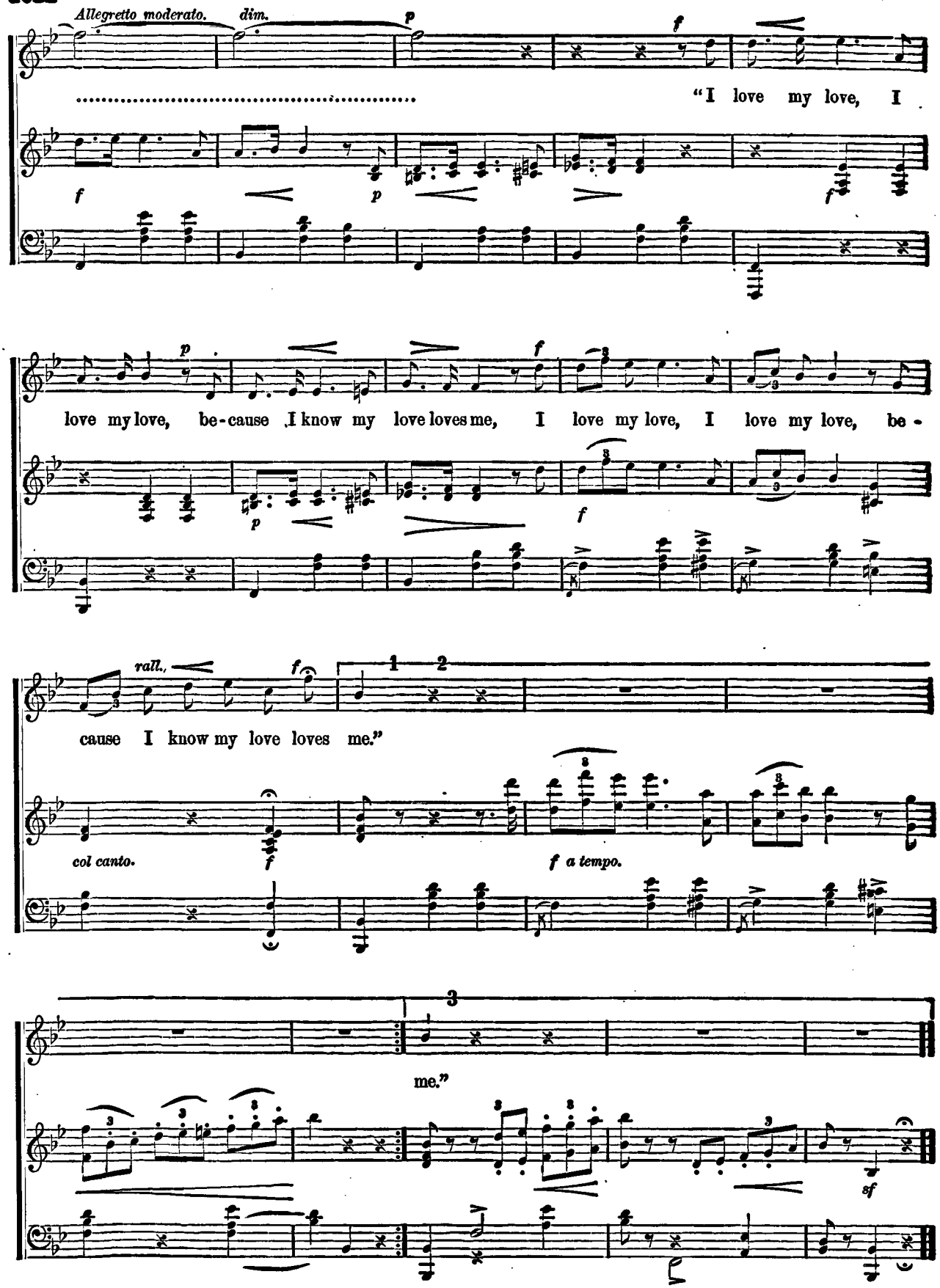

Andante.
1. Home, home, can I for - get thee, Dear, dear, dear-ly loved home? No, no, still I re-
2. Home, home, why did I leave thee? Dear, dear friends, do not mourn. Home, home, once more re-
gret thee, Tho' I may far from thee roam.
ceive me, Quickly to thee I'll re - turn.
Home, home, home, home, dear-est and hap - pi - est home.

I LOVE MY LOVE.



CHARLES MACKAY, the composer of this poem, was born in Perth, England, in 1814; and at the age of twenty he published a volume of poems, and has since become well known as a prolific writer of both prose and verse. He was, successively, editor of the *Glasgow Argus*, *Illustrated London News* and was the founder of the *London Review*. During the late Civil War he was a correspondent of the *Times*. His death took place in 1889.

The music of this song is the production of CIRO PINSUTI, the composer of "If," "'Tis I," and many other beautiful melodies.

Allegretto moderato.

Moderato.

1. What is the mean-ing of the song, That rings so clear and loud,
2. What is the mean-ing of thy thought, O maid - en fair and young?
3. O hap - py words! at Beau- ty's feet We sing them ere our prime,
p

p
cres.
Thou night - in - gale a - mid the copse, Thou lark a - bove the cloud? Thou
There is such pleas - ure in thine eyes, Such mu - sic on thy tongue; Such
And when the ear - ly sum - mer pass, And care comes on with time, And
un poco cres.
p e leggiero.
lark a - bove the cloud? What says thy song, Thou joy - ous thrush, Up
mu - sic on thy tongue; There is such glo - ry on thy face, What
care comes on with time, Still be it ours in Care's de - spite, To
p
molto leggiero.
rf
in the wal - nut tree? What says thy song, thou joy - ous thrush, Up
can the mean - ing be? There is such glo - ry on thy face, What
join in cho - rus free, Still be it ours, in Care's de - spite, To
un poco. rf
cres.
f
p riten.
f
in the wal - nut tree? What says thy song? What says thy song?.....
can the mean - ing be? O maid - en fair? O maid - en fair?.....
join in cho - rus free, The hap - py words! The hap - py words!.....
cres.
p Imitando la voce.

Allegretto moderato.
dim.
"I love my love, I
love my love, be-cause I know my love loves me, I love my love, I love my love, be-
rall.
cause I know my love loves me."
col canto.
f a tempo.
me."
sf

FLOWERS AND MUSIC.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE, author of "My Life is like the summer Rose," was born in Dublin, Ireland, September 24, 1789. Just after his birth, the family came to this country, and suffered the total loss of a considerable fortune. Mr. Wilde died, and his widow opened a milliner's store in Augusta, Georgia. Her little son, Richard Henry, was her clerk by day, and her pupil at night. He studied with delight, and rapidly developed remarkable powers. Italian literature gave him peculiar pleasure, and after serving two terms in Congress, he went to Italy, where he discovered valuable documents which threw light upon the life and times of Dante. He also learned that there was upon the wall of the chapel of Barghello, a painting by Giotto, and, finally, obtained money and permission to investigate. The white-wash had been carefully removed from two sides without result, but upon the third the painting was discovered. Wilde returned to this country, practiced law very successfully in New Orleans, and held the professorship of common law in the University of Louisiana. He died in New Orleans, September 10, 1846.

The following lyric was the subject of a long literary debate. The *North American Review* made bold charges of plagiarism, because a Greek ode had come to light, purporting to have been written by Alcæus, which contained the ideas expressed in Mr. Wilde's poem. The same article said that an almost verbatim copy of the English version had been published as originating with O'Kelly, author of the "Curse of Doneraile." The reviewer supposed both to have been translated from the Greek ode. The charge became so serious and wide-spread, that Mr. Wilde wrote to the gentleman who, he understood, had translated his song into Greek, and received in reply from Mr. Anthony Barclay, for many years a resident of Savannah, the following statements:

"I was not apprised, when I addressed you on the 9th inst., nor for some days after, that my prose translation into Greek, of your beautiful ode, beginning—

'My life is like the summer rose'

had been published. It was written for individual amusement with exclusively half a dozen acquaintance in Savannah, and without the slighest intention of its going farther. This assertion will account for the abundant defects, and they will vouch for its truth."

In a letter dated from New Orleans, February 14, 1846, and addressed to a lady in New York, Mr. Wilde explains the origin of the song. I am indebted to the lady's daughter, Mrs. Loyall Farragut, for the kind permission to copy it.

"Since you have requested it, to whom I should be ashamed to deny anything of much more consequence, I send you the lines inclosed; premising, to forestall the suspicion of vanity—that vice which so easily besets all men, especially the *irritable genus*—that my estimate of their value is very different from yours. They were written very long ago, before I had forsworn rhyming, though not before I was aware how little it contributes to one's success in life, or rather, how often it impairs one's usefulness and reputation.

"These stanzas were originally designed as part of a longer poem, which, like the life of him for whose sake I projected it, was broken off unfinished, and are far from containing, however the contrary may have been supposed, any allusion to myself. They were suggested by the story of Juan Ortez's captivity among the Indians—the last survivor of Panfilo de Narvaez's ill-fated expedition, as the locality of Tampa will evince; but finding their way to press without my consent, and much to my annoyance, even the place was changed to Tempe, and the scene thus transferred, not without a blunder, from the sea-coast of Florida to the interior of Greece.

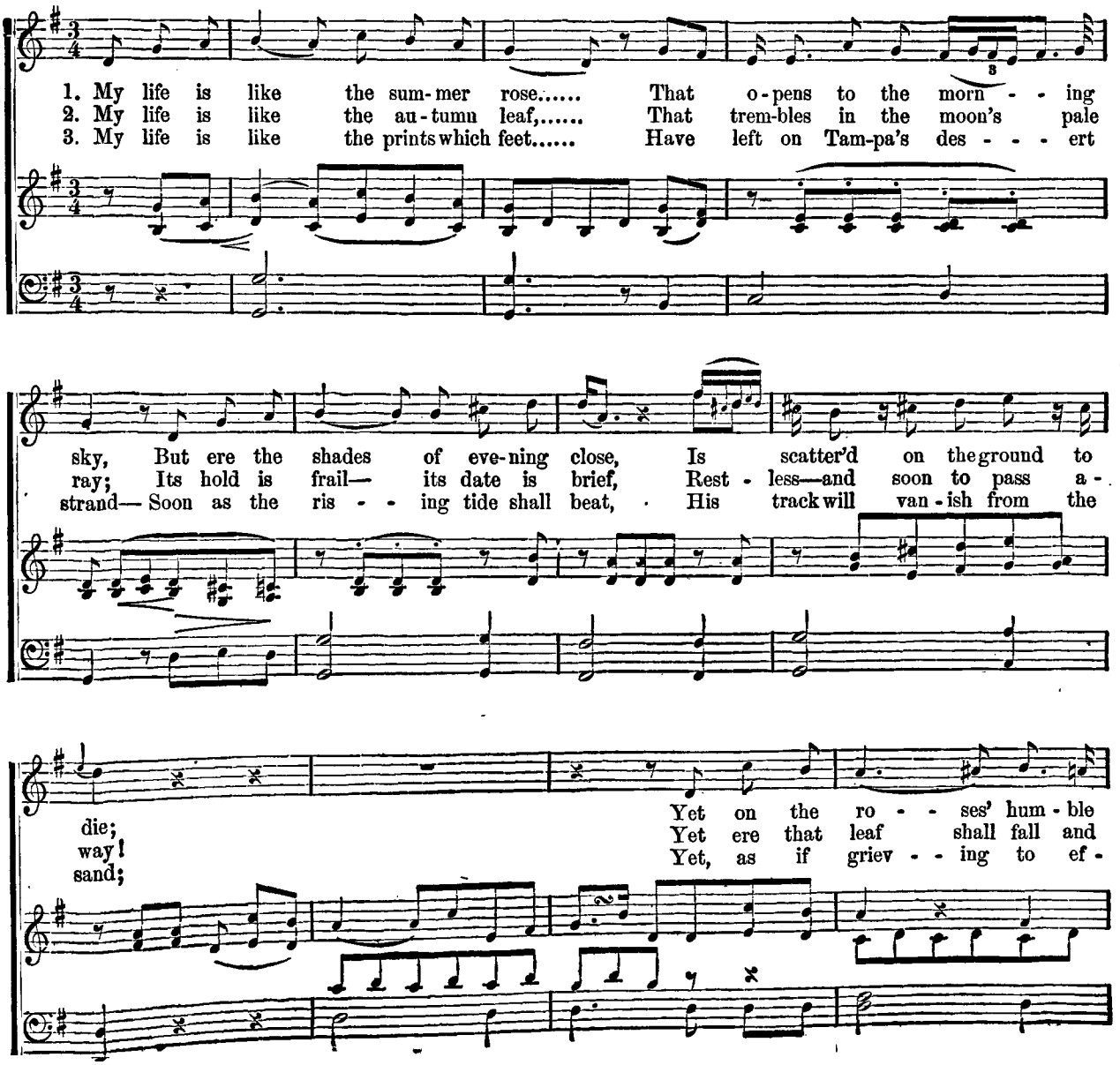
"I never could account for the interest the public has taken in this fragment, except from the circumstance that, after having long circulated unclaimed and unacknowledged, it all at once found almost as many to confess to its paternity as the 'Child of Thirty-six Fathers!' Besides its putative parents, Alcæus and O'Kelley, Captain Basil Hall has been kind enough to find a mother for it in the person of the Countess Purgstall—see his 'Schloss Hainfelt,'—which remains to this moment uncontradicted; for who would forfeit their reputation for gallantry, by robbing a dead lady's grave of one sprig of bay?"

To the autograph copy of the verses which accompanies the letter, Mr. Wilde affixes the date, 1815.

In a letter from Mr. Wilde to the New York *Mirror*, of February 28, 1835, are the following additional particulars: "My brother, the late James Wilde, was an officer of the United States, and held a subaltern rank in the expedition of Colonel John Williams against the Seminole Indians, of Florida, which first broke up their towns and stopped their atrocities. When James returned, he amused my brother, my sisters, and myself, with descriptions of the orange groves and transparent lakes, the beauty of the St. John's river, and of the woods and swamps of Florida,—a kind of fairyland, of which we then knew little, except from Bartram's ecstasies—interspersed with anecdotes of his campaign and companions. I used to laugh, and tell him I'd immortalize his exploits in an epic. Some stanzas were accordingly written, for the amusement of the family at our meeting. That, alas! was destined never to take place. He was killed in a duel. His violent and melancholy death put an end to my poem; the third stanza of the first fragment, which alludes to his fate, being all that was written afterward:

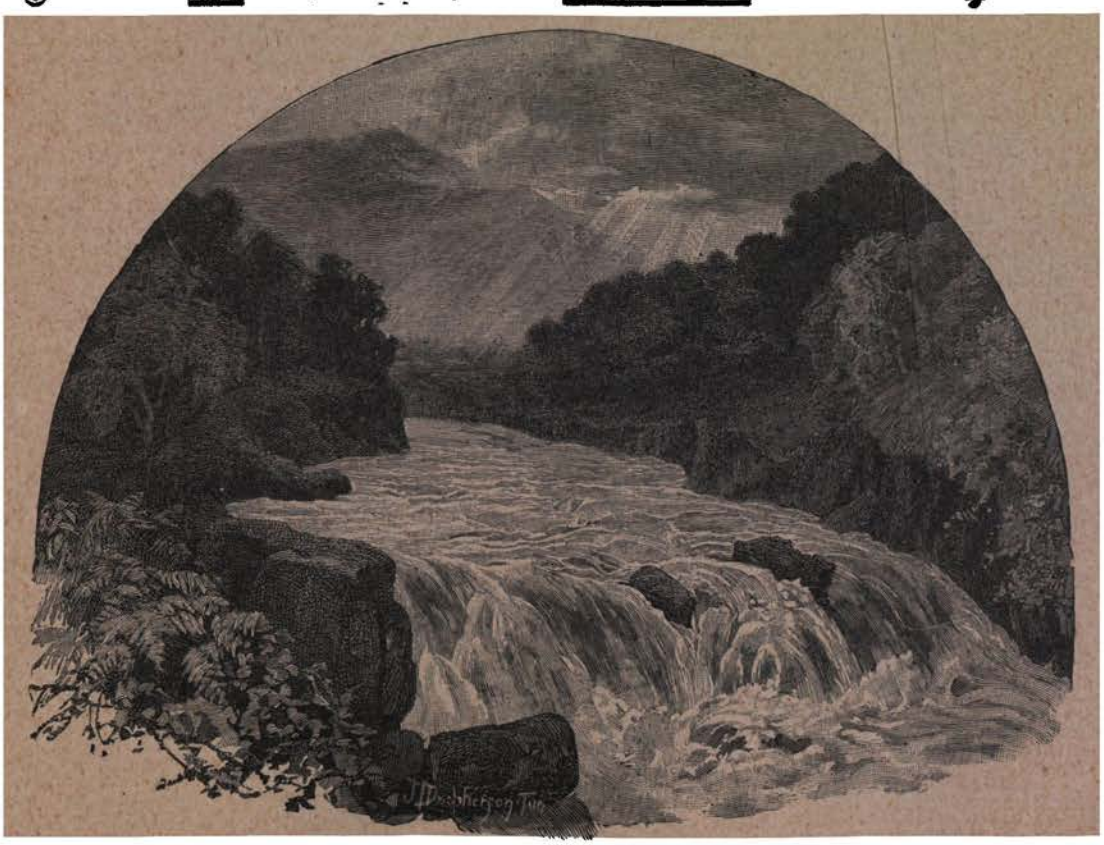
'I, too, had once a brother; he was there
Among the foremost, bravest of the brave;
To him this lay was framed with fruitless care;
Sisters for him the sigh in secret gave;
For him a mother poured the fervent prayer.
But sigh or prayer availeth not to save
A generous victim in a villain's snare:
He found a bloodly but inglorious grave,
And never nobler heart was racked by baser glaive.'

The verses, particularly the 'Lament of the Captive,' (the other title for this lyric,) were read by the family and some intimate acquaintances; among the rest, the present Secretary of State, and a gentleman, then a student of medicine, now a distinguished physician in Philadelphia. The latter after much importunity procured from me, for a lady in that city, a copy of 'My life is like the summer rose,' with an injunction against publicity,—which the lady herself did not violate; but a musical composer to whom she gave the words for the purpose of setting them, did, and they appeared, I think, first in 1815 or 1816, with my name and addition at full length, to my no small annoyance. Still, I never avowed them; and though continually republished in the newspapers with my name, and a poetical reply, I maintained that newspapers were no authority, and refused to answer further." Mr. Wilde also points to the fact that the description of the "rose" applies to a species of Florida rose, which "opens, fades, and perishes during the summer in less than twelve hours."

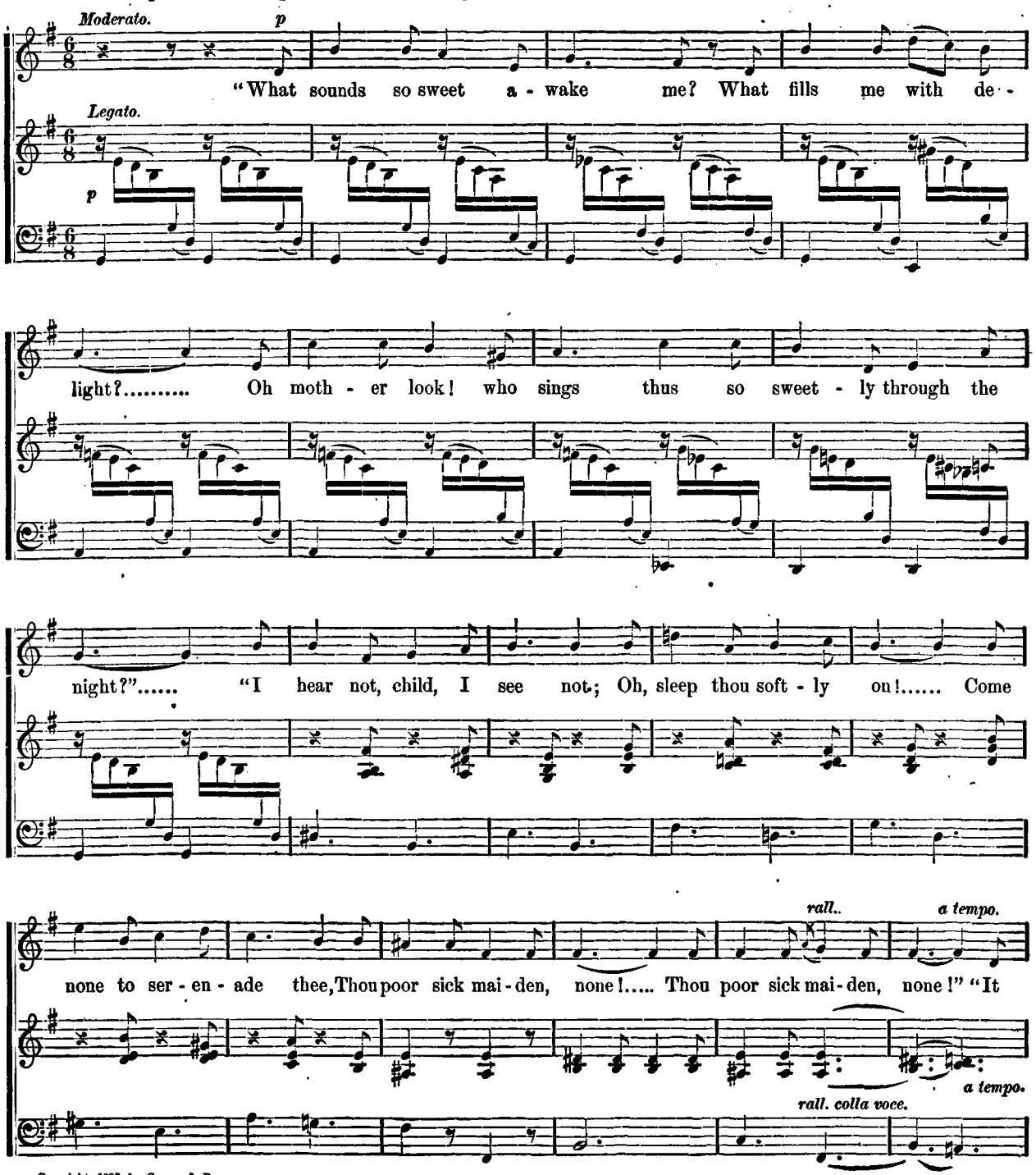
The music was composed by CHARLES THIBAULT.

1. My life is like the sum-mer rose..... That o-pens to the morn - - ing
2. My life is like the au-tumn leaf,..... That trem-bles in the moon's pale
3. My life is like the prints which feet..... Have left on Tam-pa's des - - - ert
sky, But ere the shades of eve-ning close, Is scatter'd on the ground to
ray; Its hold is frail— its date is brief, Rest - less—and soon to pass a-
strand— Soon as the ris - - ing tide shall beat, His track will van-ish from the
die;
way!
sand;
Yet on the ro - - ses' hum - ble
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and
Yet, as if griev - - ing to ef -

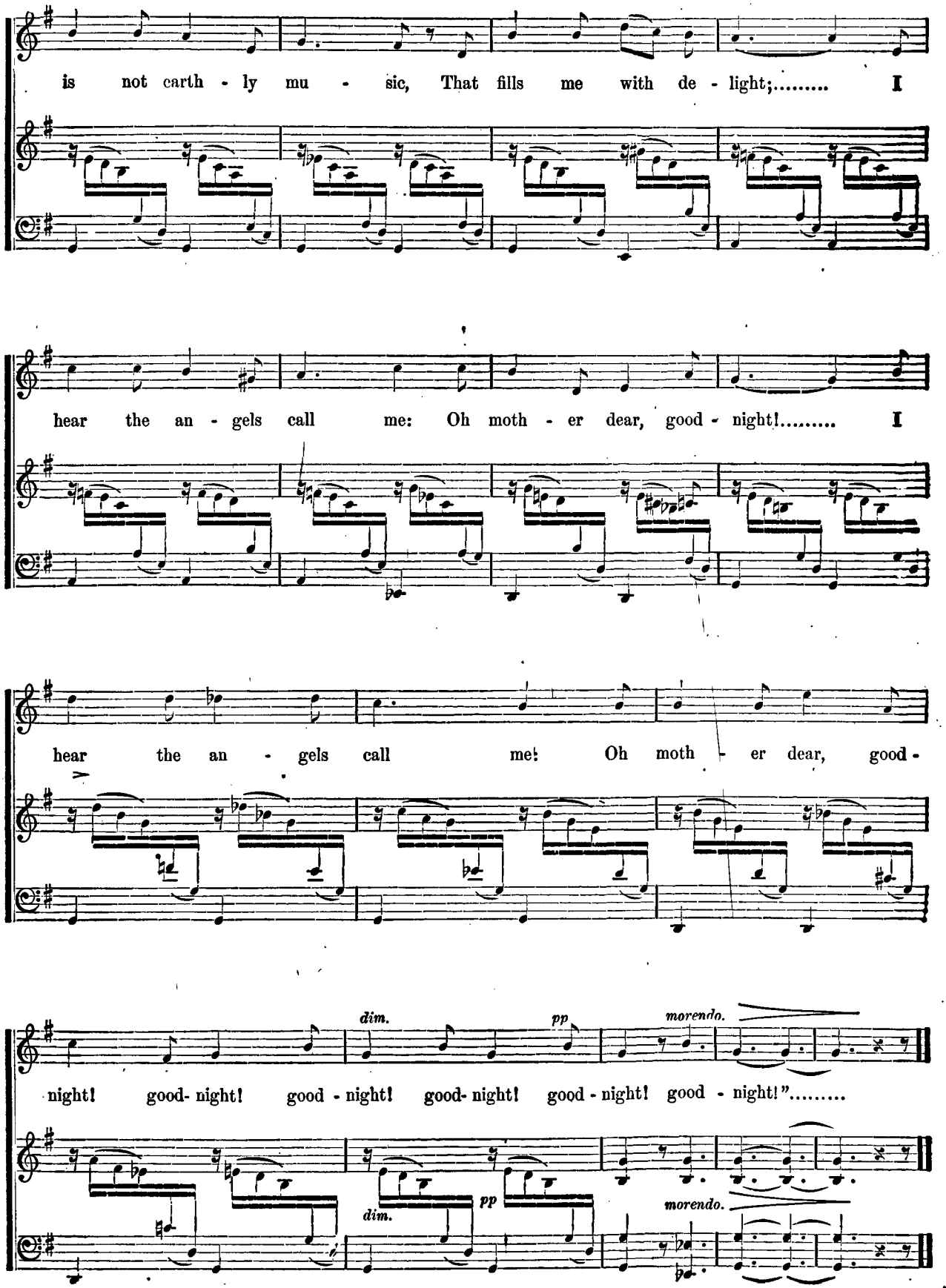
bed, The sweet - est dews of night are shed, As if she wept the waste to
fade, The par - ent tree will mourn its shade, The winds be - wail the leaf - less
face All ves - tige of the hu - man race, On that lone shore loud moans the

see, But none shall weep a tear for me!..... But none shall weep a tear for me!
tree, But none shall breathe a sigh for me!..... But none shall breathe a sigh for me!
sea, But none shall e'er la-ment for me!..... But none shall e'er la-ment for me!



SERENADE.

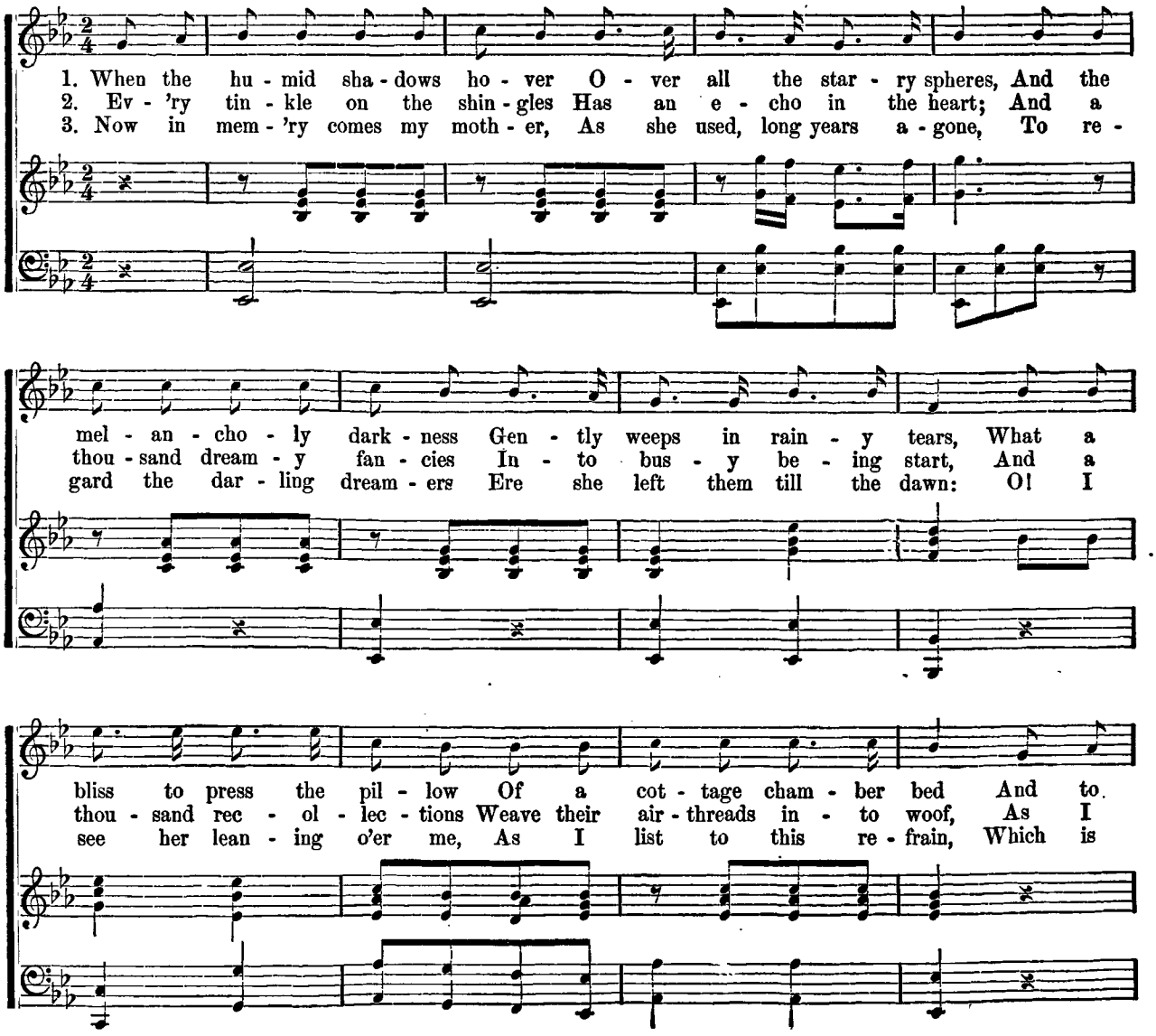
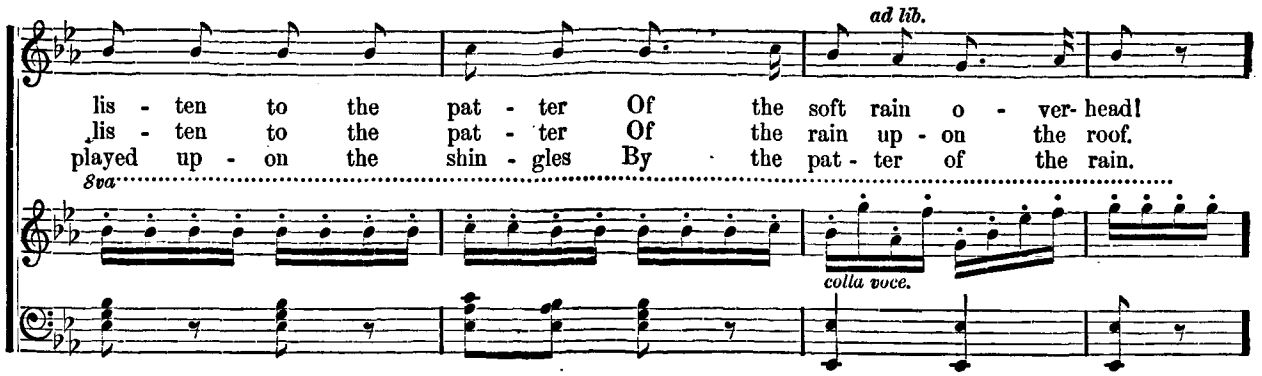
THE words of this serenade are from the German of LUDWIG UHLAND, the poet, publicist, scholar and professor of literature at Tubingen, the leader among the great poets of Germany in the nineteenth century, whose ballads are classic specimens of their kind. This serenade is a very characteristic example of the poet. The music was composed by WILLIAM K. BASSFORD, the most distinguished pupil of the veteran organist Samuel Jackson, who was a pioneer in American church music. Mr. Bassford was born in New York in 1839, and gave early promise of musical talent, the cultivation of which soon qualified him for public appearance as a solo pianist. But the exactions of the life of a travelling virtuoso were distasteful to him, and he settled in New York City as a teacher and composer, and in both achieved success and reputation. He composed many characteristic piano pieces, many songs, much excellent church music and an opera on a Spanish subject, entitled "Cassilda." He was also engaged by the widow of the celebrated William Vincent Wallace to complete that composer's unfinished opera, "Estrella."

Moderato.
p
"What sounds so sweet a - wake me? What fills me with de -
Legato.
p
light?..... Oh moth - er look! who sings thus so sweet - ly through the
night?"..... "I hear not, child, I see not; Oh, sleep thou soft - ly on!..... Come
rall..
a tempo.
none to ser - en - ade thee, Thou poor sick mai - den, none!..... Thou poor sick mai - den, none!" "It
a tempo.
rall. colla voce.

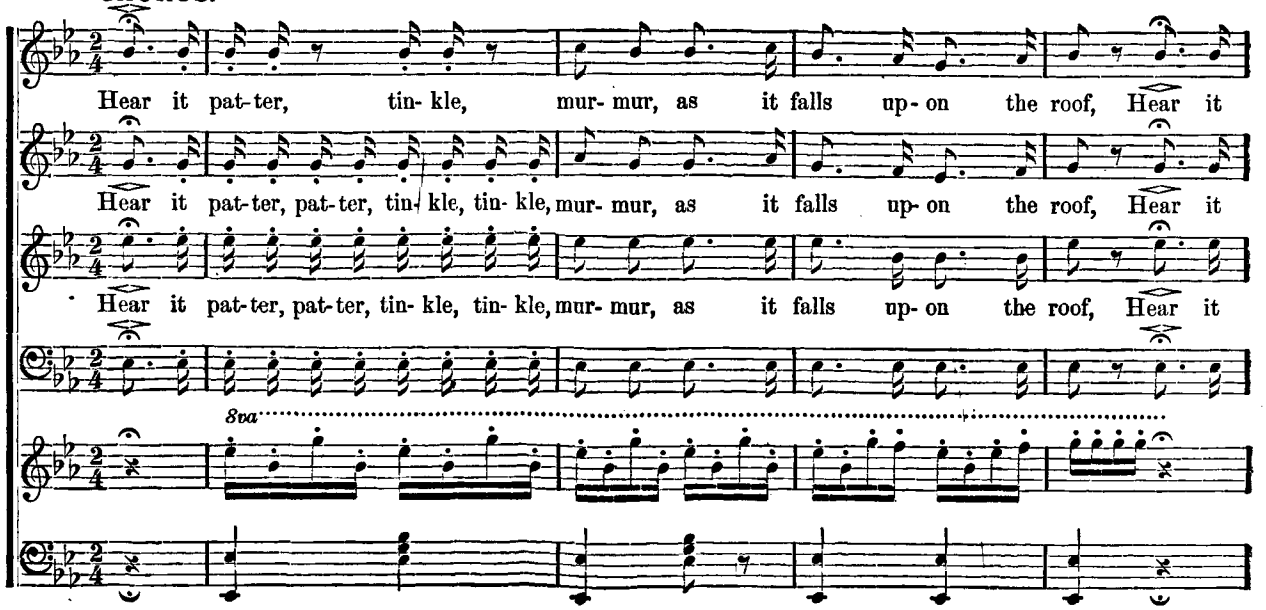
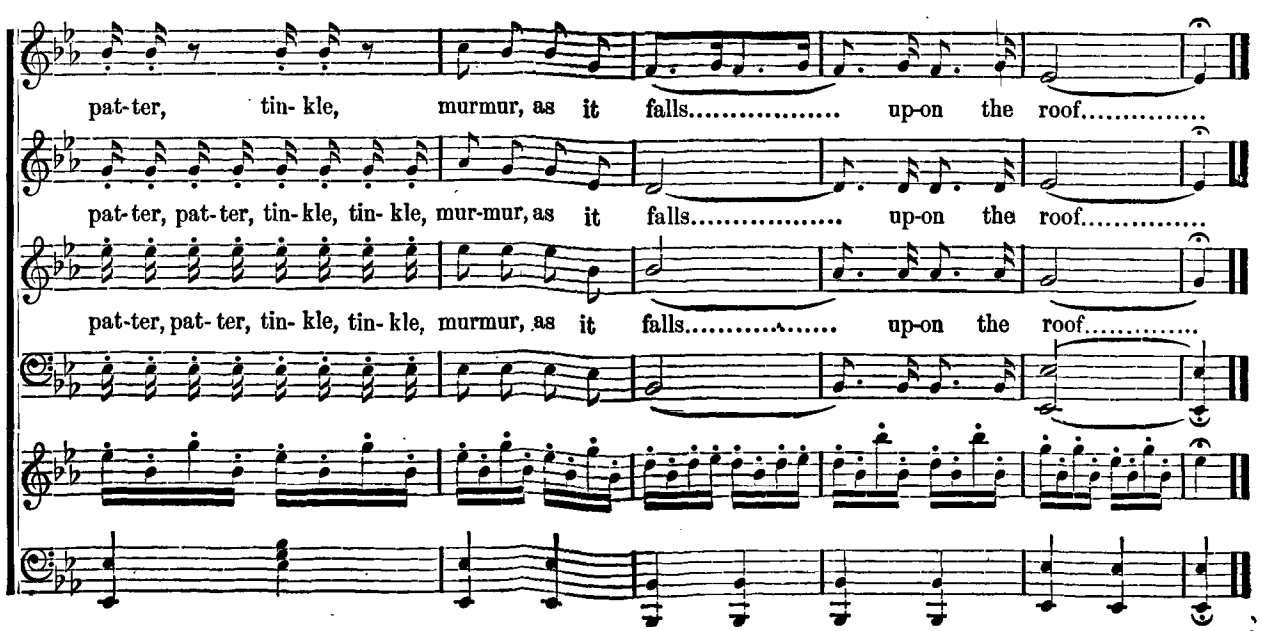
Copyright, 1897, by George J. Bryan.

is not earth - ly mu - sic, That fills me with de - light;..... I
hear the an - gels call me: Oh moth - er dear, good - night!..... I
hear the an - gels call me! Oh moth - er dear, good -
dim.
pp
morendo.
night! good- night! good - night! good- night! good - night! good - night!".....
dim.
pp
morendo.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

COATES KINNEY, author of "Rain on the Roof," was born in Yates County, N. Y., November 24, 1826. He obtained a liberal education, and became a teacher, an editor, and a lawyer. During the war, he was a paymaster in the national army, and at its close he left the service with the brevet of lieutenant-colonel. He was editor and proprietor of the Xenia, O., *Torchlight*, in 1865–'7, and editor-in-chief of the Cincinnati *Times* in 1868. He afterward practiced law in Xenia. He published two volumes of poems.

Mr. Kinney gives this account of the origin of the song: "The verses were written when I was about twenty years of age, as nearly as I can remember. They were inspired close to the rafters of a little story-and-a-half frame house. The language, as first published, was not composed,—it *came*. I had just a little more to do with it than I had with the coming of the rain. The poem, in its entirety, came and asked me to put it down, the next afternoon, in the course of a solitary and aimless squandering of a young man's precious time along a no-whither road through a summer wood. Every word of it is a fact, and a tremendous heart-throb."

The verses were sent to Emerson Bennett, at that time editor of *The Columbian*, at Cincinnati, who threw them aside, as not being quite up to the *Columbian's* standard! A few days later, the publisher of the paper, Mr. Penrose Jones, rummaging in the drawers of rejected manuscripts, came across Mr. Kinney's, and, holding it up, wanted to know "What the dickens do you mean, Mr. Bennett, by putting this in here?" The next day it went into print in the *Columbian*, and immediately afterward, to the surprise and disgust of Mr. Bennett, it went all over the world. These words have been set to music by various composers. We give here the version of JAMES G. CLARK.

1. When the hu - mid sha - dows ho - ver O - ver all the star - ry spheres, And the
2. Ev - 'ry tin - kle on the shin - gles Has an e - cho in the heart; And a
3. Now in mem - 'ry comes my moth - er, As she used, long years a - gone, To re -
mel - an - cho - ly dark - ness Gen - tly weeps in rain - y tears, What a
thou - sand dream - y fan - cies In - to bus - y be - ing start, And a
gard the dar - ling dream - ers Ere she left them till the dawn: O! I
bliss to press the pil - low Of a cot - tage cham - ber bed And to
thou - sand rec - ol - lec - tions Weave their air - threads in - to woof, As I
see her lean - ing o'er me, As I list to this re - frain, Which is

ad lib.
lis - ten to the pat - ter Of the soft rain o - ver-head!
lis - ten to the pat - ter Of the rain up - on the roof.
played up - on the shin - gles By the pat - ter of the rain.
8va
colla voce.

CHORUS.

Hear it pat-ter, tin- kle, mur- mur, as it falls up- on the roof, Hear it
Hear it pat-ter, pat-ter, tin- kle, tin- kle, mur- mur, as it falls up- on the roof, Hear it
Hear it pat-ter, pat-ter, tin- kle, tin- kle, mur- mur, as it falls up- on the roof, Hear it
8va

pat-ter, tin- kle, murmur, as it falls..... up-on the roof.....
pat-ter, pat-ter, tin-kle, tin- kle, mur-mur, as it falls..... up-on the roof.....
pat-ter, pat- ter, tin- kle, tin-kle, murmur, as it falls..... up-on the roof.....

When the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
What a bliss to press the pillow
Of a cottage-chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead!

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart;
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start;
And a thousand recollections
Weave their air-threads into woof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in memory comes my mother,
As she used, long years agone,
To regard the darling dreamers
Ere she left them till the dawn:
O! I see her leaning o'er me,
As I list to this refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
With her wings and waving hair,
And her star-eyed cherub brother—
A serene angelic pair!—
Glide around my wakeful pillow,
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

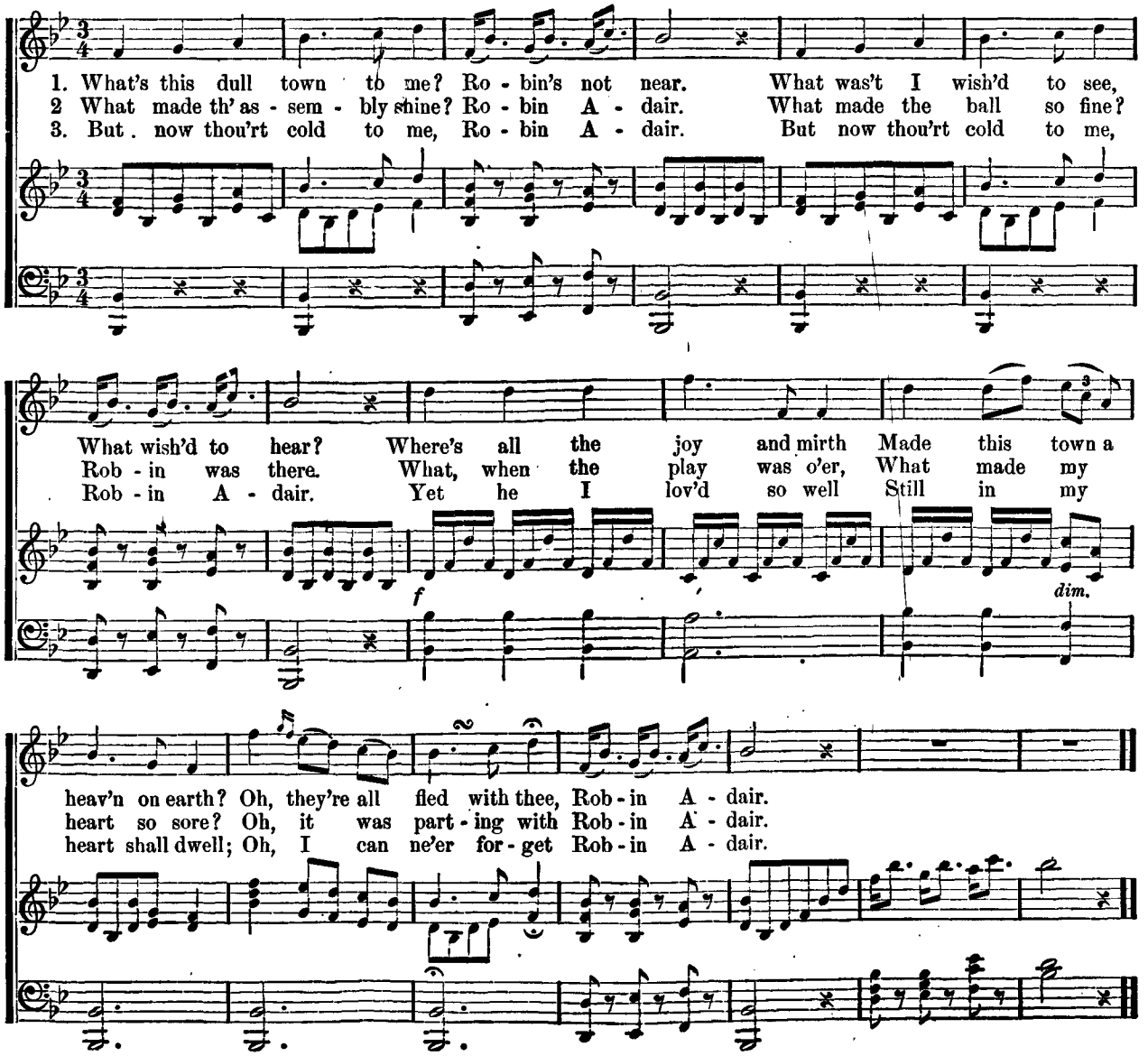
And another comes, to thrill me
With her eyes' delicious blue;
And I mind not, musing on her,
That her heart was all untrue:
I remember but to love her
With a passion kin to pain,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate
To the patter of the rain.

Art hath naught of tone or cadence
That can work with such a spell
In the soul's mysterious fountains,
Whence the tears of rapture well,
As that melody of Nature,
That subdued, subduing strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

ROBIN ADAIR.

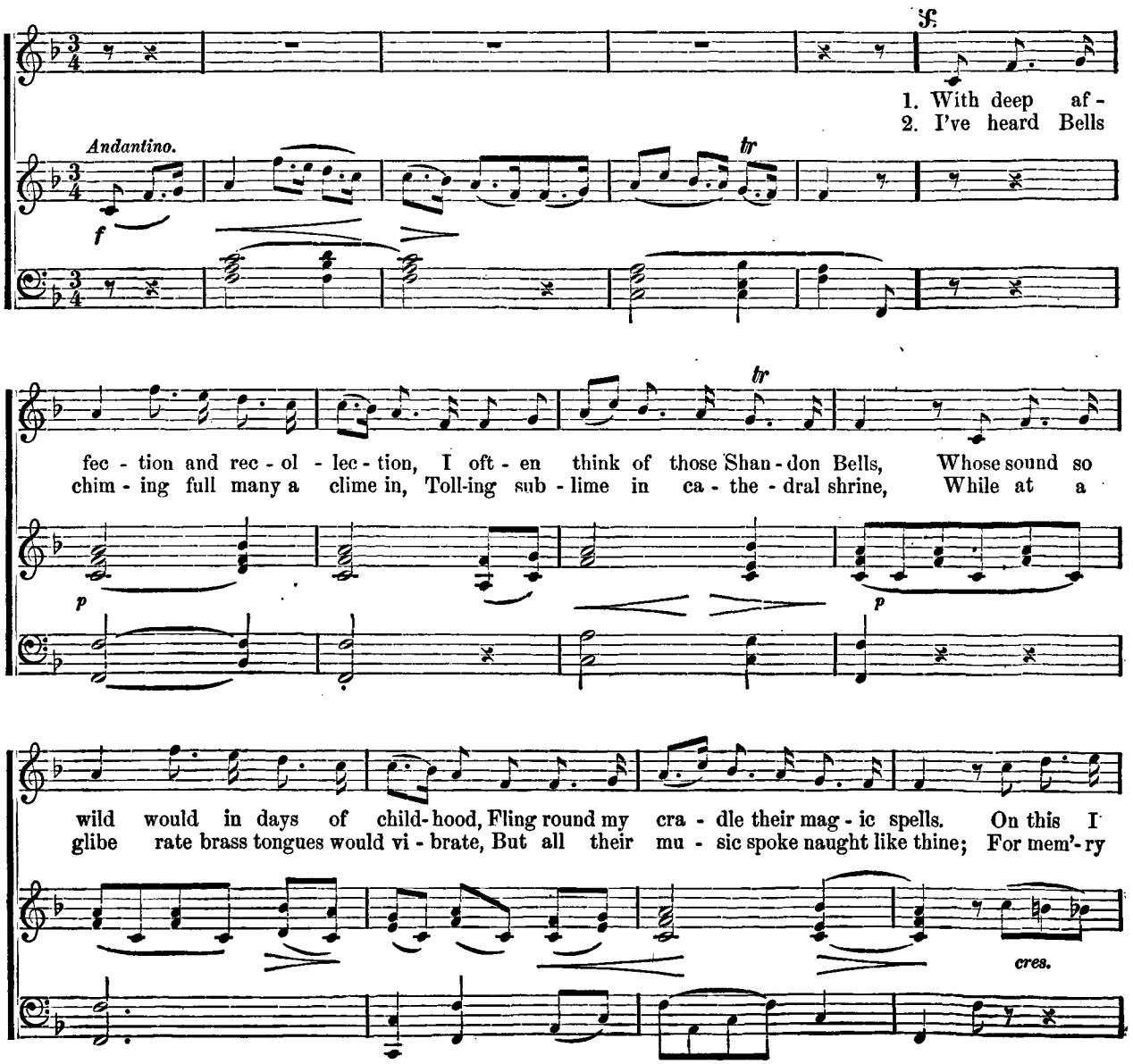
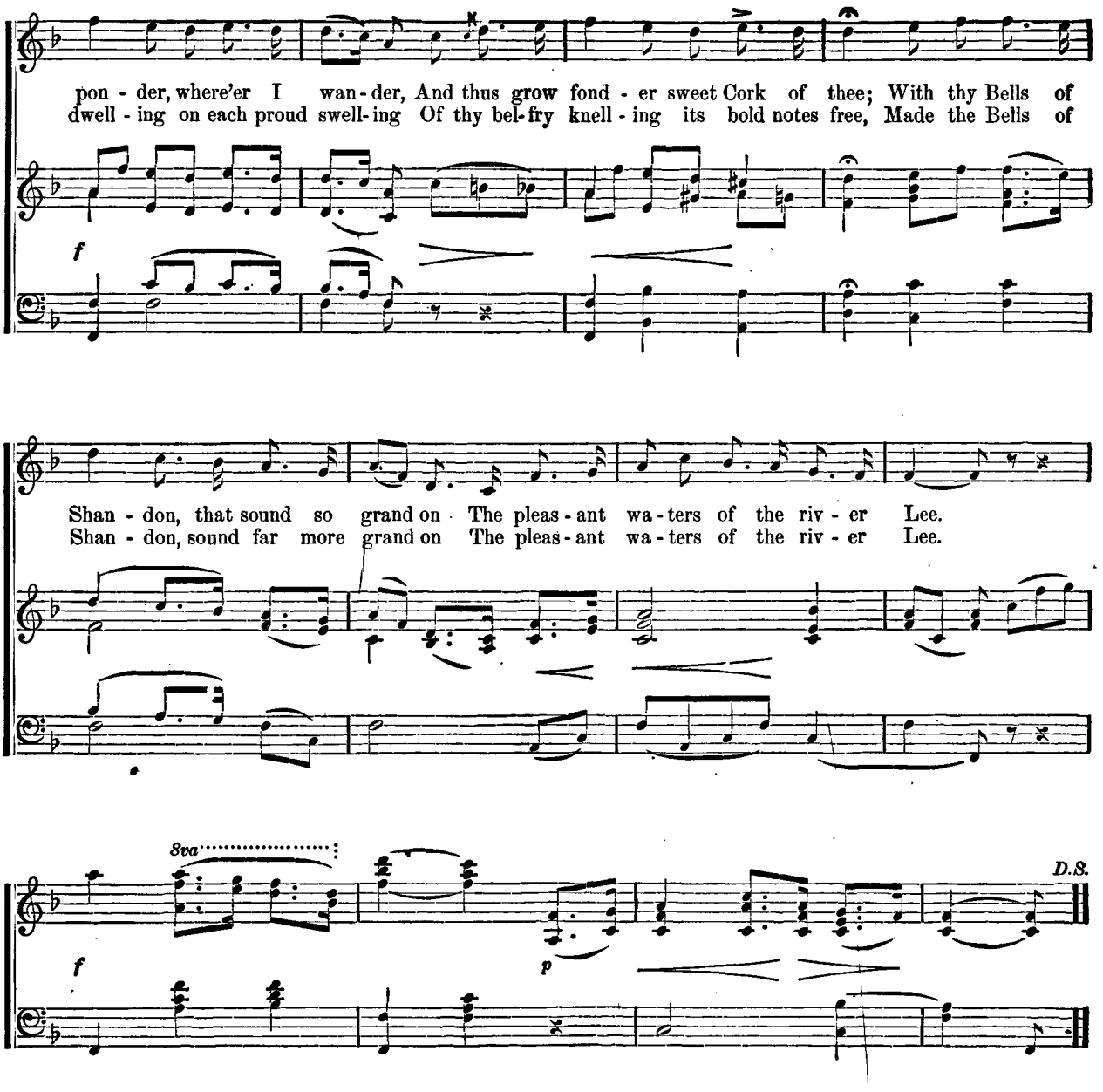
ROBERT ADAIR was born in Ireland, about 1715. He was educated as a surgeon, and practised in Dublin; but, being involved in a scandalous affair, was compelled to quit the country, and went to England. Near Holyhead occurred the first of a series of incidents, which finally gave him the title of "the fortunate Irishman." The carriage of a lady of fashion was overturned, and Adair ran to her assistance. Being somewhat hurt, she requested him to travel with her to London, and on their arrival there, she gave him a fee of a hundred guineas, and a general invitation to her house. There he met LADY CAROLINE KEPPEL, second daughter of the second Earl of Albemarle, and sister of the celebrated Admiral Keppel.

Lady Caroline is said to have fallen in love with Adair at first sight. Adair promptly followed up his advantage, to the dismay of her family, who tried every possible expedient to break off her attachment. These included several journeys, on one of which, at Bath, she is said to have written the words of this song, and set them to a tune which she had heard him sing. The air is claimed by both the Irish and the Scotch.

The family finally gave up their opposition, when they saw that her health was affected; the lovers were married. After a few happy years, the lady died, leaving three children. Adair (who never married again) was a favorite of George III., and was made, successively, Inspector General of Military Hospitals, Surgeon General, King's Sergeant Surgeon, and Surgeon of Chelsea Hospital. He died in 1790. Their only son, the Right Honorable Sir Robert Adair, G. C. B., died in 1855, at the age of ninety-two. He was distinguished as a diplomatist, and is said to have been the original of the character of *Rogero*, in Canning's "Rovers."

1. What's this dull town to me? Ro - bin's not near. What was't I wish'd to see,
2 What made th' as - sem - bly shine? Ro - bin A - dair. What made the ball so fine?
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro - bin A - dair. But now thou'rt cold to me,
What wish'd to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth Made this town a
Rob - in was there. What, when the play was o'er, What made my
Rob - in A - dair. Yet he I lov'd so well Still in my
f
dim.
heav'n on earth? Oh, they're all fled with thee, Rob - in A - dair.
heart so sore? Oh, it was part - ing with Rob - in A - dair.
heart shall dwell; Oh, I can ne'er for - get Rob - in A - dair.

BELLS OF SHANDON.

ONE of the most interesting but erratic figures in the literary life of the Nineteenth Century, was the REV. FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY—better known by his pen-name of FATHER PROUT—who wrote the words of this well-known song. He was born at Cork, Ireland, in 1804. In opposition to his father's wishes, he followed his youthful desire to become a member of the Jesuit order; to which he was admitted at Rome, but was subsequently dismissed. In 1832 he took priest's orders at Cork, and presently went to London. But his clerical labors were brief—his interests proved to be chiefly literary. For several years he was an active contributor to *Fraser*, *Bentley's Miscellany* (during the editorship of Dickens,) and other magazines. In 1838 he began to rove about the world; in 1846 was at Rome as correspondent of the London *Daily News*; and in 1848 went to Paris, where he lived the life of a recluse, but wrote for various literary journals of England, including *The Globe*, of which he was part owner. He died in Paris in 1866. His fame rests on his early contributions to *Fraser*, over the signature of "Father Prout." These consisted of entertaining comments on current literature, parodies on the poets of the day, and original lyrics—"The Bells of Shandon" being one of these. He had great facility in the writing of Latin verse and prose, and much of his English poetry was both thoughtful and graceful, though some of it came perilously close to being mere metrical jingle.

The music is the old air which has become known, from its association with Millikin's fantastic verses, as "The Groves of Blarney."

Andantino.
f
tr
1. With deep af-
2. I've heard Bells
fec - tion and rec - ol - lec - tion, I oft - en think of those Shan - don Bells, Whose sound so
chim - ing full many a clime in, Toll-ing sub - lime in ca - the - dral shrine, While at a
p
wild would in days of child-hood, Fling round my cra - dle their mag - ic spells. On this I
glibe rate brass tongues would vi - brate, But all their mu - sic spoke naught like thine; For mem'-ry
cres.

pon - der, where'er I wan - der, And thus grow fond - er sweet Cork of thee; With thy Bells of
dwell - ing on each proud swell - ing Of thy bel - fry knell - ing its bold notes free, Made the Bells of
f
Shan - don, that sound so grand on The pleas - ant wa - ters of the riv - er Lee.
Shan - don, sound far more grand on The pleas - ant wa - ters of the riv - er Lee.
8va
f
p
D.S.

With deep affection and recollection,
I often think of those Shandon Bells,
Whose sound so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder sweet Cork of thee;
With thy Bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard Bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,
While at a glibe rate brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music spoke naught like thine;
For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the Bells of Shandon, sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling "Old Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious,
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter, than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
O! the Bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kiosk, O,
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air, calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom, I freely grant them,
But there's an anthem more dear to me,
'Tis the Bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

LOCH LOMOND.

THE BONNIE BANKS OF LOCH LOMOND.

THE sadly sweet song "The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond" is a genuine heather blossom. A Scottish editor, in a private letter, says that the tune is almost identical with that of "The Bonnie House of Airlie," sung by Barrie's gipsyish heroine in his novel "The Little Minister;" and that it is the same as the tune used for "The Wells o' Wearie." "The song," says this writer, "is a universal favorite with us. The last time I heard it sung was in Brooklyn, by Edith Ross of McFarlane's Scotch Company; and it brought the tears to the eyes of many of my countrymen."

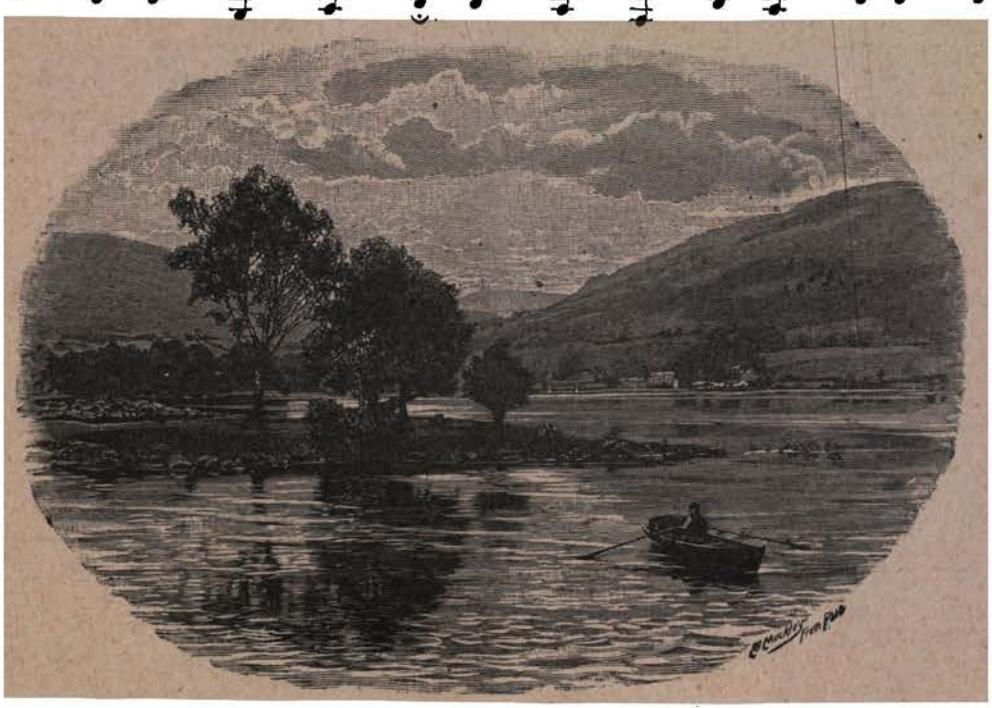
1. By yon bon - nie banks, And by yon bon - nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo - - mond, Where
2. 'Twas then that we part - ed In yon sha - dy glen, On the steep, steep side of Ben Lo - - mond, Where
3. The wee bir - die sang And the wild flow - ers spring, And in sun - shine the wa - ters are sleep - - ing, But the

me and my true love Were ev - er wont to gae On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.
in pur - ple hue The Highland hills we view, And the moon com-ing out in the gloam - ing.
broken heart it kens Nae sec-ond Spring a-gain, Tho' the wae-ful may cease frae their greet - ing.

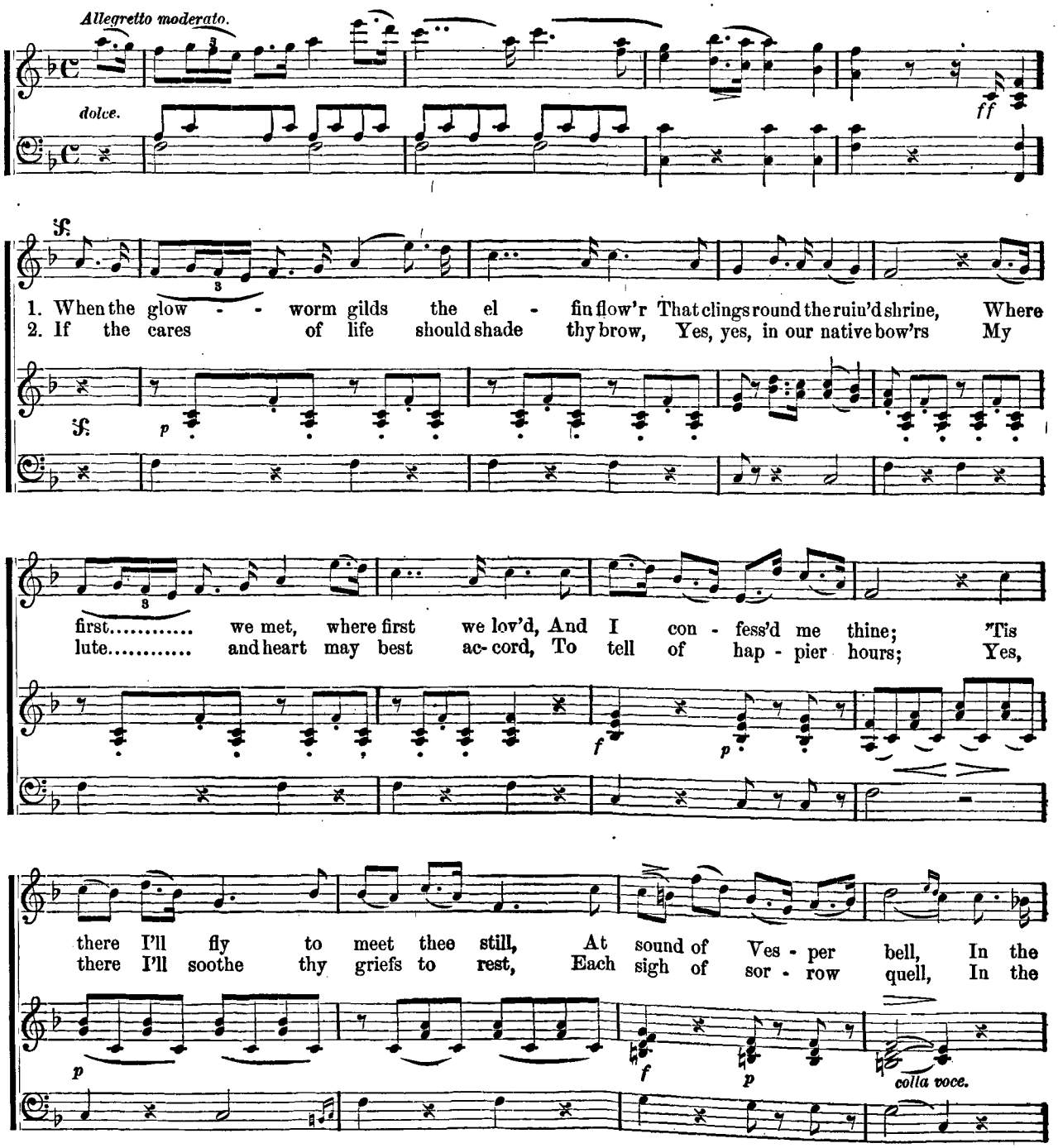
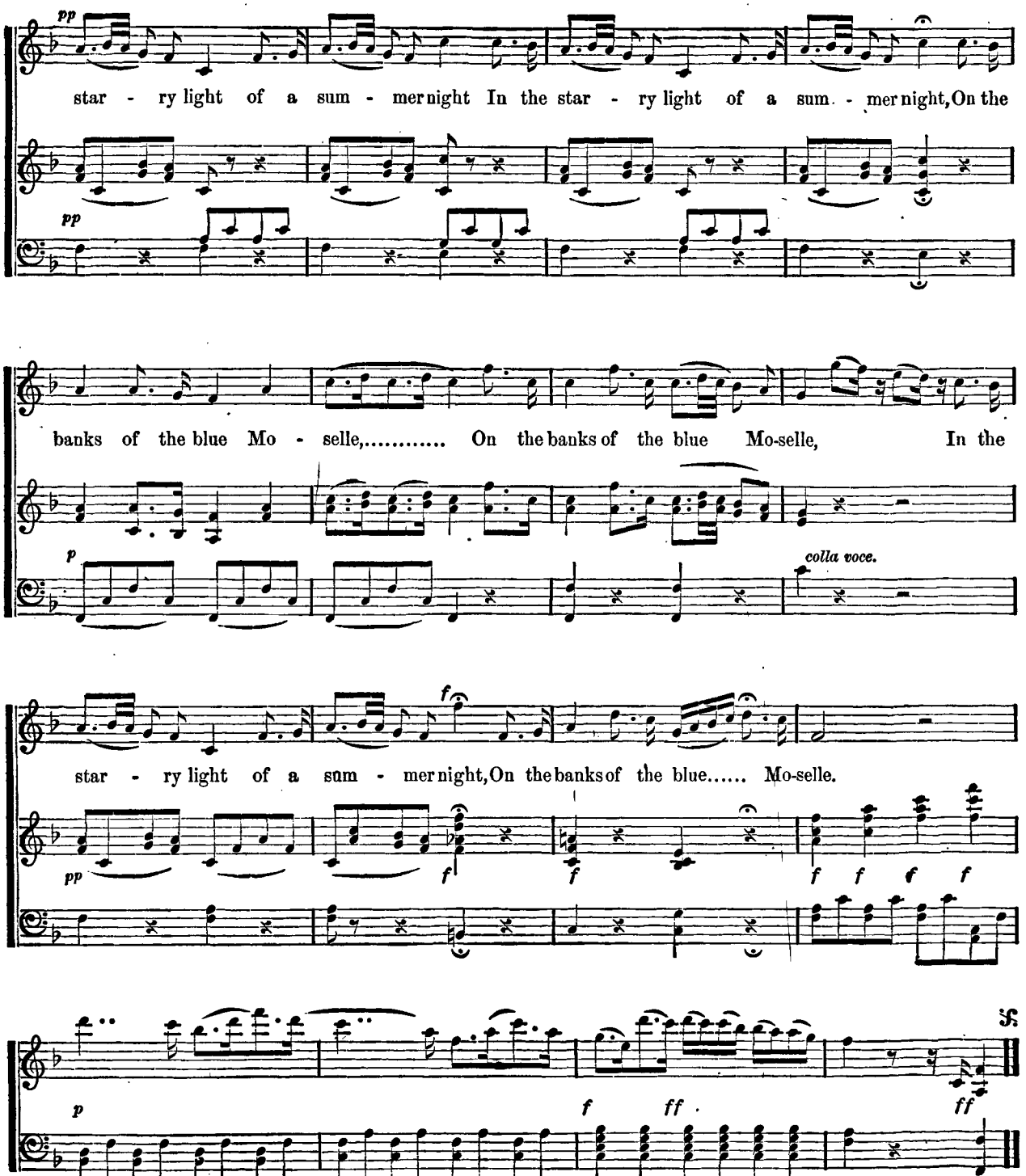
Brisker.

Oh! ye'll tak' the high-road and I'll tak' the low-road, And I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye, But

me and my true love will nev - er meet a - gain On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo - mond....



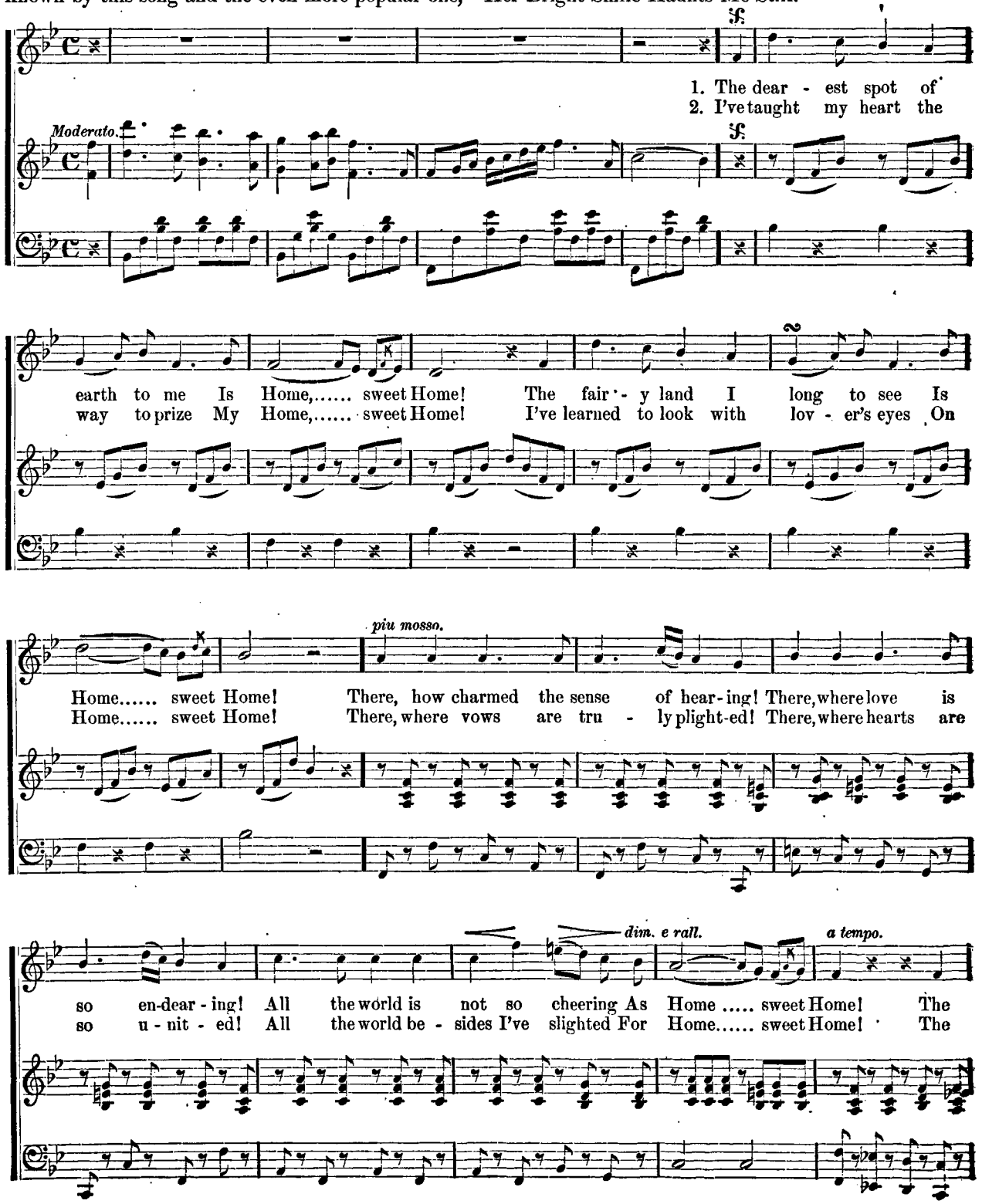
THE BANKS OF THE BLUE MOSELLE.

GEORGE HERBERT BONAPARTE RODWELL, the composer of this song, was born in 1800, in London, where he was well and favorably known as a composer and *litterateur*. He inherited in 1825 a part interest in the Adelphi Theatre which had belonged to his father, Thomas Rodwell. His wife was a daughter of John Liston, the comedian. In 1836 he became musical director at Covent Garden. For the stage he wrote many operas, successful in their day but now forgotten, and composed a great number of songs to the words of EDWARD FITZBALL, of which the present example is one. The popularity of his music extended to all classes. He was associated with Barnett and Bishop in the attempt to get a National English opera established. Several text books on harmony were published by him. He was the author also of sundry farces and dramatic pieces—one of them written for Tyrone Power—and of three novels, "Old London Bridge," "Woman's Love," and "Memoirs of an Umbrella," which were popular. Rodwell died Jan. 22, 1852.

Allegretto moderato.
dolce.
ff
1. When the glow - - worm gilds the el - fin flow'r That clings round the ruin'd shrine, Where
2. If the cares of life should shade thy brow, Yes, yes, in our native bow'rs My
p
first..... we met, where first we lov'd, And I con - fess'd me thine; 'Tis
lute..... and heart may best ac- cord, To tell of hap - pier hours; Yes,
f
p
there I'll fly to meet thee still, At sound of Ves - per bell, In the
there I'll soothe thy griefs to rest, Each sigh of sor - row quell, In the
p
f
p
colla voce.

pp
star - ry light of a sum - mer night In the star - ry light of a sum - mer night, On the
pp
banks of the blue Mo - selle,..... On the banks of the blue Mo-selle, In the
p
colla voce.
star - ry light of a sum - mer night, On the banks of the blue..... Mo-selle.
pp
f
f
f f f f
p
f
ff
ff

When the glow-worm gilds the elfin flower
That clings round the ruined shrine,
Where first we met, where first we loved,
And I confessed me thine;
'Tis there I'll fly to meet thee still,
At sound of Vesper bell,
In the starry light of a summer night,
On the banks of the blue Moselle.

If the cares of life should shade thy brow,
Yes, yes, in our native bowers
My lute and heart may best accord,
To tell of happier hours;
Yes, there I'll soothe thy griefs to rest,
Each sigh of sorrow quell,
In the starry light of a summer night,
On the banks of the blue Moselle.

THE DEAREST SPOT OF EARTH.

ONE of the most familiar of modern home ballads, this song has long been popular in England and America. The sentiment, the charm of the simple melody, and the hold it takes on the memory, sufficiently account for this popularity. It was one of a few highly successful compositions of an English musician of so early a day that he was old man when he died in 1880. This was W. T. WRIGHTON, who continues to be known by this song and the even more popular one, "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still."

Moderato.
1. The dear - est spot of
2. I've taught my heart the
earth to me Is Home,..... sweet Home! The fair - y land I long to see Is
way to prize My Home,..... sweet Home! I've learned to look with lov - er's eyes On
piu mosso.
Home..... sweet Home! There, how charmed the sense of hear-ing! There, where love is
Home..... sweet Home! There, where vows are tru - ly plight-ed! There, where hearts are
dim. e rall.
a tempo.
so en-dear - ing! All the world is not so cheering As Home ..... sweet Home! The
so u - nit - ed! All the world be - sides I've slighted For Home..... sweet Home! The

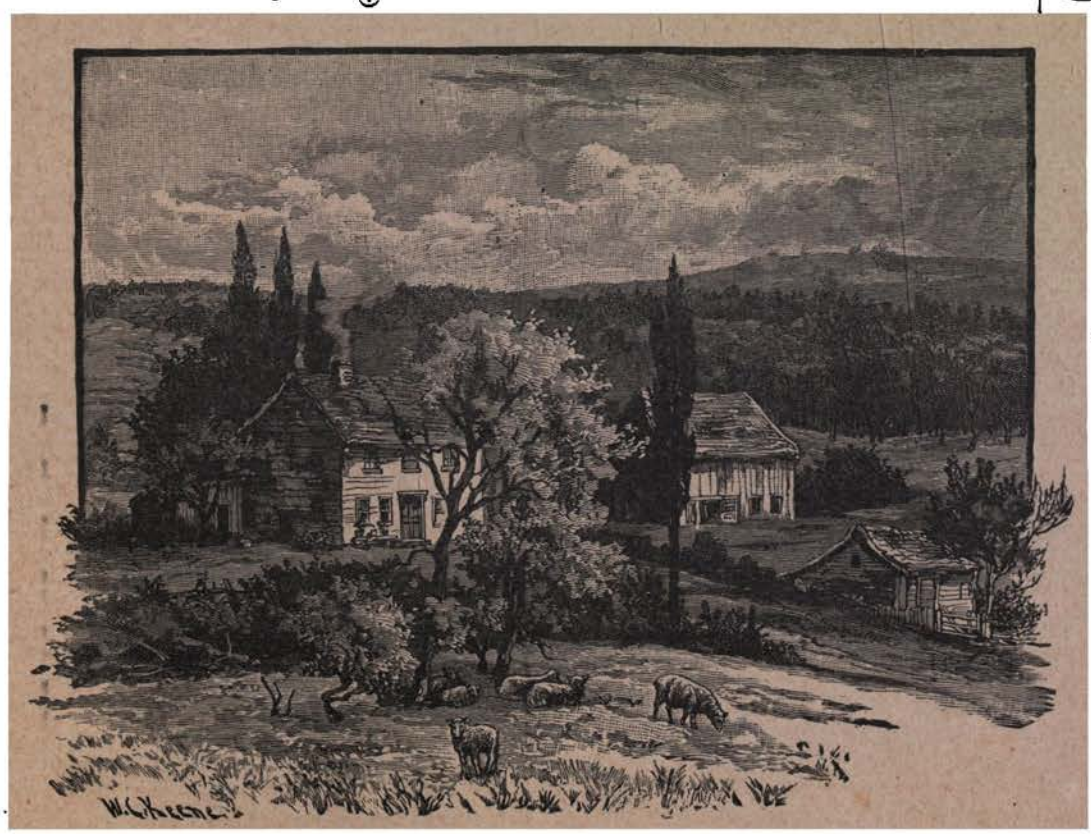
dear - est spot of earth to me Is Home,..... sweet Home, The fair - y land I

ad lib.

D.S. 𝄋

long to see Is Home! sweet Home!

D.S. 𝄋



TIPPECANOE AND TYLER TOO.

THE famous campaign song of "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" was written by ALEXANDER COFFMAN Ross. In the Zanesville *Daily Courier*, of June 7, 1873, in one of a series of articles on "The Boys of 1825," Judge Sherwood, of Zanesville, gives the following particulars of the origin of the song.

The great political storm that swept over the country in 1840, was one of the most remarkable events ever known in the history of our government. The Whig campaign, which carried Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe, and Tyler into the presidential chairs, began as early as February. Business generally was at a stand-still; the currency was in such a confused state that specie to pay postage was almost beyond reach; banks had been in a state of suspension for a long time; mechanics and laboring men were out of enployment or working for 62½, 75, or 87½ cents a day, payable in "orders on the store;" market money could be obtained with difficulty, and things generally had reached so low an ebb as to make any change seem desirable. As the Whigs promised "two dollars a day and roast beef" to laborers, working men were inclined to trust them.

On the 22d of February, Columbus was filled with a mighty throng of people. The rain came down in torrents, the streets were one vast sheet of mud, but the crowds paid no heed to the elements. A full-rigged ship on wheels, canoes, log-cabins, with inmates feasting on corn-pone and hard cider, miniature forts, flags, banners, drums and fifes, bands of music, live coons, roosters crowing, and shouting men by the ten thousand, made a scene of attraction, confusion, and excitement such as has never been equalled. Stands were erected, and orators went to work; but the staid party-leaders failed to hit the keynote. Itinerant speakers mounted store-boxes, and blazed away. It was made known that the Cleveland delegation, on their route to the city, had had the wheels stolen from some of their wagons by Loco-focos, and were compelled to continue their journey on foot. One of these enforced foot-passengers was something of a poet, and wrote a song descriptive of "up Salt River," and was encored over and over again. On the spur of the moment, many songs were written and sung, the pent-up enthusiasm had found vent; but the song of the campaign had not yet been written. On the return of our delegation, a Tippecanoe club was formed, and a glee club organized, of whom Ross was one. The club meetings were opened and closed with singing by the glee club. Billy McKibbon wrote "Amos Peddling Yokes," to be sung to the tune of "Yip, Fal, Lal," which proved very popular; he also composed "Hard Times," and "Martin's Lament." Those who figured in that day will remember the chorus:

"Oh, dear! what will become of me?
Oh, dear! what shall I do?
I am certainly doomed to be beaten
By the heroes of Tippecanoe."

This song was well received, but there seemed something lacking. The wild outburst of feeling demanded by the meetings had not yet been provided for. Tom Launder suggested to Ross that the tune of "Little Pigs," would furnish a chorus just adapted for the meetings. Ross seized upon the suggestion, and on the succeeding Sunday, while he was singing as a member of a church choir, his head was full of "Little Pigs," and efforts to make a song fitting the time and the circumstances. Oblivious to all else he had, before the sermon was finished, blocked out the song of "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too." The line, as originally composed by him, of

"Van, Van, you're a nice little man,"

did not suit him, and when Saturday night came round he was cudgelling his brains to amend it. He was absent from the meeting, and was sent for. He came, and informed the glee club that he had a new song to sing, but that there was one line in it he did not like, and that his delay was occasioned by the desire to correct it.

"Let me hear the line," said Culbertson. Ross repeated it to him.

"Thunder!" said he, "make it—Van's a *used-up man*"—and there and then the song was completed.

The meeting in the Court House was a monster, the old Senate Chamber was crowded full to hear McKibbon's new song "Martin's Lament," which was loudly applauded and encored. When the first speech was over, Ross led off with "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," having furnished each member of the glee club with the chorus. That was the song at last. Cheers, yells, and encores greeted it. The next day, men and boys were singing the chorus in the street, in the work-shops, and at the table. Olcot White came near to starting a hymn to the tune in the radical church on South street. What the Marseilles Hymn was to the Frenchmen, "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" was to the Whigs of 1840.

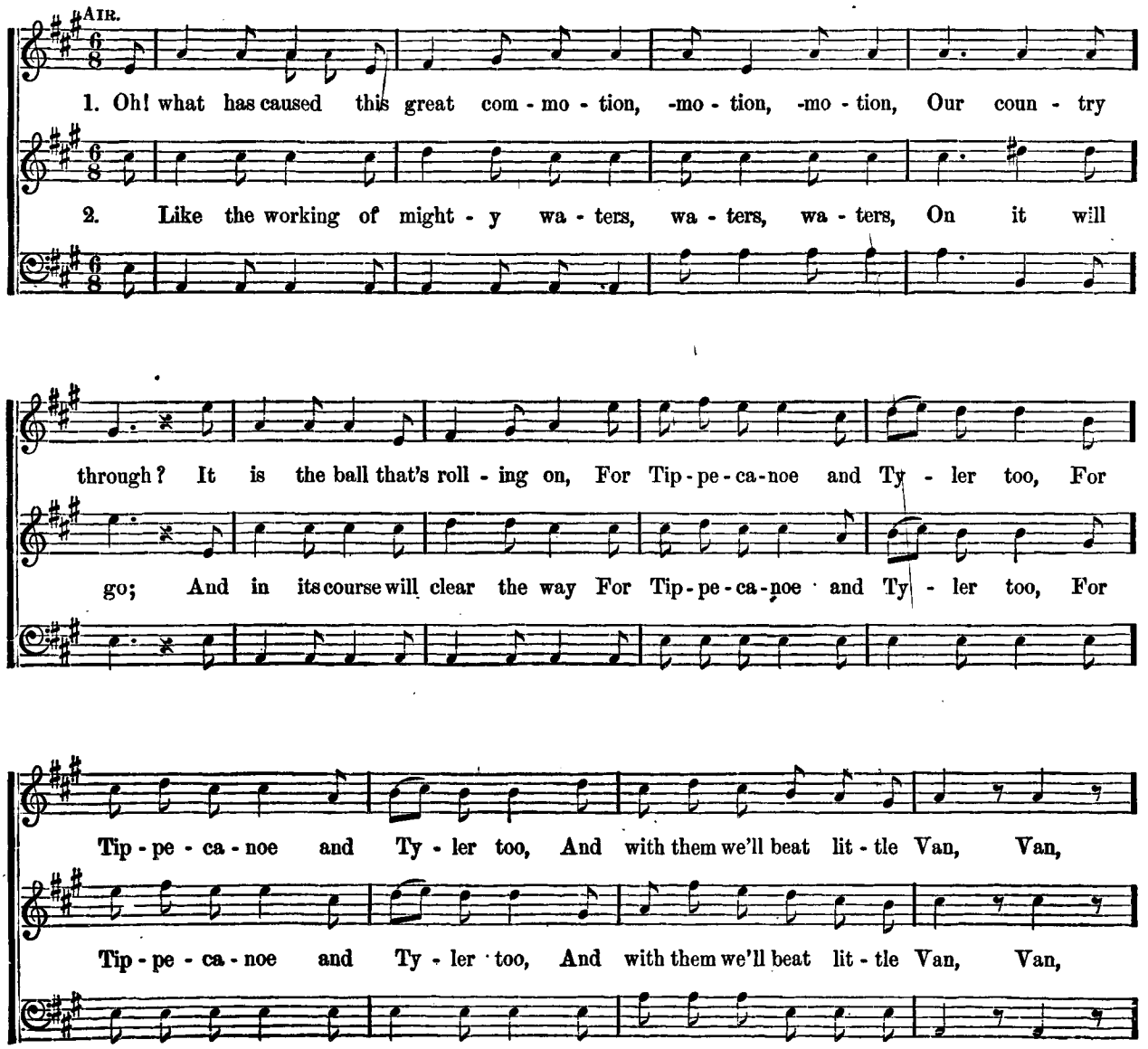
In September, Mr. Ross went to New York City to purchase goods. He attended a meeting in Lafayette Hall. Prentiss of Mississippi, Tallmadge of New York, and Otis of Boston were to speak. Ross found the hall full of enthusiastic people, and was compelled to stand near the entrance. The speakers had not arrived, and several songs were sung to keep the crowd together. The stock of songs was soon exhausted, and the chairman (Charley Delavan, I think) arose and requested any one present who could sing, to come forward and do so. Ross said, "If I could get on the stand, I would sing a song," and hardly had the words out, before he found himself passing rapidly over the heads of the crowd, to be landed at length on the platform. Questions of "Who are you?" "What's your name?" came from every hand.

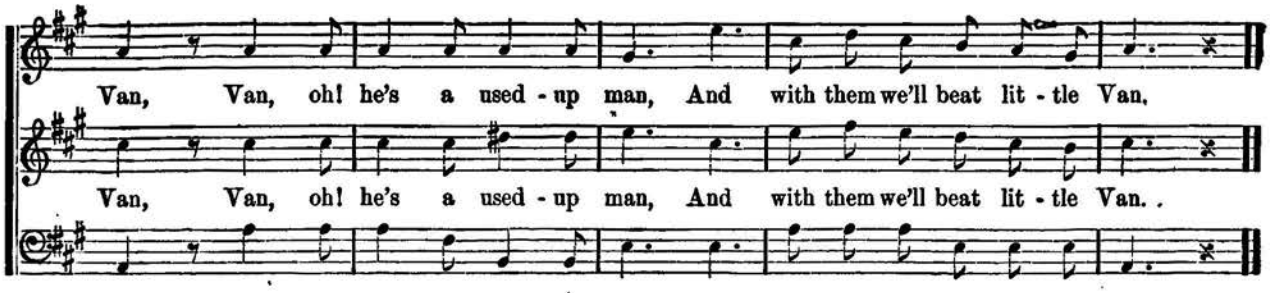
"I am a Buckeye from the Buckeye State," was the answer. "Three cheers for the Buckeye State!" cried out the president, and they were given with a will. Ross requested the meeting to keep quiet until he had sung three or four verses, and it did. But the enthusiasm swelled up to an uncontrollable pitch, and at last the whole meeting joined in the chorus, with a vim and vigor indescribable. The song was encored and sung again and again, but the same verses were not repeated, as he had many in mind, and could make them to suit the occasion. While he was singing in response to the third encore, the speakers Otis and Tallmadge arrived, and Ross improvised:

" We'll now stop singing, for Tallmadge is here, here, here,
And Otis too,
We'll have a speech from each of them,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler, *etc.*"

He took his seat amid thundering applause, and three times three for the Buckeye State. After the meeting was over, the crowds in the streets, in the saloons, everywhere, were singing "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too." It traversed the Union, and was the most popular song of that song-singing campaign.

Mr. Ross was born in Zanesville, O., May 31, 1812, and resided there all his life. He was early noted for his interest in scientific inventions, and is said to have produced the first daguerreotype ever taken in America. He became a leading and enterprising business man in his native place, and died there February 25, 1883.


AIR.
1. Oh! what has caused this great com - mo - tion, -mo - tion, -mo - tion, Our coun - try
2. Like the working of might - y wa - ters, wa - ters, wa - ters, On it will
through? It is the ball that's roll - ing on, For Tip - pe - ca - noe and Ty - ler too, For
go; And in its course will clear the way For Tip - pe - ca - noe and Ty - ler too, For
Tip - pe - ca - noe and Ty - ler too, And with them we'll beat lit - tle Van, Van,
Tip - pe - ca - noe and Ty - ler too, And with them we'll beat lit - tle Van, Van,



Oh! what has caused this great commotion, -motion, -motion,
Our country through?
It is the ball that's rolling on,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too, *etc.*

Like the working of mighty waters, waters, waters,
On it will go;
And in its course will clear the way
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too, *etc.*

See the Loco's standard tottering, tottering tottering,
Down it must go,
And in its place we'll rear the flag,
Of Tippecanoe and Tyler too, *etc.*

The Bay State boys turned out in thousands, thousands, thousands,
Not long ago,
And at Bunker Hill, they set their seals
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too, *etc.*

Now you hear the Vanjacks talking, talking, talking,
Things look quite blue,
For all the world seems turning round
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too, *etc.*

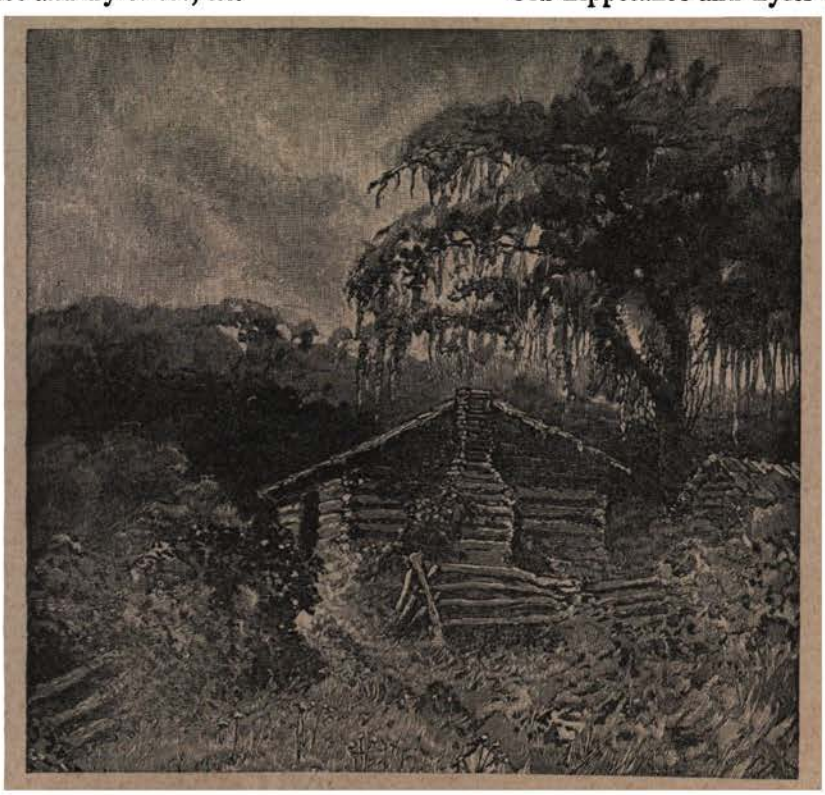
Let them talk about hard cider, cider, cider,
And Log Cabins too,
It will only help to speed the ball,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too, *etc.*

His latchstring hangs outside the door, door, door,
And is never pulled in,
For it always was the custom of
Old Tippecanoe and Tyler too, *etc.*

He always has his table set, set, set,
For all honest and true,
To ask you in to take a bite,
With Tippecanoe and Tyler too, *etc.*

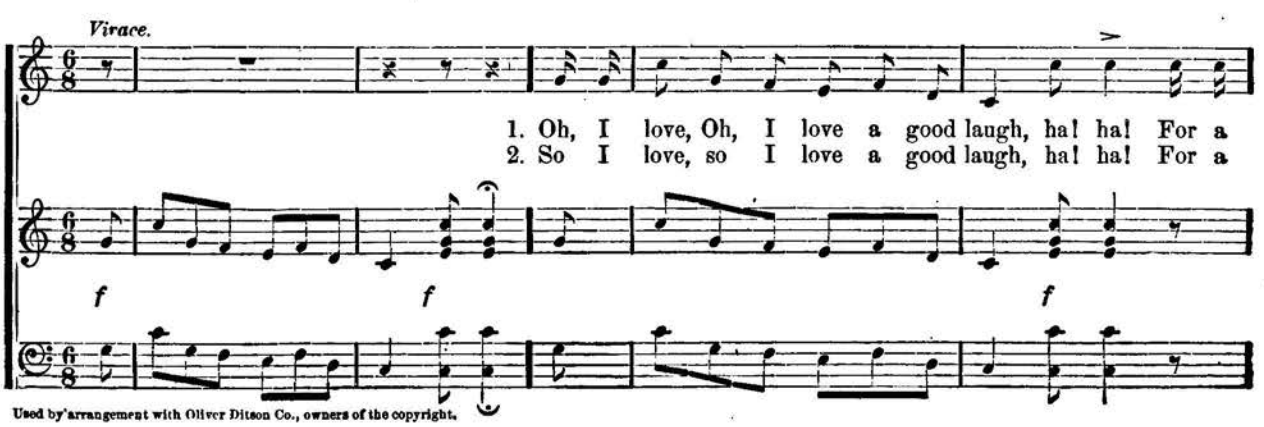
See the spoilsmen and leg treasurers, treasurers, treasurers,
All in a stew,
For well they know they stand no chance
With Tippecanoe and Tyler too, *etc.*

Little Matty's days are numbered, numbered, numbered,
And out he must go,
For in his place we'll put the good
Old Tippecanoe and Tyler too, *etc.*



A JOLLY GOOD LAUGH.

THIS hearty "laughing solo" is the joint production of GEORGE COOPER, the song writer, and JOHN ROGERS THOMAS, a noted Welsh-American composer.



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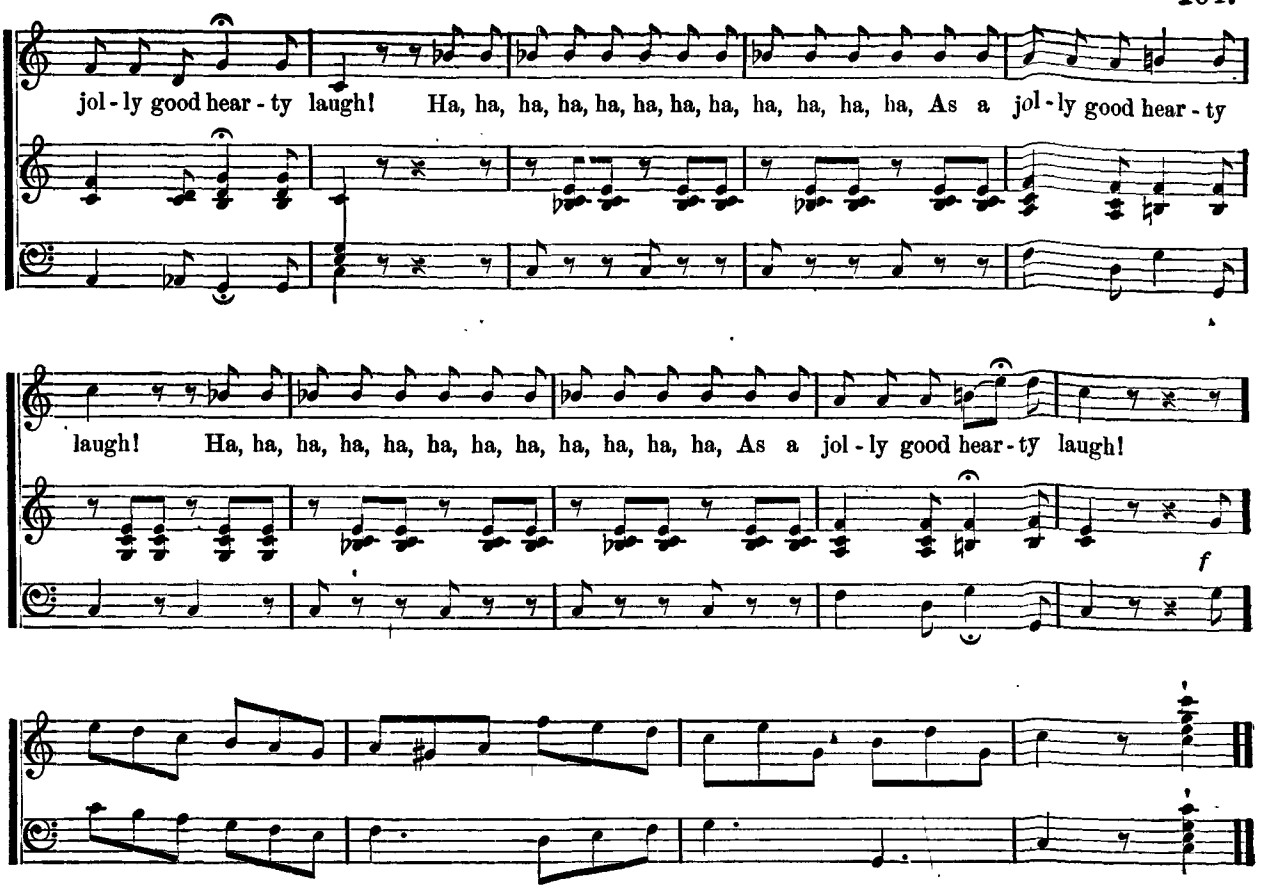
won - der - ful thing is a laugh, ha! ha! Why, it's bet - ter than all the tears That a
won - der - ful cure is a laugh, ha! ha! Why, there's laughter in ev - 'ry thing, In the

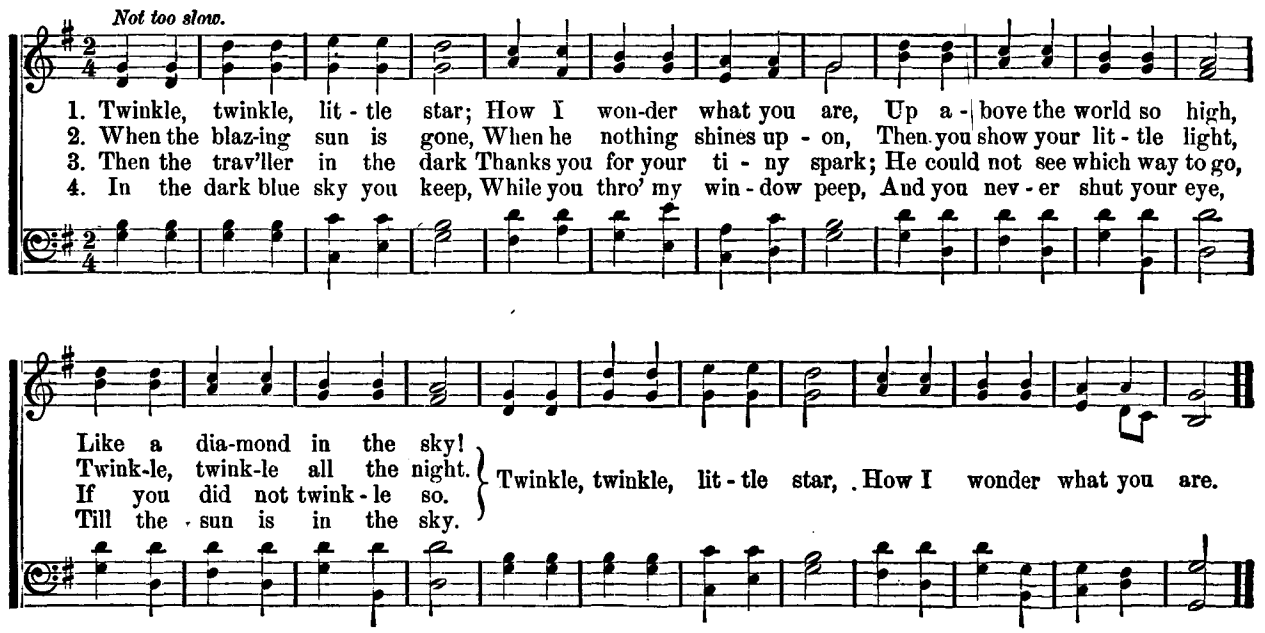
bod - y could shed for years, And there's nothing so good as a laugh; It's a charm for the dark - est
riv - ers, and birds that sing; And there's nothing so good as a laugh! Don't be mood-y, and grow so

ills, ha! ha! And it light-ens the doc - tor's bills, ha! ha! Why, it's food and it's sun, and it's
thin, ha! ha! If you ne'er tried a laugh, be - gin, ha! ha! So..... laugh, and you'll soon... con-

air, ha! ha! And it drives to the wall old care, ha! ha! Oh, there's nothing so good by half, As a
fess, ha! ha! That your shadow will not grow less, ha! ha! Oh, there's nothing so good by half, As a

jol - ly good hear - ty laugh! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, As a jol - ly good hear - ty
laugh! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, As a jol - ly good hear - ty laugh!
f

TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.

THIS is a familiar child-song. The words are by JANE TAYLOR, and the music is a popular old French air.

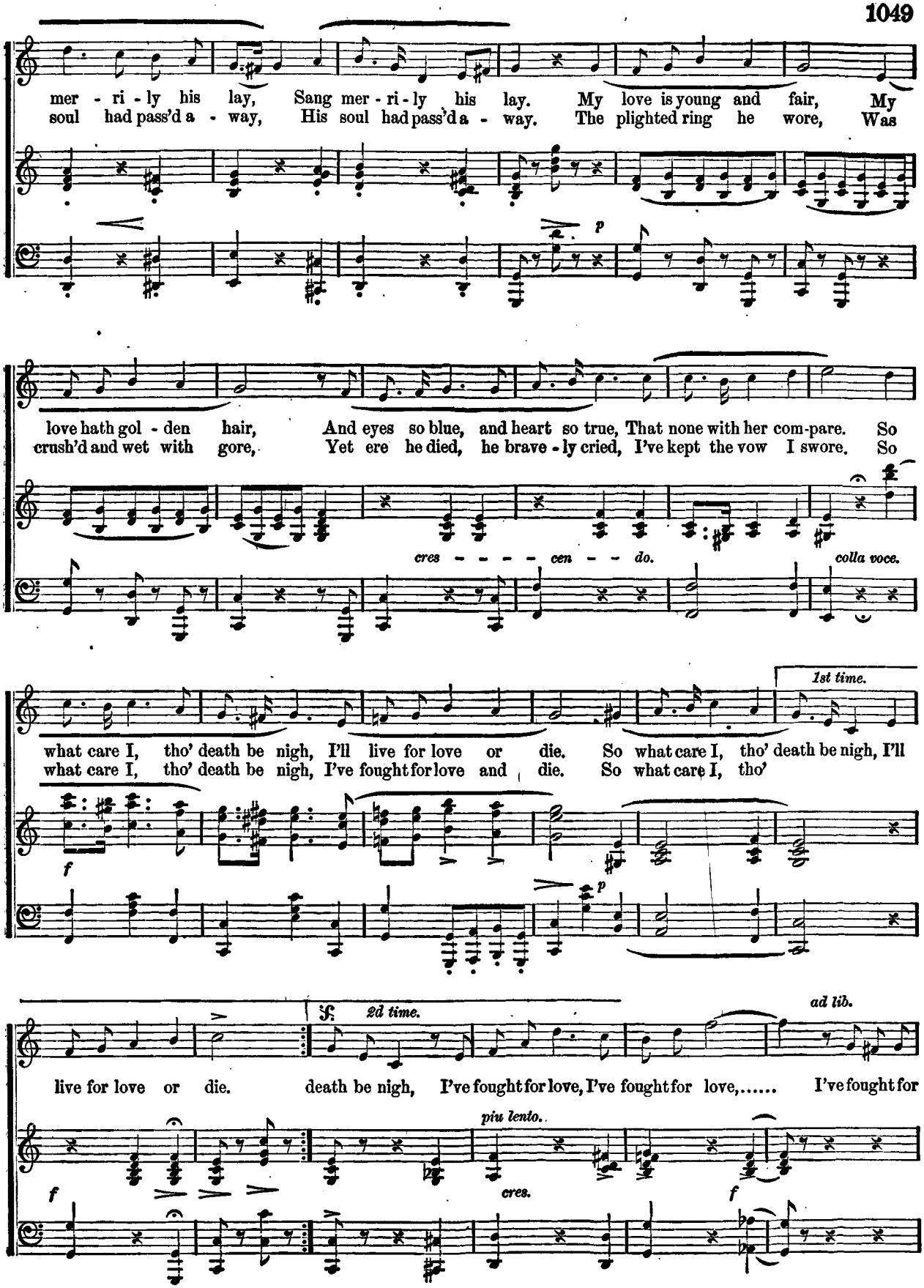

Not too slow.
1. Twinkle, twinkle, lit - tle star; How I won-der what you are, Up a - bove the world so high,
2. When the blaz-ing sun is gone, When he nothing shines up - on, Then you show your lit - tle light,
3. Then the trav'ller in the dark Thanks you for your ti - ny spark; He could not see which way to go,
4. In the dark blue sky you keep, While you thro' my win - dow peep, And you nev - er shut your eye,
Like a dia-mond in the sky!
Twink-le, twink-le all the night.
If you did not twink - le so.
Till the sun is in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle, lit - tle star, How I wonder what you are.

A WARRIOR BOLD.

THE writer of this song, MICHAEL MAYBRICK, is well and favorably known to the English public as a baritone singer, who has appeared at the more important of their musical festivals and is highly popular in the ballad concerts. But in America, where the enormous popularity of his songs has made the name of their composer a household word, he is known only by the assumed name under which his works have been published—that of Stephen Adams. Born in Liverpool in 1844, he played the organ in a church in that city until he had completed his musical studies in England, when he went to Leipzic and studied further under the great masters of the conservatory there, as also in Milan, Italy. He made his first public appearance in the New Philharmonic Concerts, in London in 1870. His compositions are chiefly songs, among the most widely known of which are "Nancy Lee," "The Midshipmite," "The Blue Alsatian Mountains," and "The Tar's Farewell."

Con Spirito.

1. In days of old when
2. So this brave knight, in

Knights were bold, And bar-ons held their sway, A war-rior bold with spurs of gold, Sang
arm-our bright, Went gai-ly to the fray; He fought the fight, but ere the night, His

mer - ri - ly his lay, Sang mer - ri - ly his lay. My love is young and fair, My
soul had pass'd a - way, His soul had pass'd a - way. The plighted ring he wore, Was
p
love hath gol - den hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true, That none with her com-pare. So
crush'd and wet with gore, Yet ere he died, he brave - ly cried, I've kept the vow I swore. So
cres - - - - cen - - do.
colla voce.
1st time.
what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll
what care I, tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and die. So what care I, tho'
f
p
ad lib.
2d time.
live for love or die. death be nigh, I've fought for love, I've fought for love,..... I've fought for
piu lento.
cres.
f
f

molto. rallentando e dim.

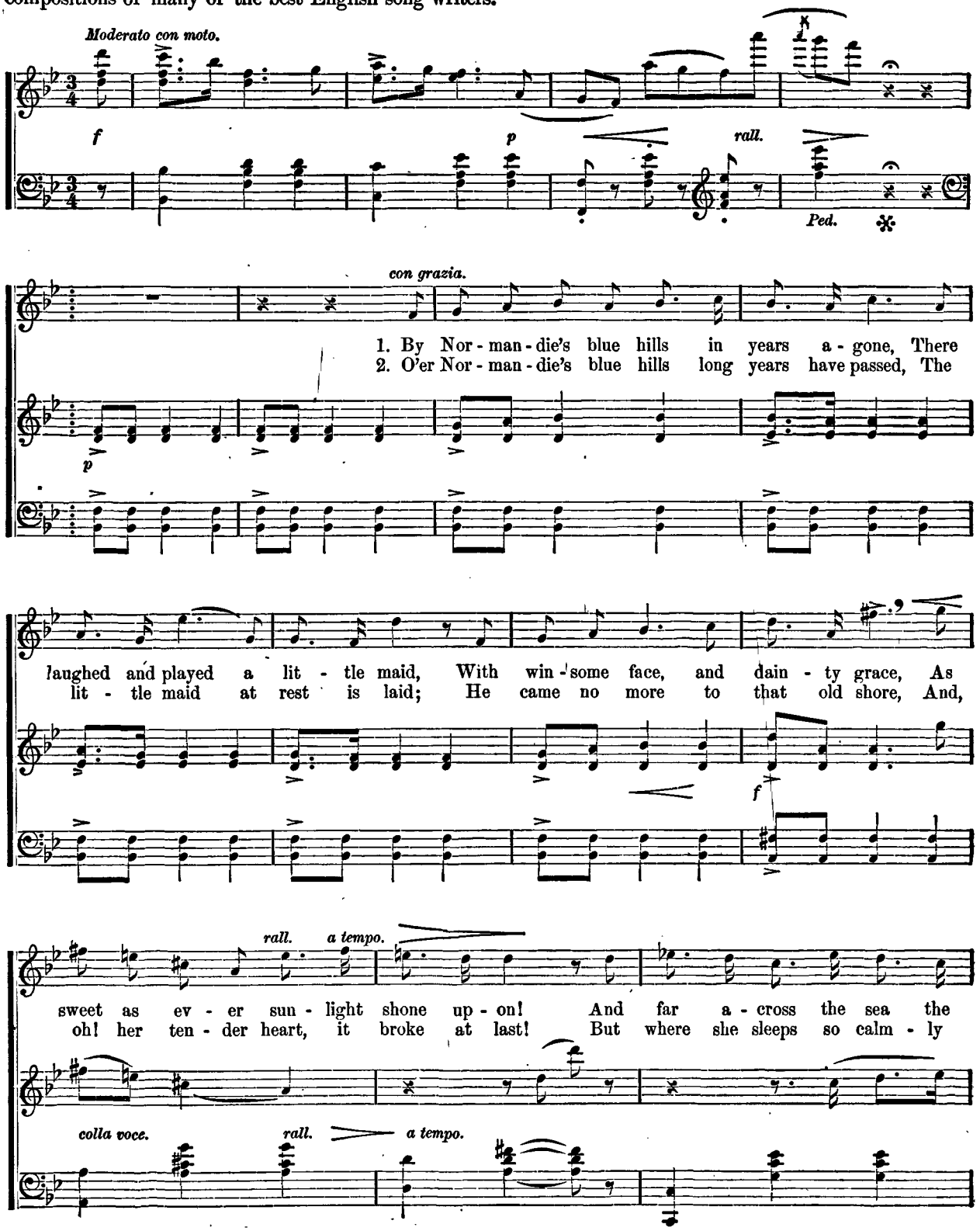
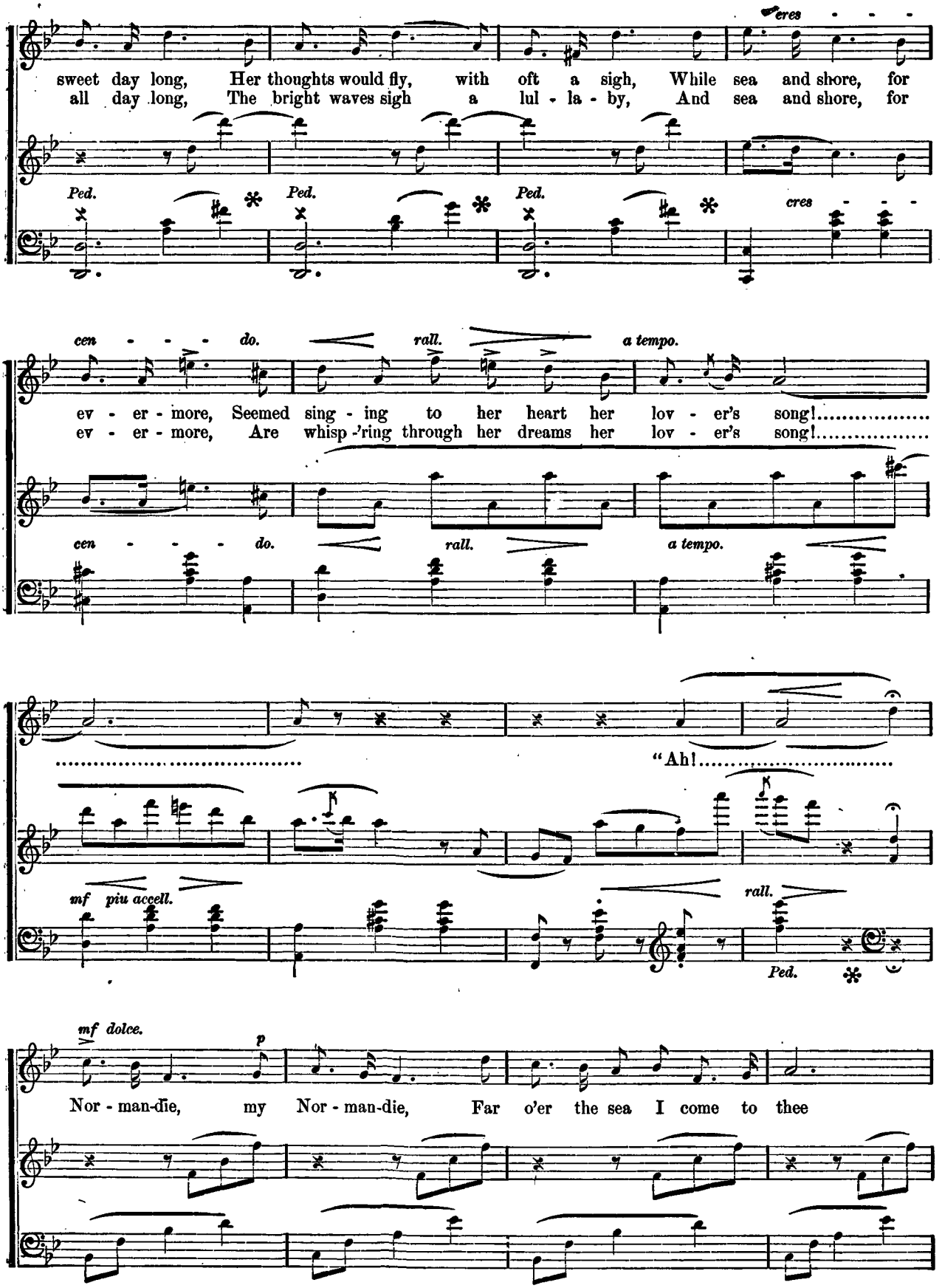
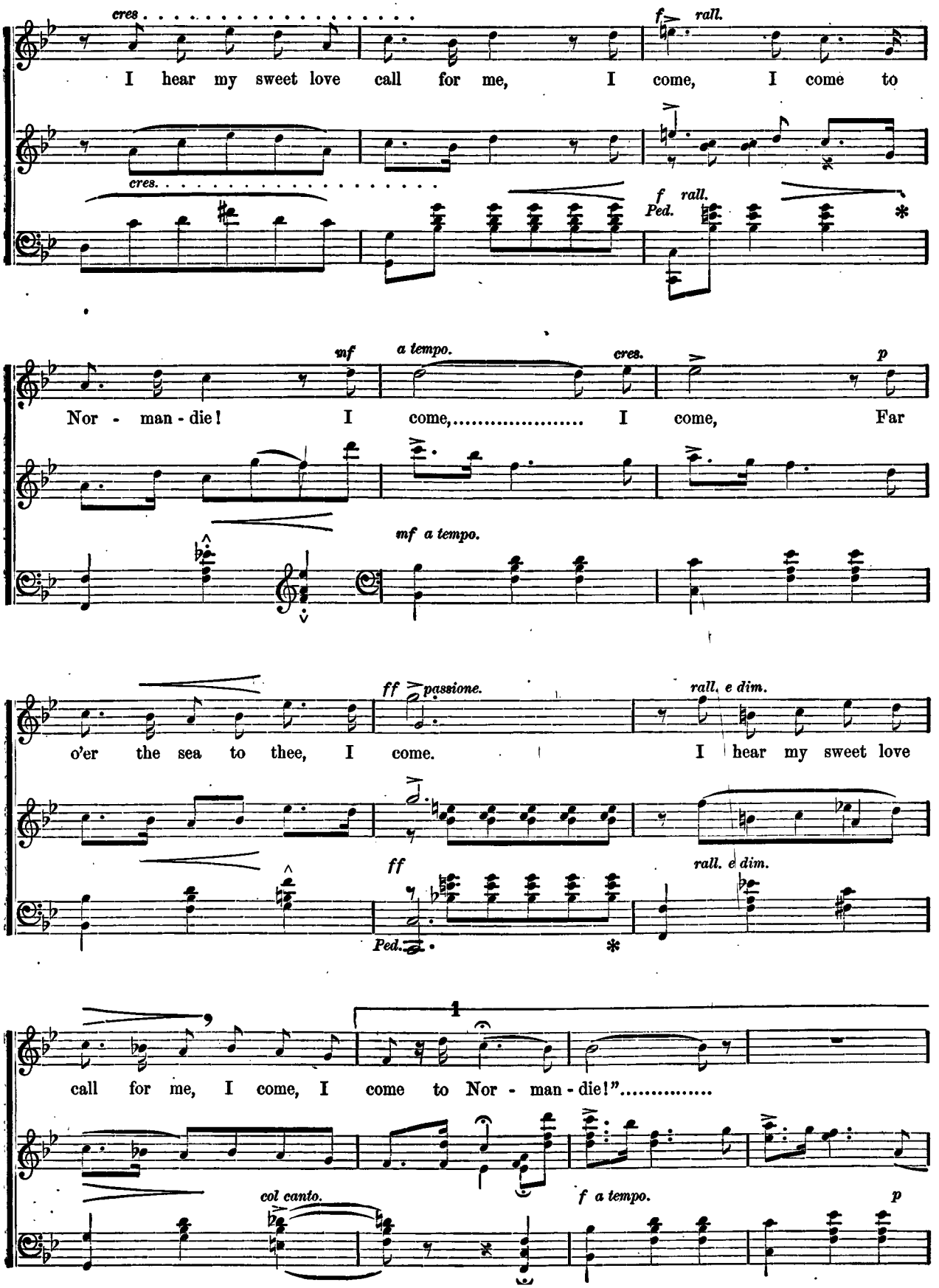
love, for love, for love I die.

a tempo.

f p colla voce. ff

Ped.

BY NORMANDIE'S BLUE HILLS.

H. TROTÈRE, the composer of "In Old Madrid," "Asthore," an Irish song of much merit, and other favorites in modern song, celebrates still another locality in "Normandie's Blue Hills." He has been fortunate in this instance in having the collaboration of CLIFTON BINGHAM, whose words have been set to the compositions of many of the best English song writers.

Moderato con moto.
f
p
rall.
Ped.
con grazia.
1. By Nor - man - die's blue hills in years a - gone, There
2. O'er Nor - man - die's blue hills long years have passed, The
p
laughed and played a lit - tle maid, With win - some face, and dain - ty grace, As
lit - tle maid at rest is laid; He came no more to that old shore, And,
f
rall.
a tempo.
sweet as ev - er sun - light shone up - on! And far a - cross the sea the
oh! her ten - der heart, it broke at last! But where she sleeps so calm - ly
colla voce.
rall.
a tempo.

cres - - -
sweet day long, Her thoughts would fly, with oft a sigh, While sea and shore, for
all day long, The bright waves sigh a lul - la - by, And sea and shore, for
Ped. Ped. Ped. cres
cen - - - - do. rall. a tempo.
ev - er - more, Seemed sing - ing to her heart her lov - er's song!.....
ev - er - more, Are whisp - 'ring through her dreams her lov - er's song!.....
cen - - - - do. rall. a tempo.
"Ah!.....
mf piu accell. rall.
Ped.
mf dolce. p
Nor - man-die, my Nor - man-die, Far o'er the sea I come to thee

cres.
I hear my sweet love call for me, I come, I come to
f rall.
Ped.
mf
a tempo.
cres.
p
Nor - man - die! I come, I come, Far
mf a tempo.
ff passione.
rall. e dim.
o'er the sea to thee, I come. I hear my sweet love
ff
Ped.
call for me, I come, I come to Nor - man - die!"
col canto.
f a tempo.
p

2

pp Lento sotto voce.

come to Nor - man - die! I

mf

pp sempre morendo al fine.

Ped. * *Lento.*

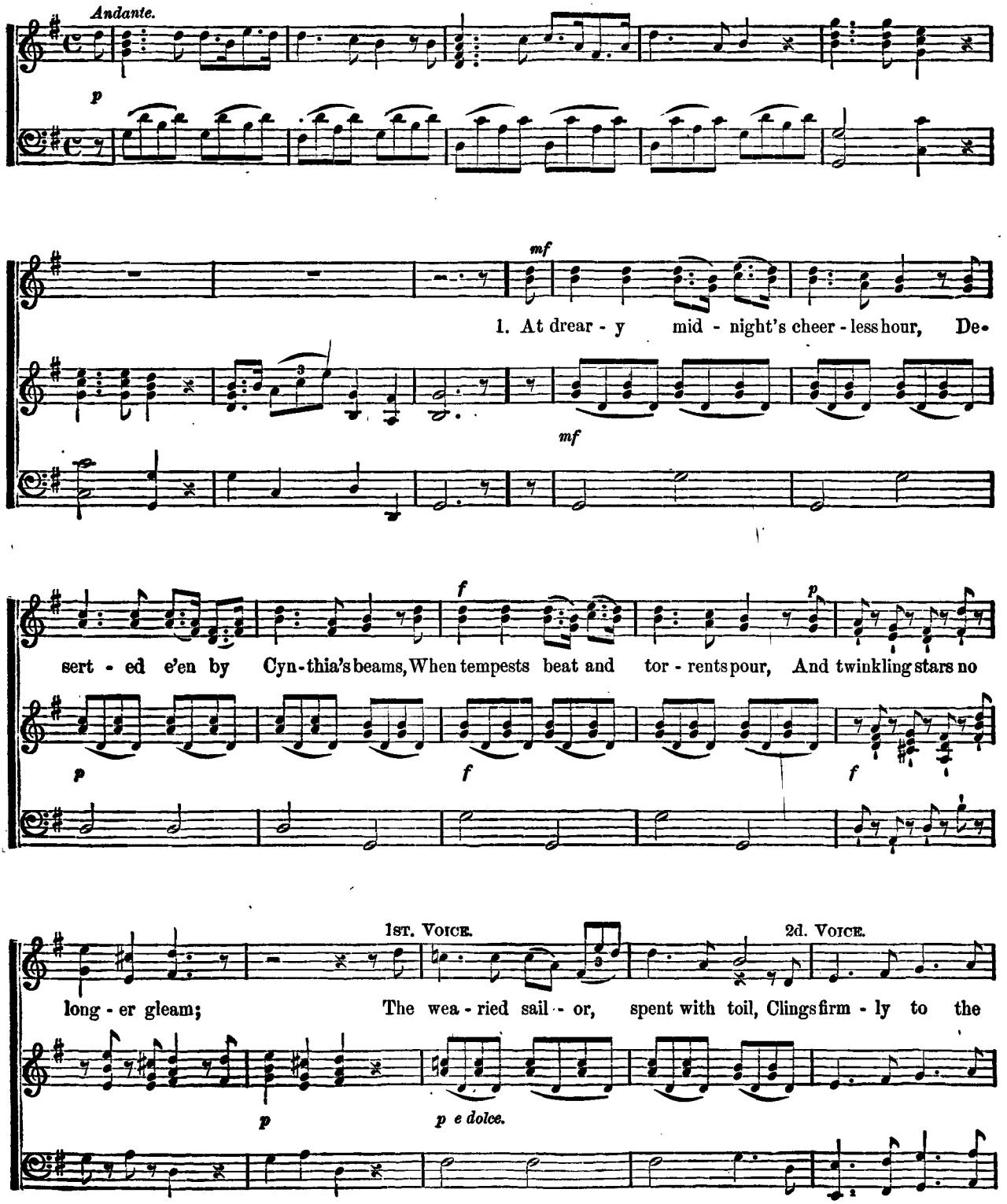
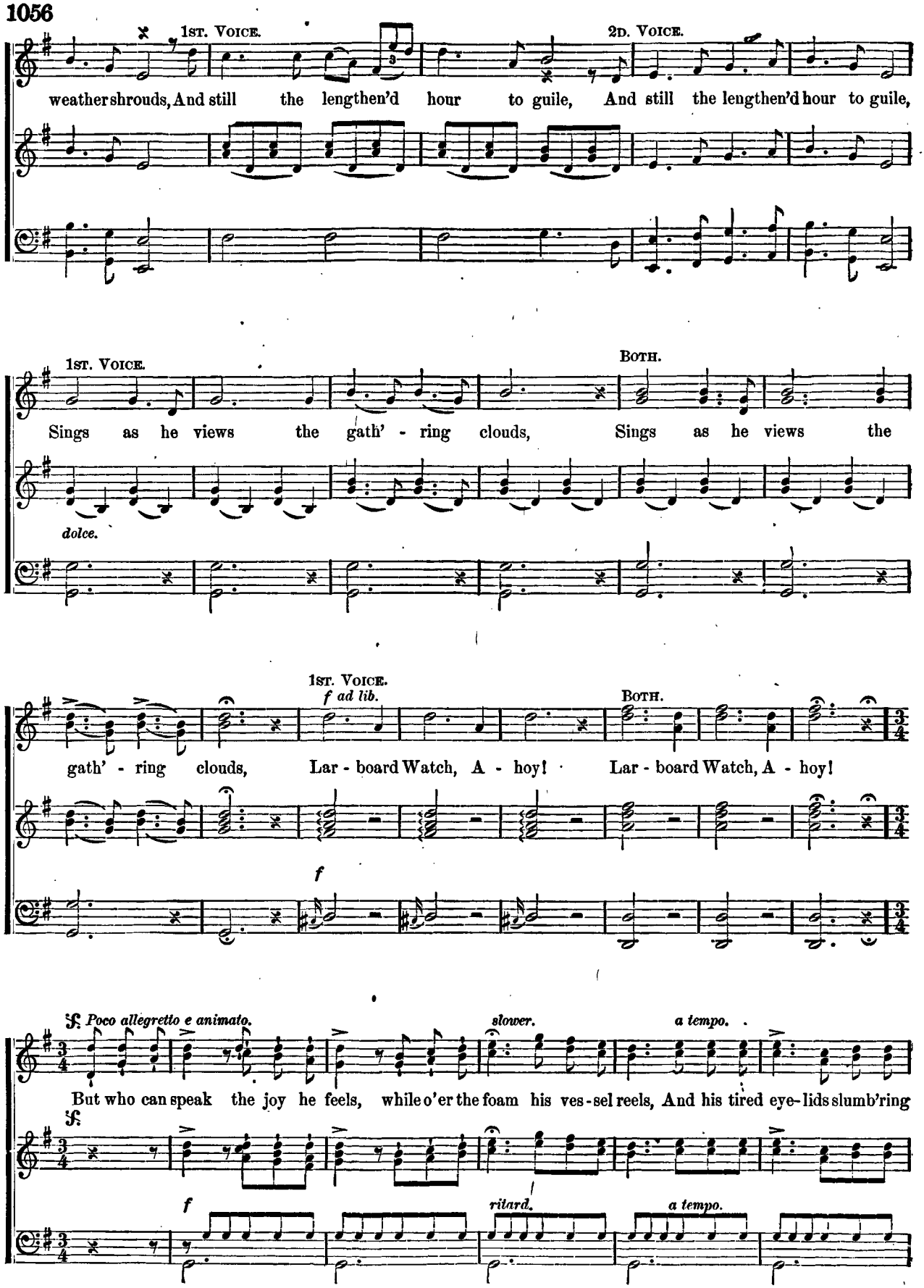
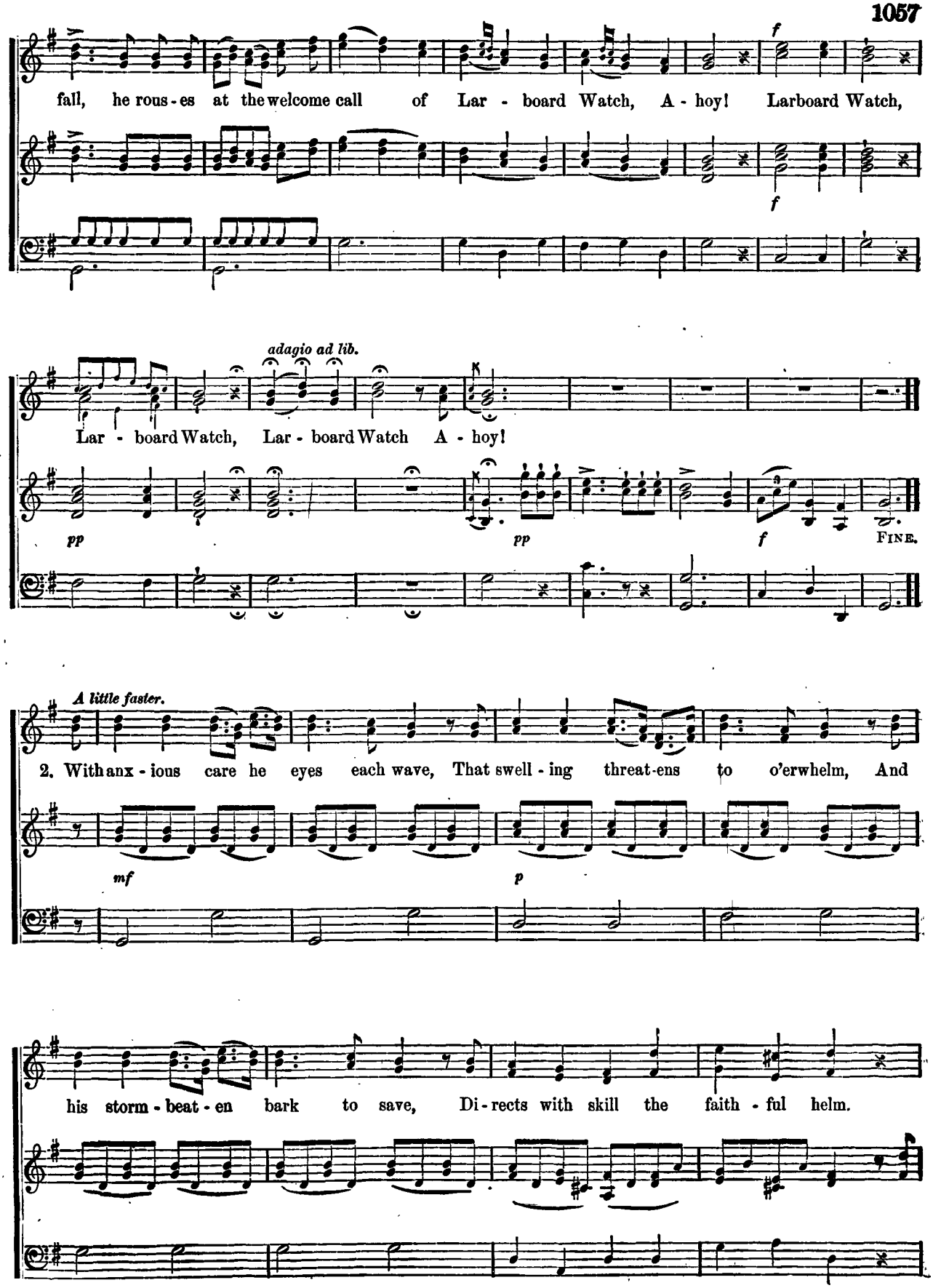
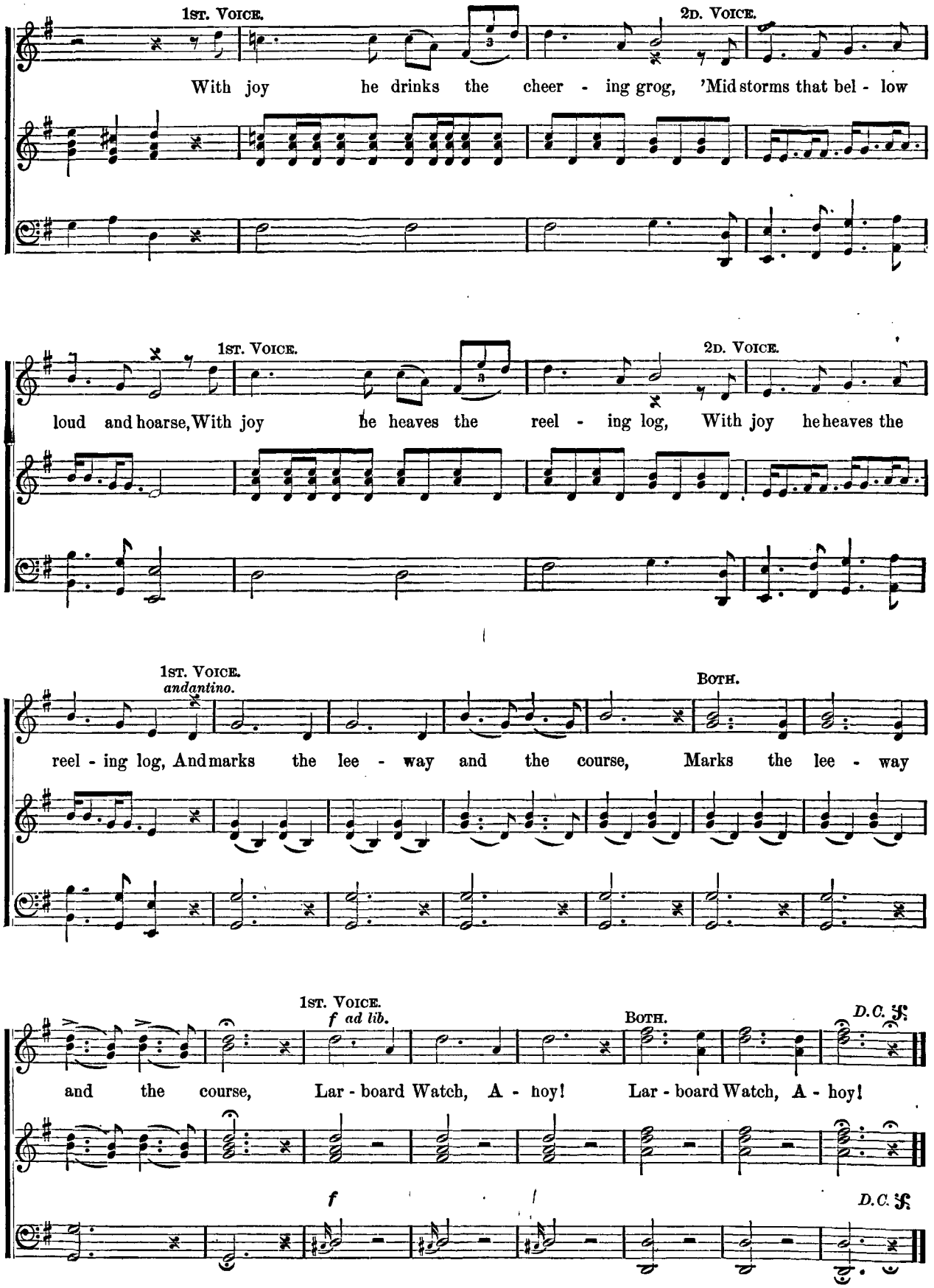
semprre pp

come, I come, I come!"

ppp *ff*

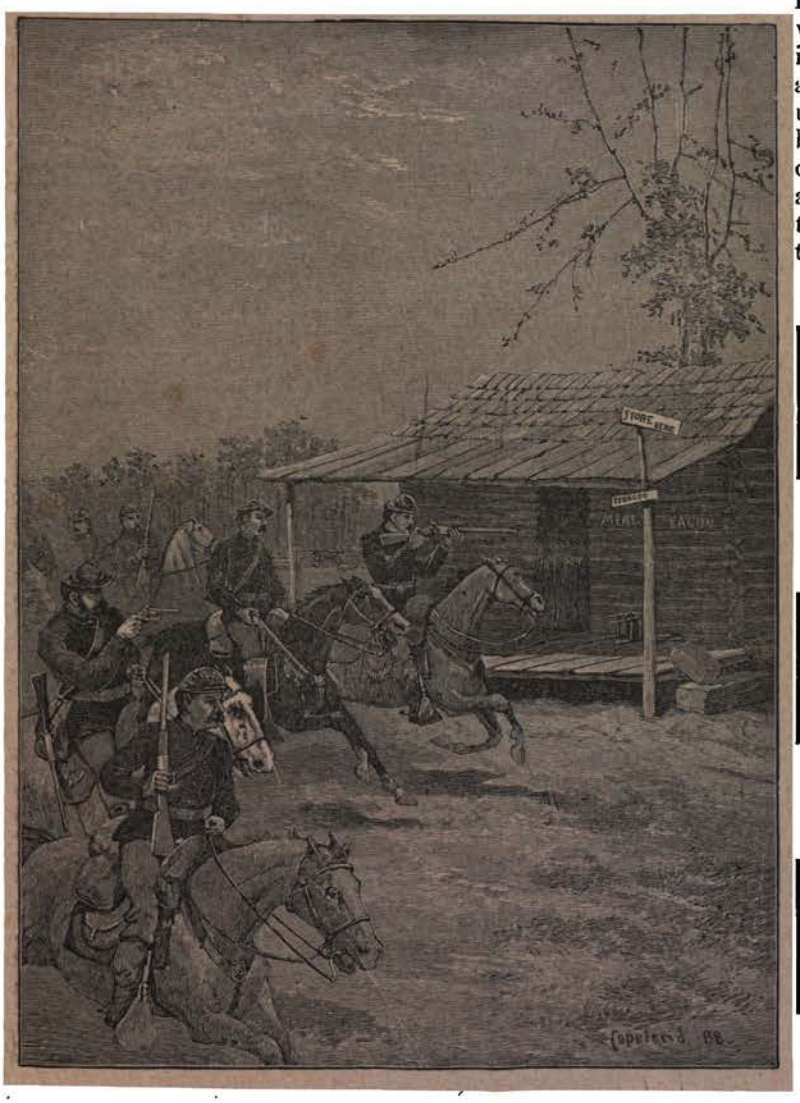
Ped. * *Ped.* *

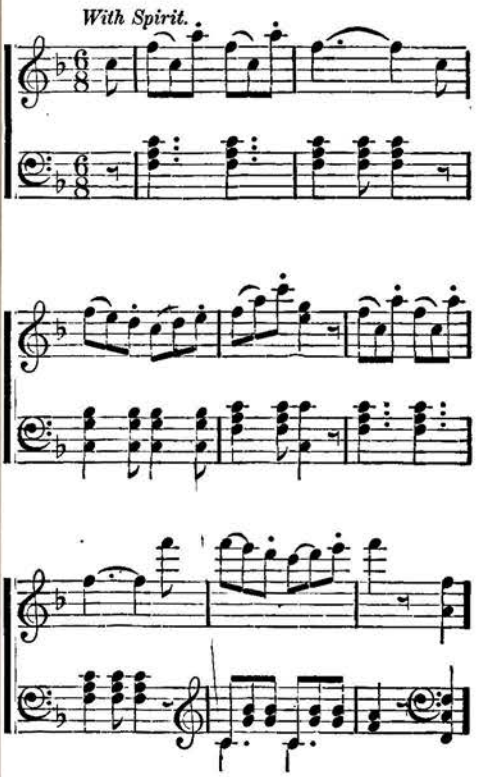
LARBOARD WATCH.

THIS duet for male voices has enjoyed an extraordinary popularity for many years, and made a reputation for its composer, T. WILLIAMS, who was a measurably successful writer of songs, the best of them conceived in a nautical vein and written in a spirited style. A previous composition of his, "All's Well," became a favorite with the public, and "Larboard Watch," was composed as a sequel to that. The greater popularity of the sequel eventually eclipsed the fame of the earlier effort.

Andante.
p
mf
1. At drear - y mid - night's cheer - less hour, De-
mf
sert - ed e'en by Cyn-thia's beams, When tempests beat and tor - rents pour, And twinkling stars no
f
p
p
f
f
1st. Voice.
2d. Voice.
long - er gleam; The wea - ried sail - or, spent with toil, Clings firm - ly to the
p
p e dolce.

1ST. VOICE.
2D. VOICE.
weather shrouds, And still the lengthen'd hour to guile, And still the lengthen'd hour to guile,
1ST. VOICE.
BOTH.
Sings as he views the gath' - ring clouds, Sings as he views the
dolce.
1ST. VOICE.
f ad lib.
BOTH.
gath' - ring clouds, Lar - board Watch, A - hoy! Lar - board Watch, A - hoy!
f
Poco allegretto e animato.
slower.
a tempo.
But who can speak the joy he feels, while o'er the foam his ves - sel reels, And his tired eye-lids slumb'ring
f
ritard.
a tempo.

fall, he rous - es at the welcome call of Lar - board Watch, A - hoy! Larboard Watch,
f
f
adagio ad lib.
Lar - board Watch, Lar - board Watch A - hoy!
pp
pp
f
FINE.
A little faster.
2. With anx - ious care he eyes each wave, That swell - ing threat-ens to o'erwhelm, And
mf
p
his storm - beat - en bark to save, Di - rects with skill the faith - ful helm.

1ST. VOICE.
2D. VOICE.
With joy he drinks the cheer - ing grog, 'Mid storms that bel - low
1ST. VOICE.
2D. VOICE.
loud and hoarse, With joy he heaves the reel - ing log, With joy he heaves the
1ST. VOICE.
andantino.
BOTH.
reel - ing log, And marks the lee - way and the course, Marks the lee - way
1ST. VOICE.
f ad lib.
BOTH.
D.C.
and the course, Lar - board Watch, A - hoy! Lar - board Watch, A - hoy!
f
D.C.

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

ONE of the most famous war songs of the South was "The Bonnie Blue Flag." Like "Dixie," it began its popular career in New Orleans. The words were written by an Irish Comedian, MR. HARRY MCCARTHY; and the song was first sung by his sister, Miss Marion McCarthy, in the Variety Theatre in New Orleans, in 1861. The tune is an old and popular melody, "The Irish Jaunting Car." Parton the historian, enumerating the annoyances to which the Federal soldiers were subjected in New Orleans, during General Butler's administration, says: "Parties of ladies upon balconies of houses would turn their backs when soldiers were passing, while one of them would run in to the piano, and play "The Bonnie Blue Flag" with the energy that lovely woman knows how to throw into a performance of that kind."



With Spirit.

1. We are a band of broth-ers, and na - tive to the soil,.....
2. As long..... as the Un - ion was faith - ful to her trust,..... Like
3. First, gal - lant South Caro - li - na no - bly made the stand;.....

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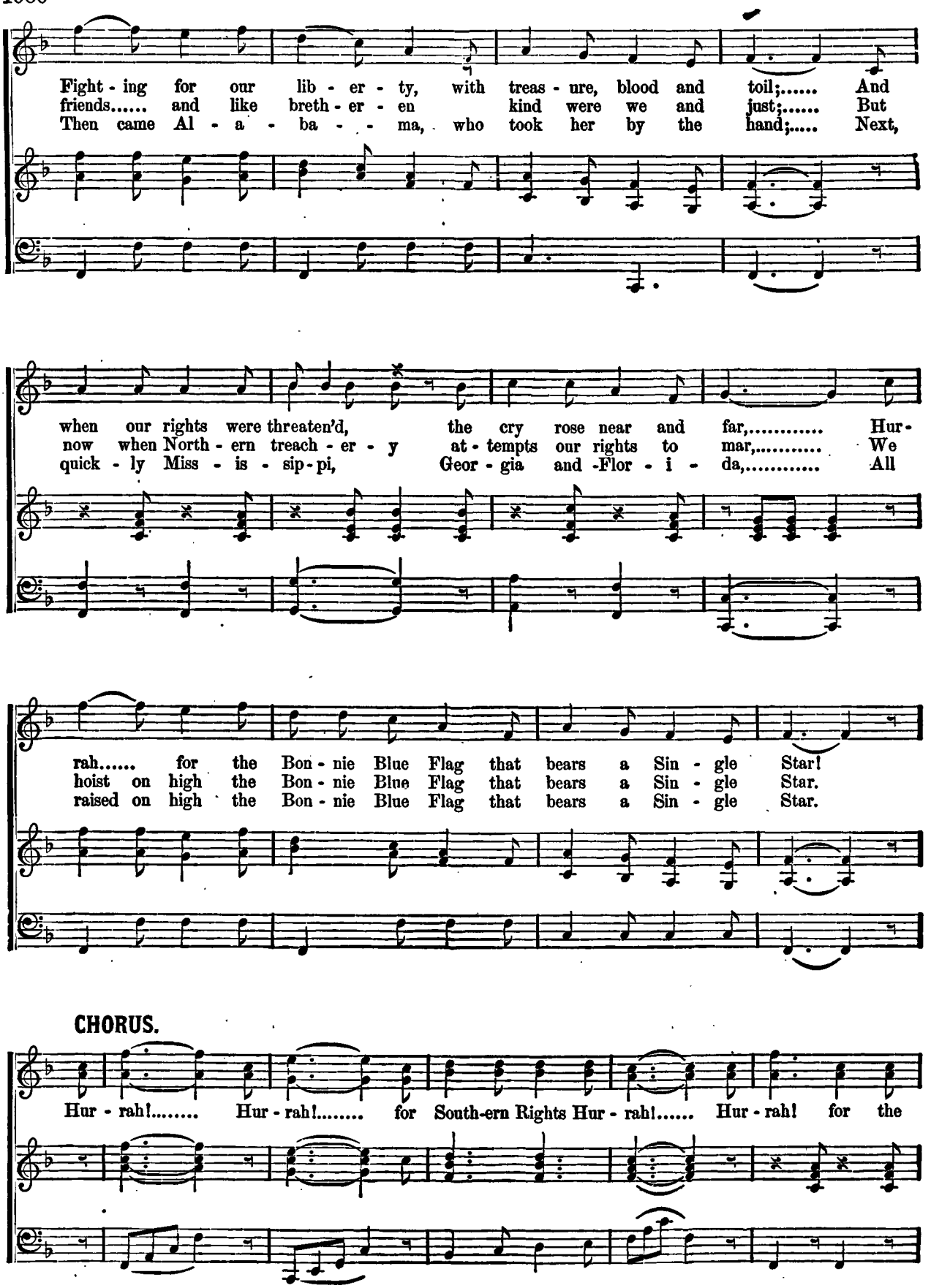
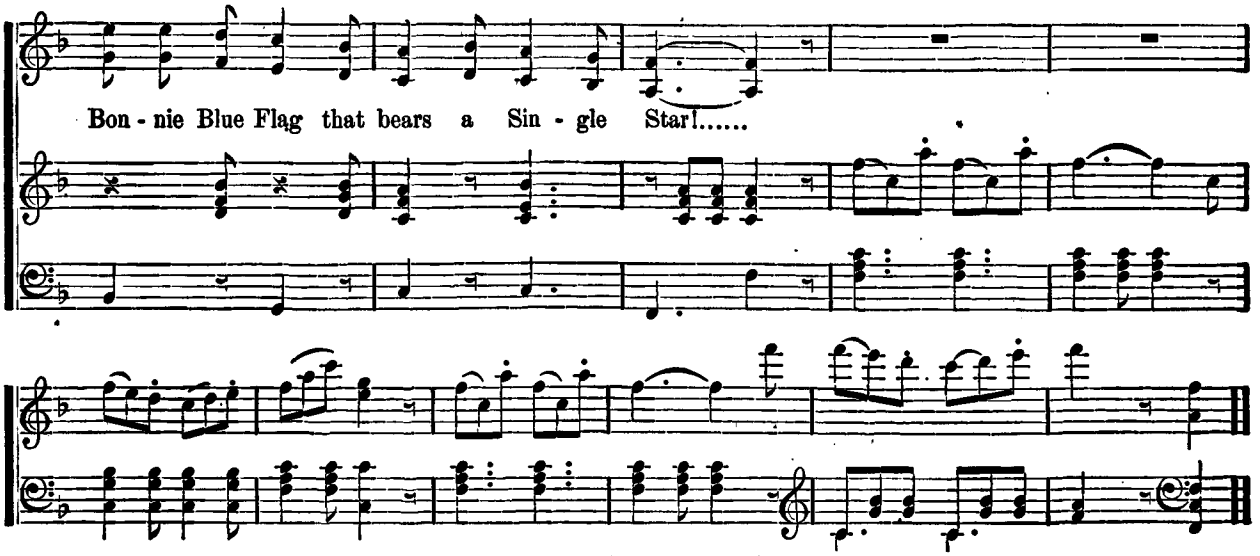

Fight - ing for our lib - er - ty, with treas - ure, blood and toil;..... And
friends..... and like breth - er - en kind were we and just;..... But
Then came Al - a - ba - - ma, who took her by the hand;..... Next,
when our rights were threaten'd, the cry rose near and far,..... Hur-
now when North - ern treach - er - y at - tempts our rights to mar,..... We
quick - ly Miss - is - sip - pi, Geor - gia and -Flor - i - da,..... All
rah..... for the Bon - nie Blue Flag that bears a Sin - gle Star!
hoist on high the Bon - nie Blue Flag that bears a Sin - gle Star.
raised on high the Bon - nie Blue Flag that bears a Sin - gle Star.
CHORUS.
Hur - rah!..... Hur - rah!..... for South-ern Rights Hur - rah!..... Hur - rah! for the

We are a band of brothers, and native to the soil,
Fighting for our liberty, with treasure, blood and toil;
And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose near and far,
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag, that bears a Single Star!

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern Rights Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star!

As long as the Union was faithful to her trust,
Like friends and like brethren kind were we and just;
But now when Northern treachery attempts our rights to mar,
We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! *etc.*

First, gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand;
Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand;
Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia and Florida,
All raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! *etc.*

Ye men of valor, gather round the Banner of the Right,
Texas and fair Louisiana, join us in the fight;
Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, Statesmen rare,
Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! *etc.*

And here's to brave Virginia! the Old Dominion State
With the young Confederacy at length has linked her fate;
Impelled by her example, now another State prepare
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! *etc.*

Then cheer, boys, raise the joyous shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out;
And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given;
The Single Star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be Eleven.

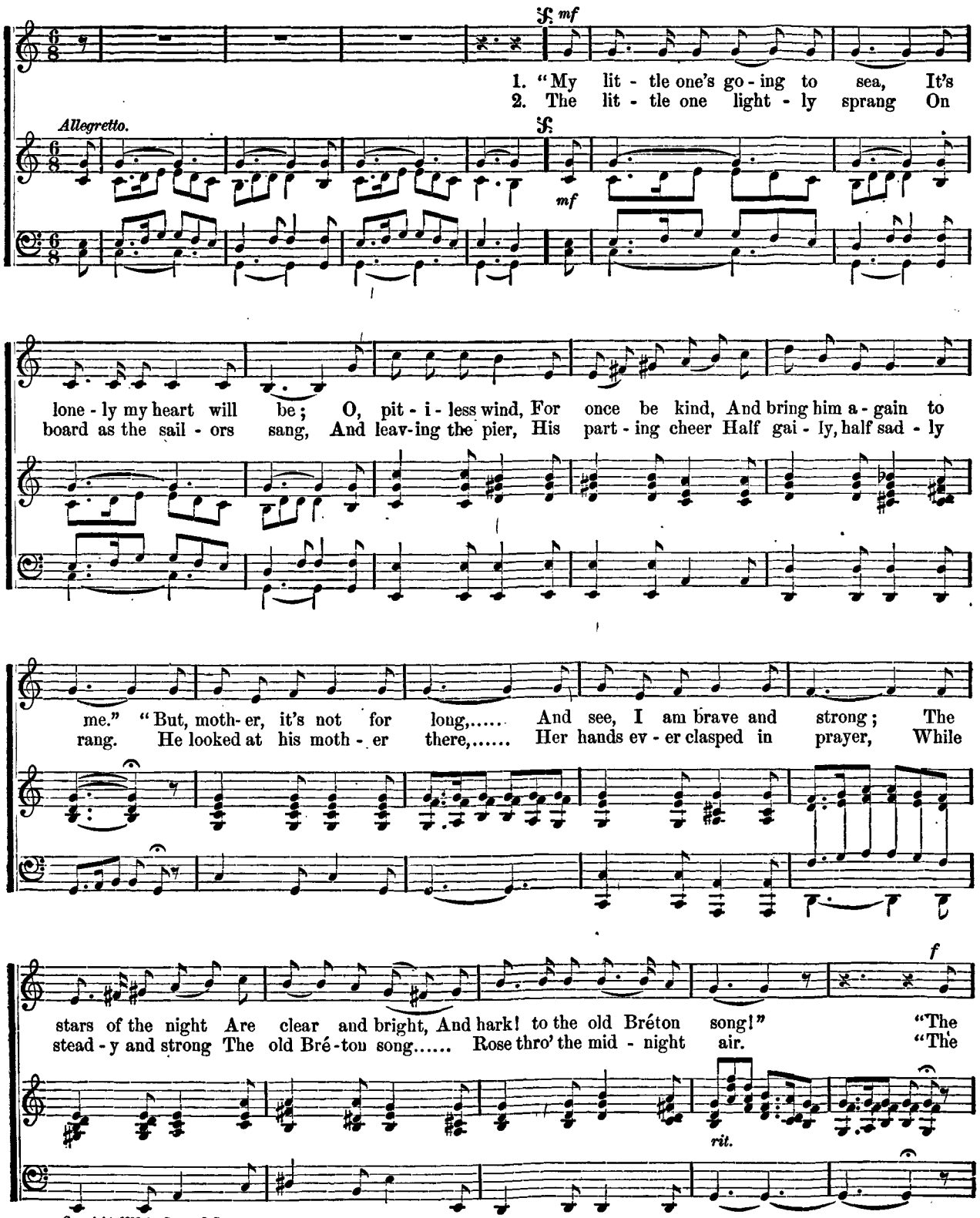
CHORUS.—Hurrah! *etc.*

Then here's to our Confederacy, strong we are and brave,
Like patriots of old, we'll fight our heritage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer;
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern Rights, hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag has gain'd th' Eleventh Star!

THE FIRST VOYAGE.

THE words of this song, first published anonymously and widely copied in America and Great Britain, are by JAMES L. MOLLOY, well known as a song-writer and composer. The melody is by MISS. J. T. DRAPER, whose effective ballad music has been received with much applause in London and Paris.

Allegretto.
1. "My lit - tle one's go - ing to sea, It's
2. The lit - tle one light - ly sprang On
lone - ly my heart will be; O, pit - i - less wind, For once be kind, And bring him a - gain to
board as the sail - ors sang, And leav-ing the pier, His part - ing cheer Half gai - ly, half sad - ly
me." "But, moth- er, it's not for long,..... And see, I am brave and strong; The
rang. He looked at his moth - er there,..... Her hands ev - er clasped in prayer, While
stars of the night Are clear and bright, And hark! to the old Bréton song!" "The
stead - y and strong The old Bré - ton song..... Rose thro' the mid - night air. "The
rit.

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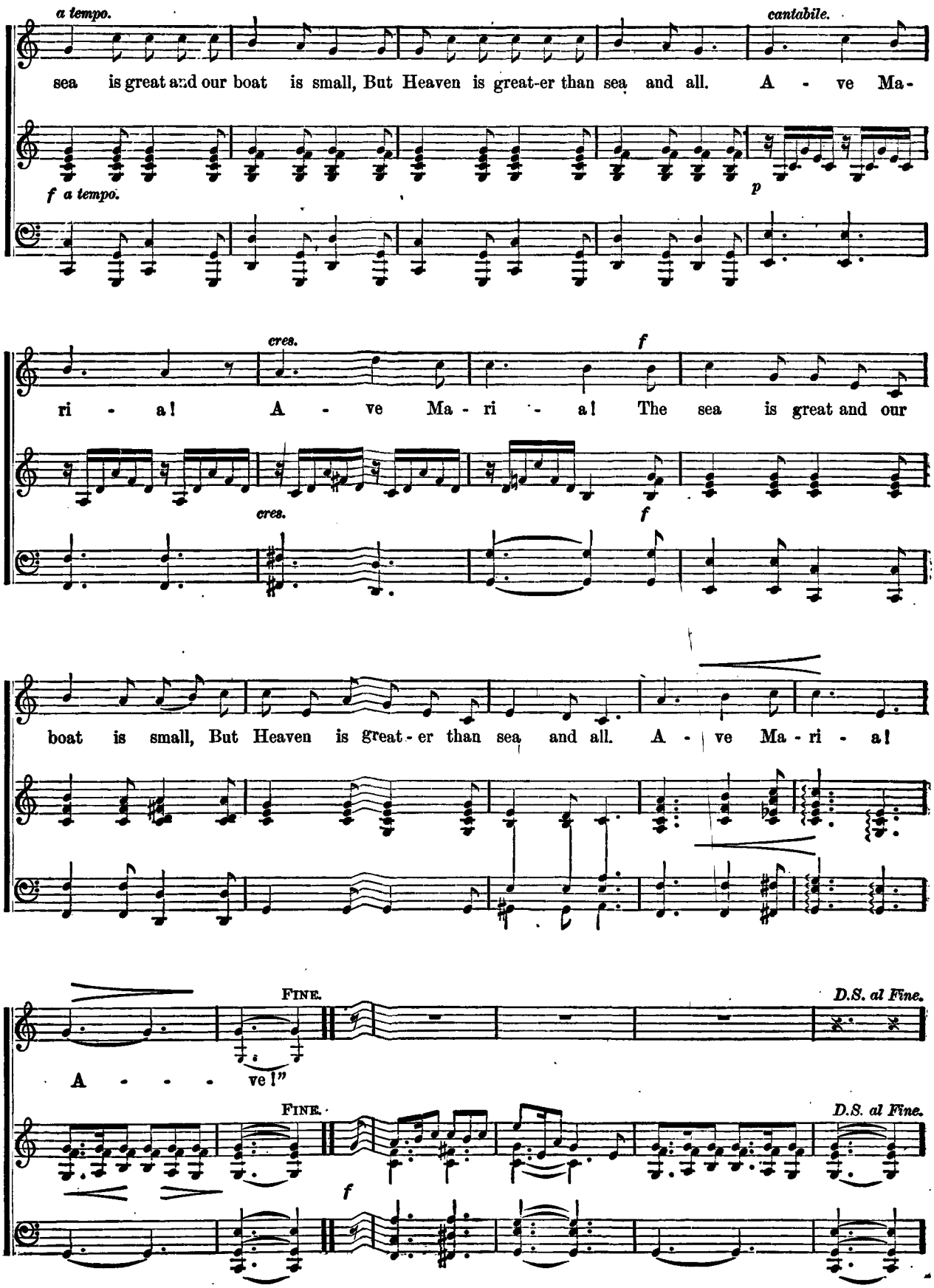
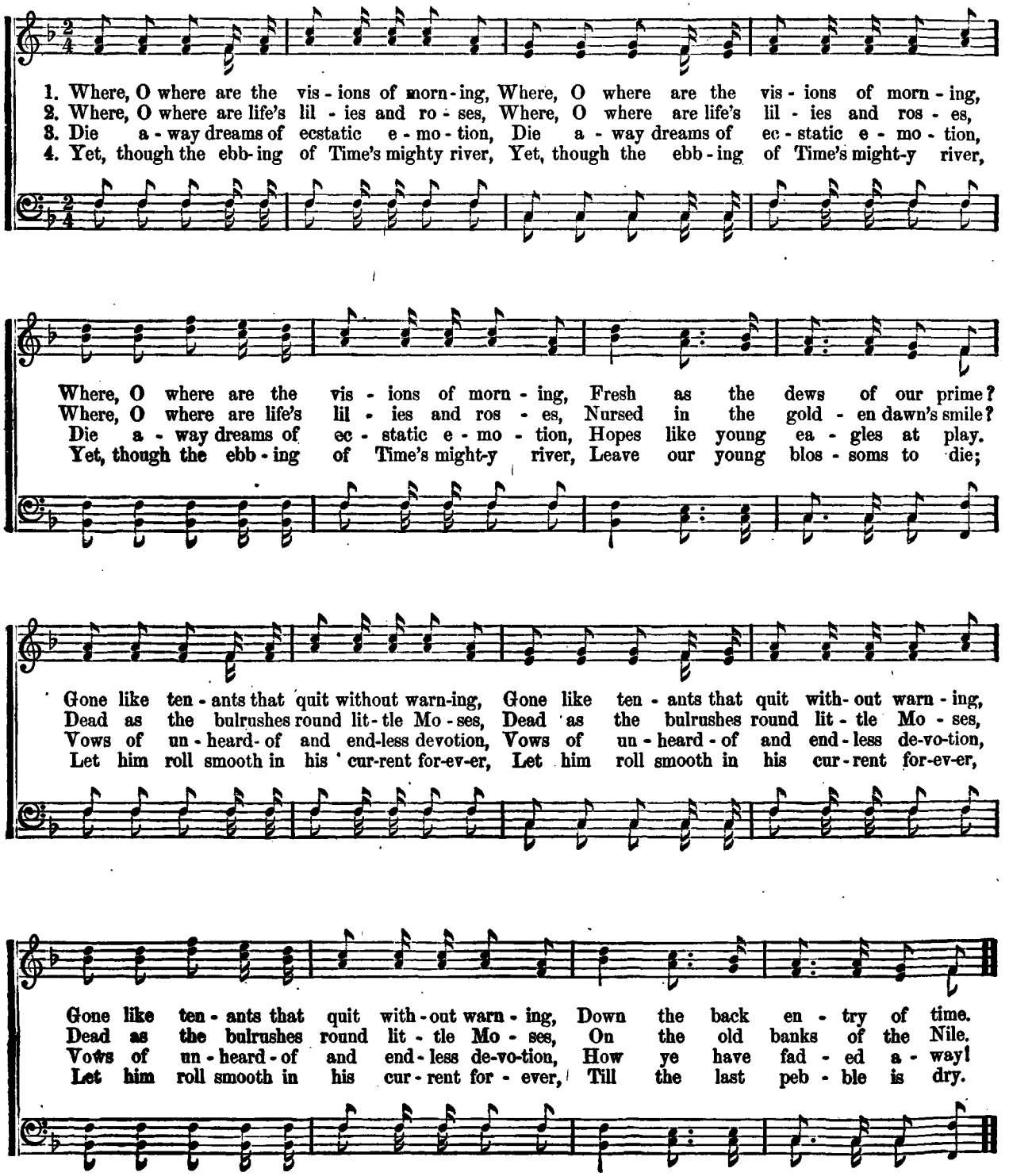

a tempo.
cantabile.
sea is great and our boat is small, But Heaven is great-er than sea and all. A - ve Ma-
f a tempo.
p
cres.
f
ri - a! A - ve Ma - ri - a! The sea is great and our
cres.
f
boat is small, But Heaven is great - er than sea and all. A - ve Ma - ri - a!
FINE.
D.S. al Fine.
A - - - ve!"
FINE.
D.S. al Fine.
f

THE VISIONS OF MORNING.

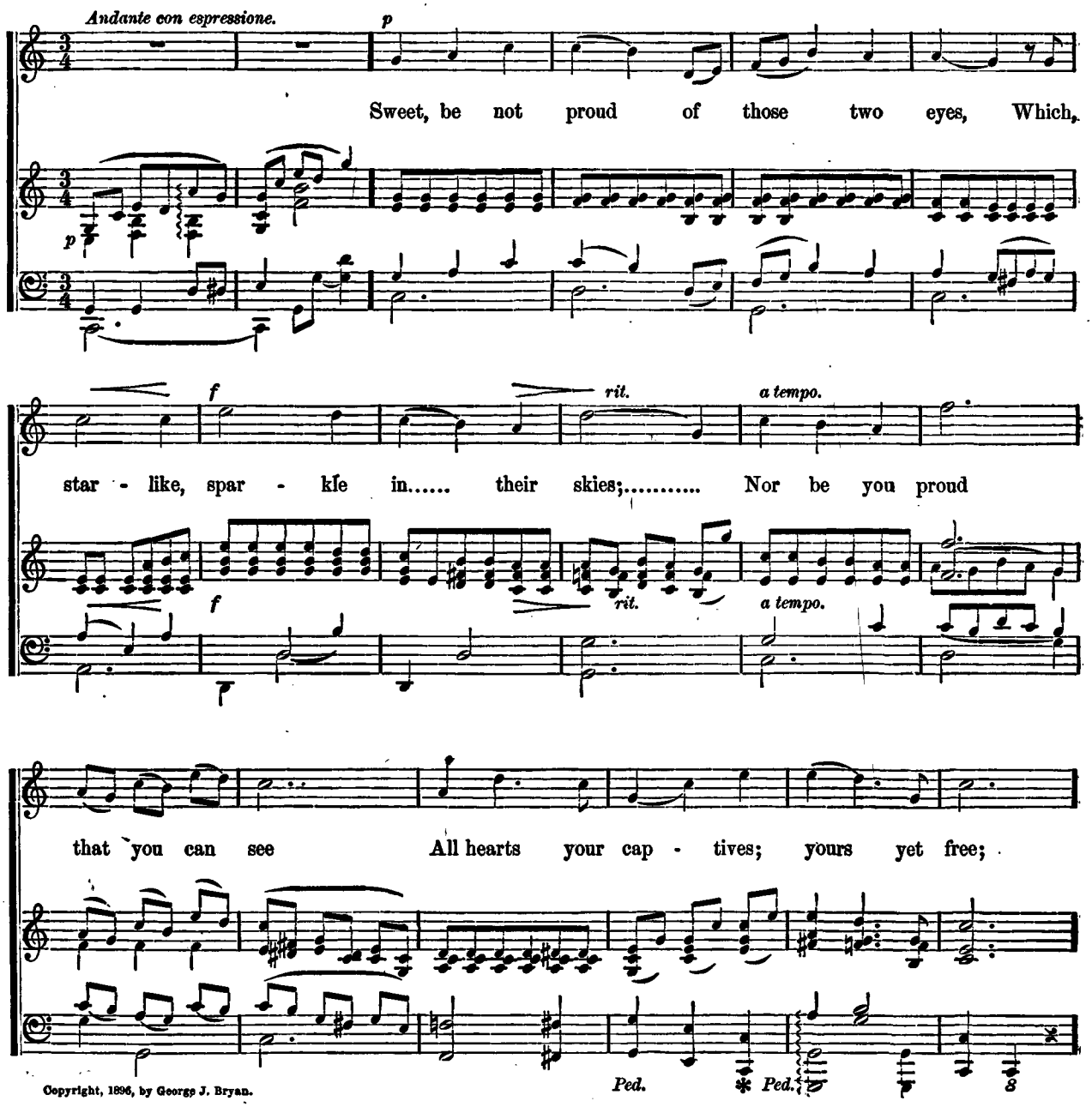
"THE Visions of Morning;" the Harvard Class Song of 1829, commemorates the graduation of many famous Americans; among them being OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, its author; and Samuel Francis Smith, author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

1. Where, O where are the vis - ions of morn - ing, Where, O where are the vis - ions of morn - ing,
2. Where, O where are life's lil - ies and ro - ses, Where, O where are life's lil - ies and ros - es,
3. Die a - way dreams of ecstatic e - mo - tion, Die a - way dreams of ec - static e - mo - tion,
4. Yet, though the ebb - ing of Time's mighty river, Yet, though the ebb - ing of Time's might-y river,
Where, O where are the vis - ions of morn - ing, Fresh as the dews of our prime?
Where, O where are life's lil - ies and ros - es, Nursed in the gold - en dawn's smile?
Die a - way dreams of ec - static e - mo - tion, Hopes like young ea - gles at play.
Yet, though the ebb - ing of Time's might-y river, Leave our young blos - soms to die;
Gone like ten - ants that quit without warn-ing, Gone like ten - ants that quit with- out warn - ing,
Dead as the bulrushes round lit - tle Mo - ses, Dead as the bulrushes round lit - tle Mo - ses,
Vows of un - heard- of and end-less devotion, Vows of un - heard - of and end - less de-vo-tion,
Let him roll smooth in his cur-rent for-ev-er, Let him roll smooth in his cur - rent for-ev-er,
Gone like ten - ants that quit with - out warn - ing, Down the back en - try of time.
Dead as the bulrushes round lit - tle Mo - ses, On the old banks of the Nile.
Vows of un - heard - of and end - less de-vo-tion, How ye have fad - ed a - way!
Let him roll smooth in his cur - rent for - ever, Till the last peb - ble is dry.

TO
DIANEME
SWEET BE NOT PROUD OF THOSE TWO EYES,
WHICH STARLIKE, SPARKLE IN THEIR SKIES;
NOR BE YOU PROUD THAT YOU CAN SEE
ALL HEARTS YOUR CAPTIVES YOURS YET FREE;
BE NOT YOU PROUD OF THAT RICH HAIRE,
WHICH WANTONS WITH THE LOVE SICK AIRE;
WHEN AS THAT RUBIE WHICH YOU WEARE,
SUNK FROM THE TIP OF YOUR SOFT EARE,
WILL LAST TO BE A PRECIOUS STONE,
WHEN ALL YOUR WORLD OF BEAUTIE'S GONE.
HERRICK.
RUPERT. C. W. BUNNY.

TO DIANEME.

"TO DIANEME."

SONG FOR TENOR.

THE words of this song, to which Professor PETER A. SCHNECKER has wedded an expressive and sympathetic tune, were written by ROBERT HERRICK, one of the most exquisite of the early lyrical poets of England. He was born in London in 1591; and died at Dean Prior, in Devonshire, in 1674. Of this latter place he was vicar for about twenty years, from 1629; preaching, he says, to a "wild amphibious race, rude almost as savages, and churlish as the seas." He was ejected by the storms of the civil war; and was replaced, after the Restoration, at about the age of seventy. During the interim, he lived in his native London; where he published the wild, bounding, flowing verses that have come to us like the notes of a song which lingers in the mind and takes its place in the memory forever.

Andante con espressione.
p
Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes, Which,
f
rit.
a tempo.
star - like, spar - kle in..... their skies;..... Nor be you proud
that you can see All hearts your cap - tives; yours yet free;
Ped.
Ped.

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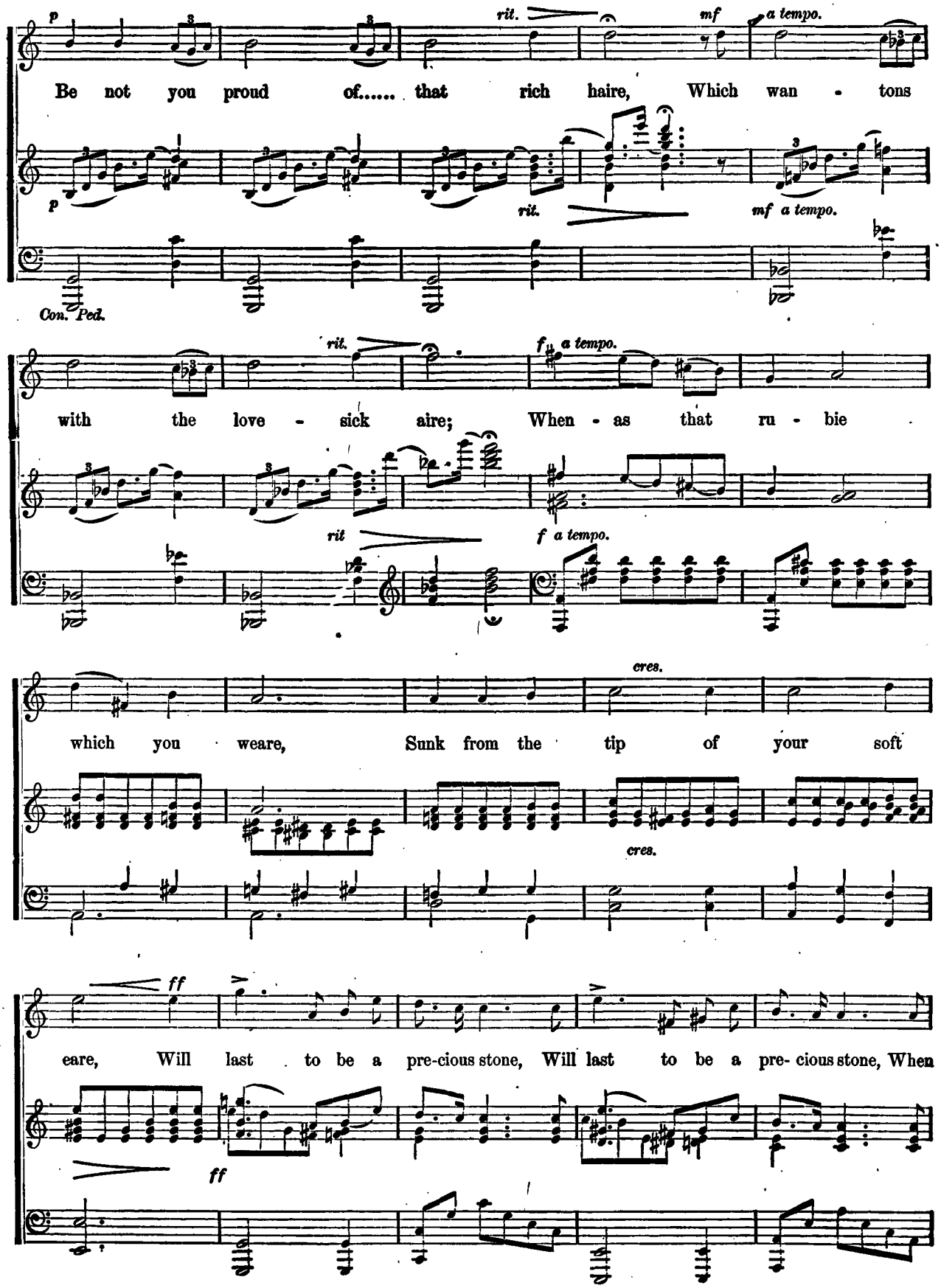

p
rit.
mf
a tempo.
Be not you proud of..... that rich haire, Which wan - tons
p
rit.
mf a tempo.
Con. Ped.
rit.
f a tempo.
with the love - sick aire; When - as that ru - bie
rit
f a tempo.
cres.
which you weare, Sunk from the tip of your soft
cres.
ff
eare, Will last to be a pre-cious stone, Will last to be a pre- cious stone, When
ff

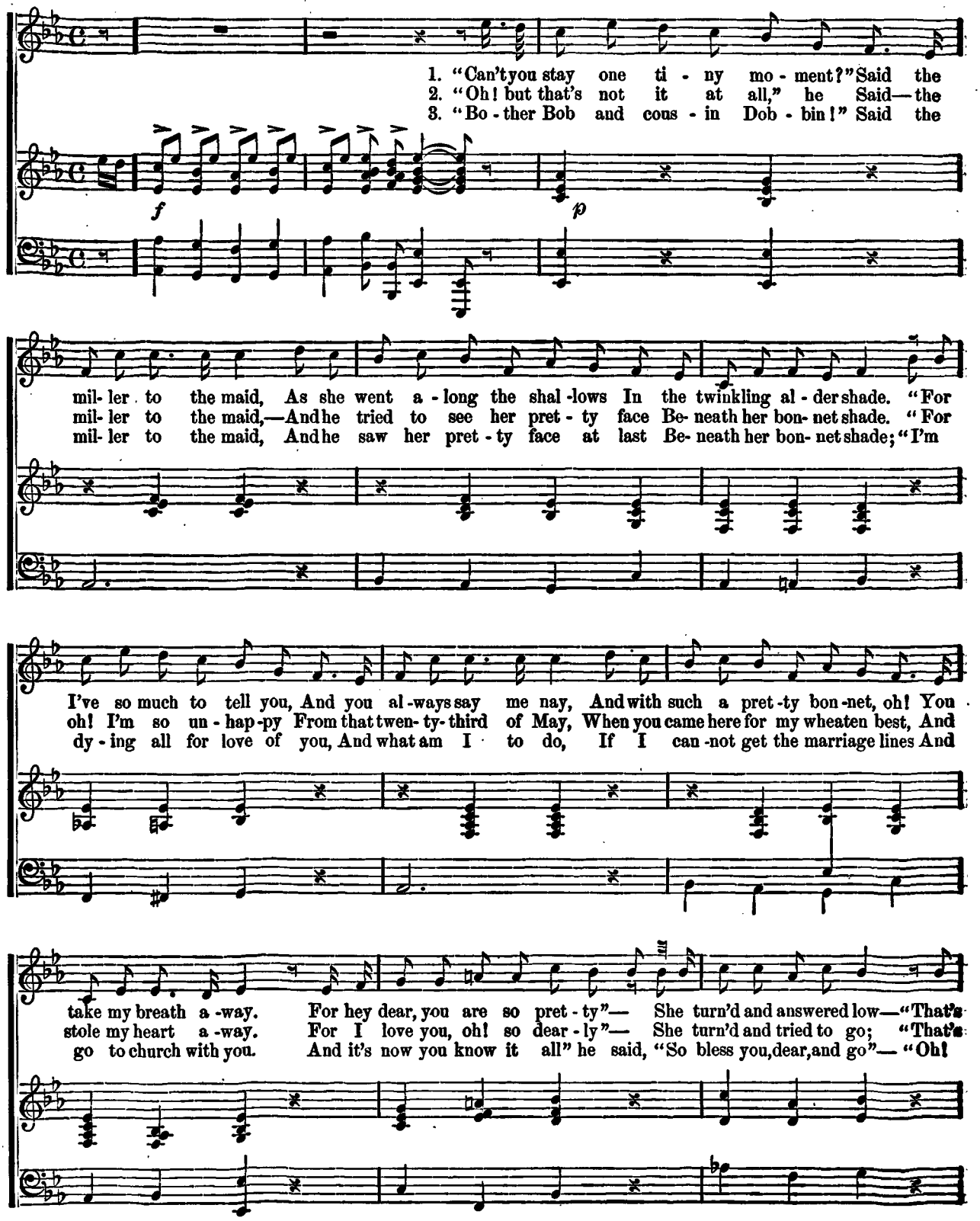
accel. Largamente.

all your world of beau-tie's gone, When all your world of beau-tie's gone, When all your

accel. Largamente.

world of beau - - tie's gone.....

"THE MILLER AND THE MAID."

THIS pretty bit of good nature and song is the work of THÉOPHILE JULIUS HENRY MARZIALS, the superintendent of music of the British Museum, whose verses and compositions are widely known and popular.

1. "Can't you stay one ti - ny mo - ment?" Said the
2. "Oh! but that's not it at all," he Said—the
3. "Bo - ther Bob and cous - in Dob - bin!" Said the
f
p
mil- ler to the maid, As she went a - long the shal -lows In the twinkling al - der shade. "For
mil- ler to the maid,—And he tried to see her pret - ty face Be- neath her bon- net shade. "For
mil- ler to the maid, And he saw her pret - ty face at last Be- neath her bon- net shade; "I'm
I've so much to tell you, And you al -ways say me nay, And with such a pret -ty bon -net, oh! You
oh! I'm so un - hap -py From that twen- ty- third of May, When you came here for my wheaten best, And
dy - ing all for love of you, And what am I to do, If I can -not get the marriage lines And
take my breath a -way. For hey dear, you are so pret - ty"— She turn'd and answered low—"That's
stole my heart a -way. For I love you, oh! so dear - ly"— She turn'd and tried to go; "That's
go to church with you. And it's now you know it all" he said, "So bless you, dear, and go"— "Oh!

just what cous-in Dob-bin says, But broth-er Bob says no. If you've nothing more to tell me then, Oh!
just what cous-in Dob-bin says, To ev-'ry girl I know; If you've nothing more to tell me then, Oh!
mil-ler, mil-ler, wait a-bit, I need not hur-ry so, If you've something more to tell me, You can

colla voce. *tempo.*

1st & 2d verse.

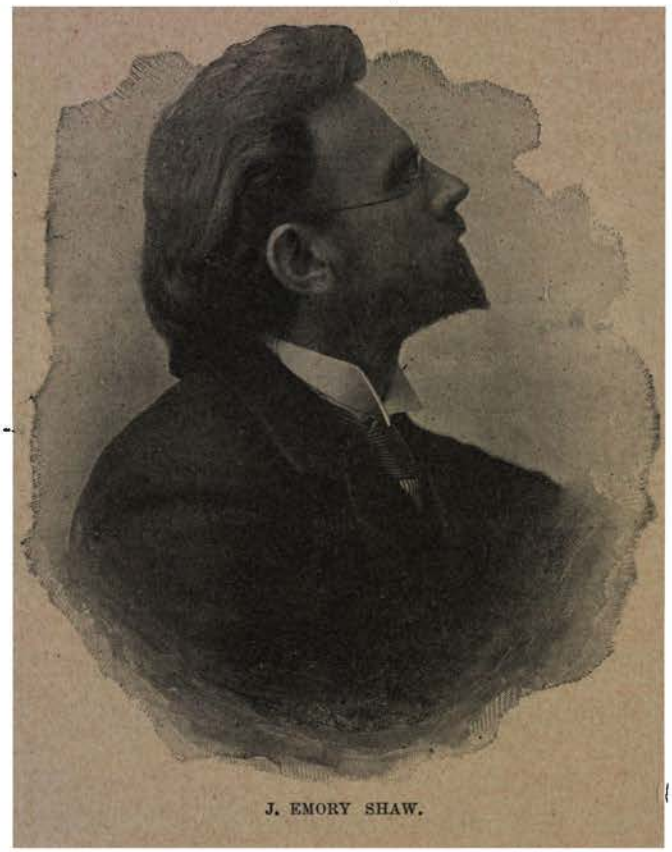
mil-ler, let me go, For my moth-er's mak-ing grid-dle-cakes And waits for me I know!"
mil-ler, let me go, For my moth-er's mak-ing grid-dle-cakes And waits for me I know!"
tell me as we go." And he'd noth-ing left to tell her, Yet he

f

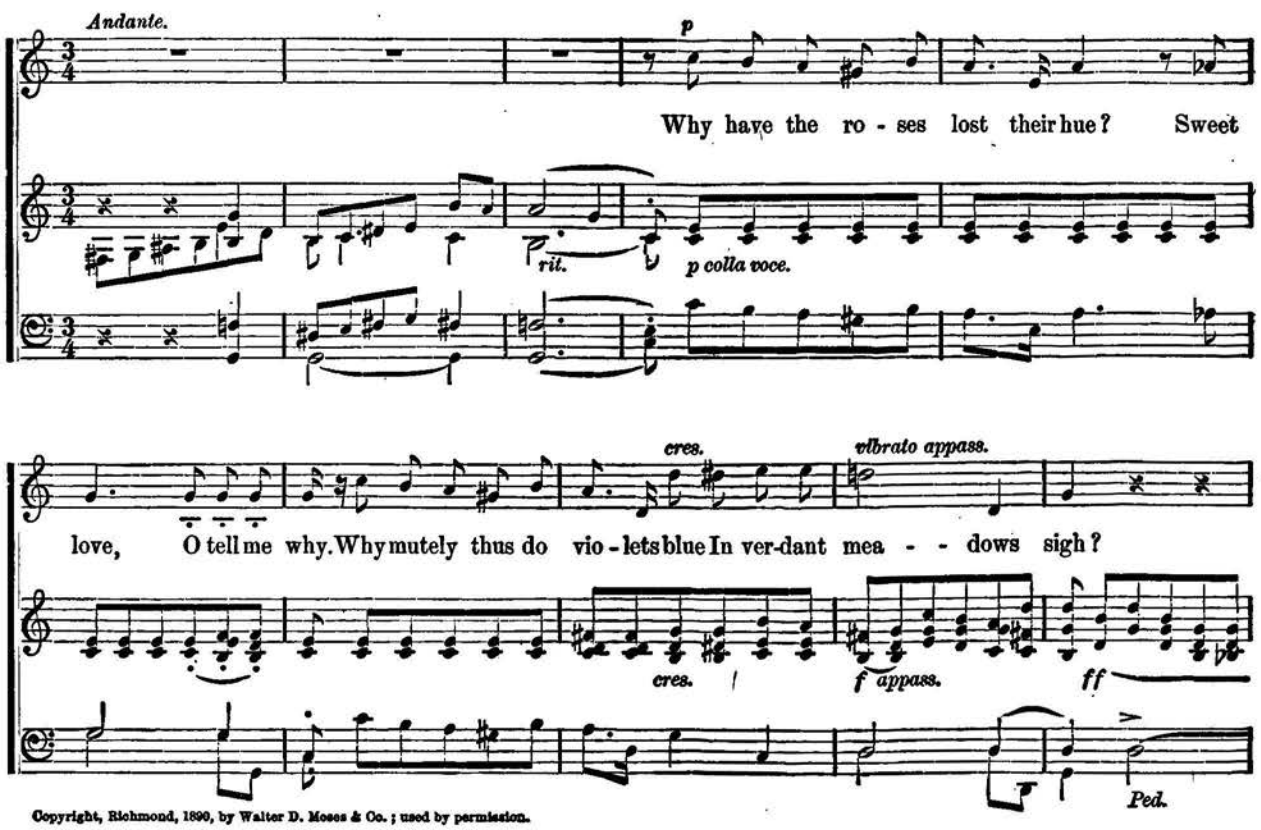
Last verse. *p*

told it her I know, For one nev-er tires of tell-ing "Oh! sweetheart, I love you so!"

WHY?



J. EMORY SHAW.

THE sweetly sad love-poem "Why?" is from the "Warum sind die Rosen so blass?" of HEINRICH HEINE. The tune is the best of the song compositions of J. EMORY SHAW, and has been extremely popular ever since its first publication in 1890. Professor Shaw was born in Baltimore in 1863. He began to study the piano at the age of fifteen, and at nineteen he took up vocal instruction, for which he always had the strongest predilection. However, in deference to the wishes of his parents, who wished to make a pianist of him, he continued the study of piano and theory. After studying with the best masters at home and abroad, Mr. Shaw located in Richmond, Va. Here he became director of the Philharmonic Orchestra and Southern Woman's College of that city; in which position he continued until called to the musical directorship of Wilson College at Chambersburg, Pa. A vocalist of repute and a specialist in voice culture, he is also a conductor of ability, a competent organist, and understands the orchestra and the art of instrumentation thoroughly. Mr. Shaw was for a short time Baritone of the Boston Ideal Opera Company. He has produced an opera which was well received by the press and public. He has written a number of songs and sacred pieces; but confines his leisure hours to composing in the larger instrumental forms.

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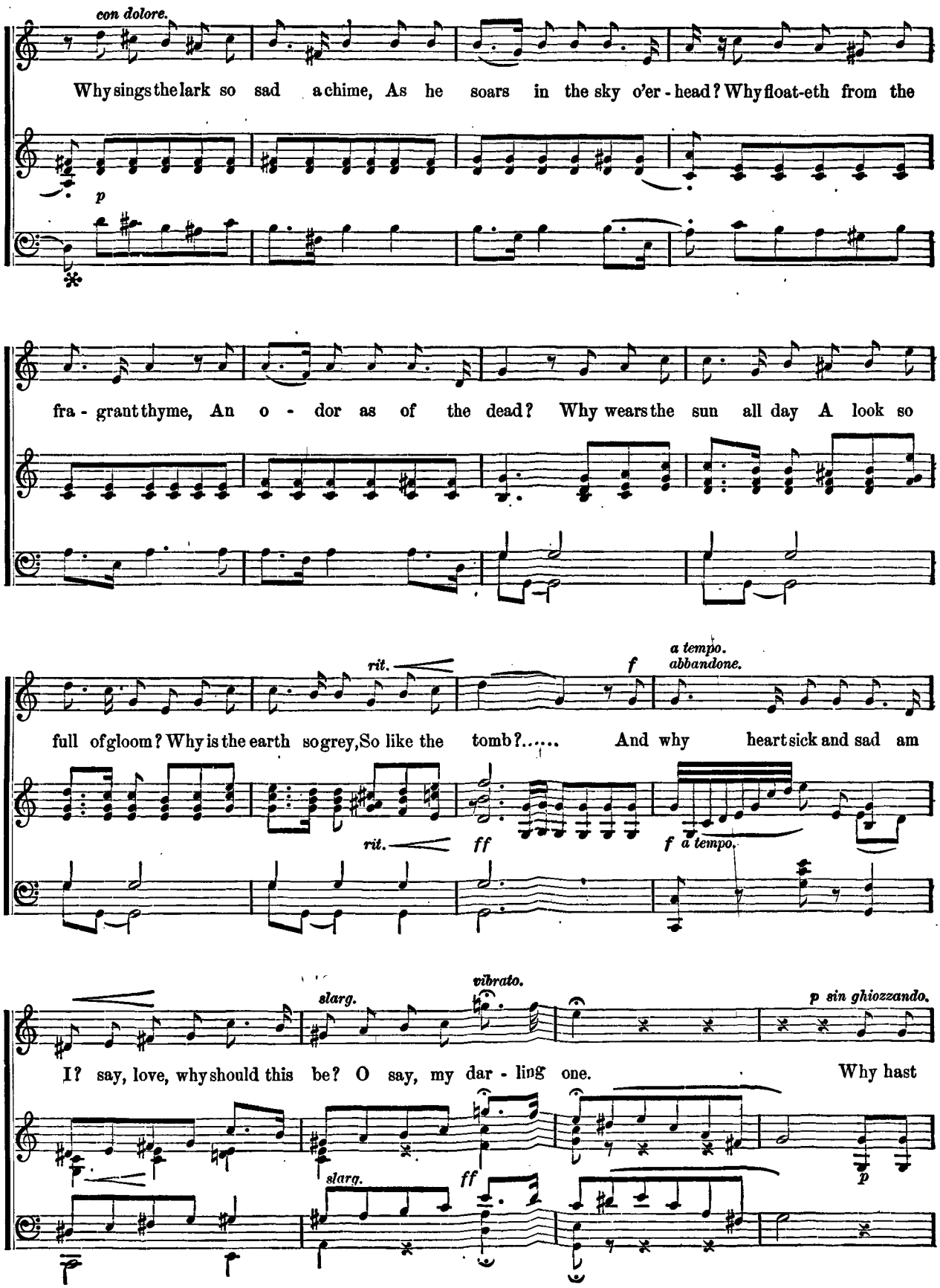
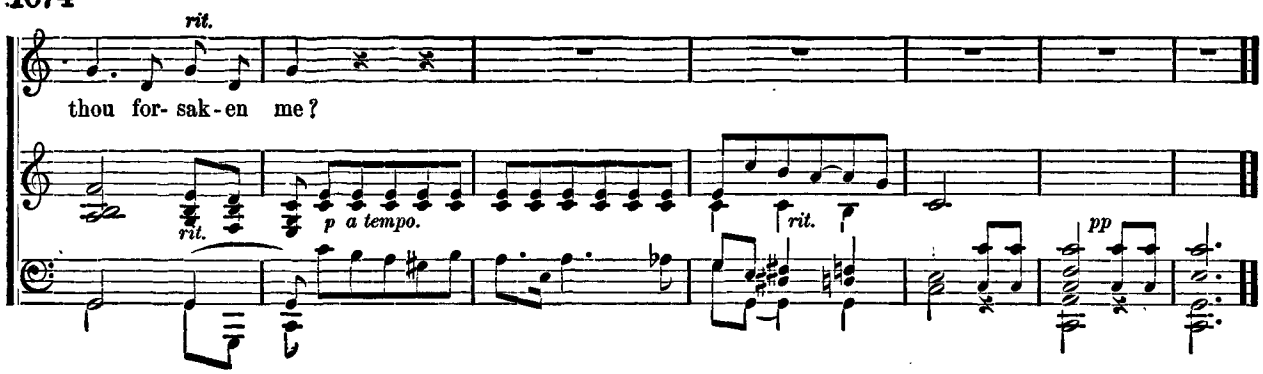
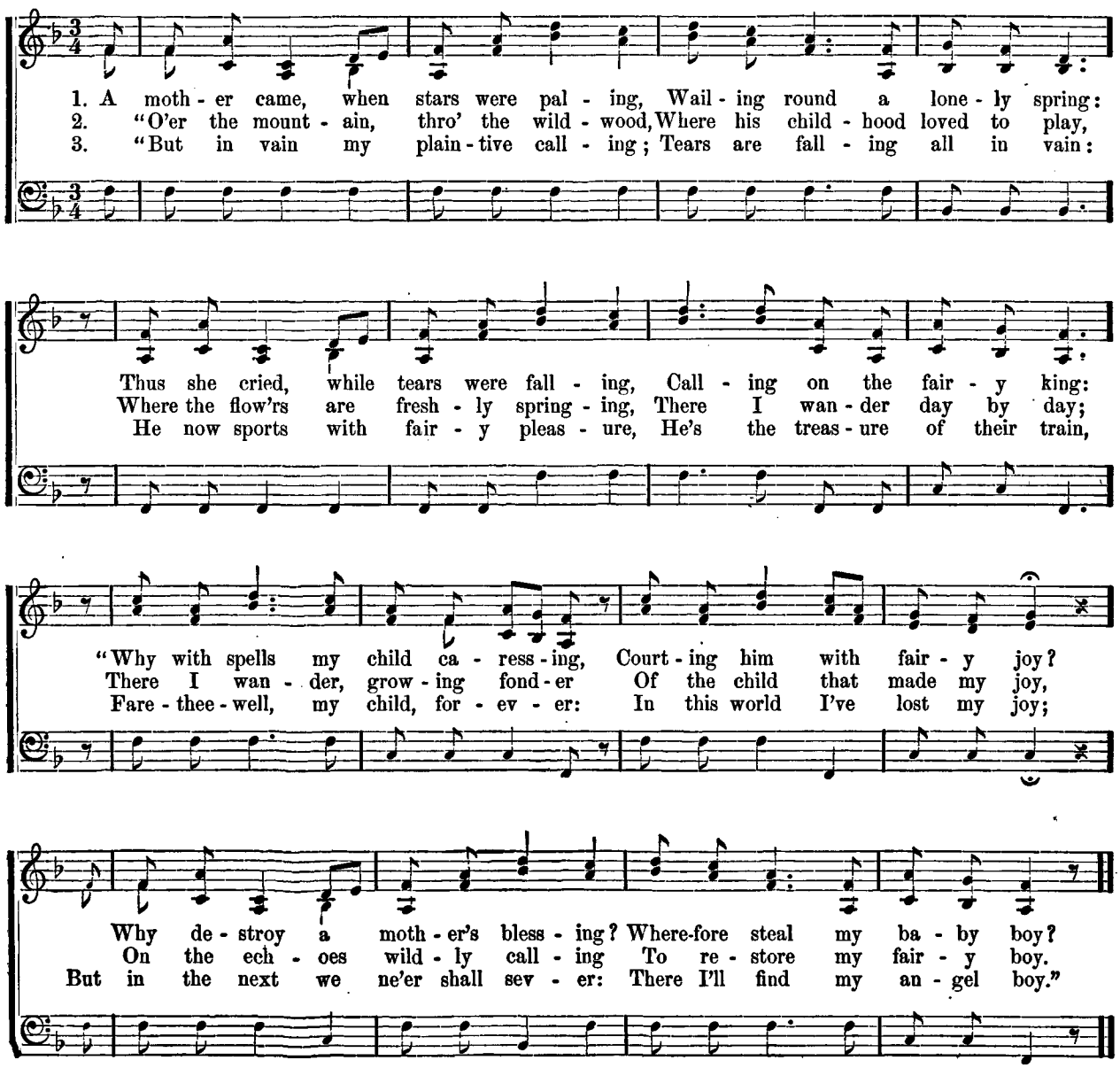

con dolore.
Why sings the lark so sad a chime, As he soars in the sky o'er-head? Why float-eth from the
p
fra-grant thyme, An o-dor as of the dead? Why wears the sun all day A look so
rit.
f
a tempo.
abbandone.
full of gloom? Why is the earth so grey, So like the tomb?..... And why heart sick and sad am
rit.
ff
f a tempo.
slarg.
vibrato.
p sin ghiozzando.
I? say, love, why should this be? O say, my dar-ling one. Why hast
slarg.
ff
p

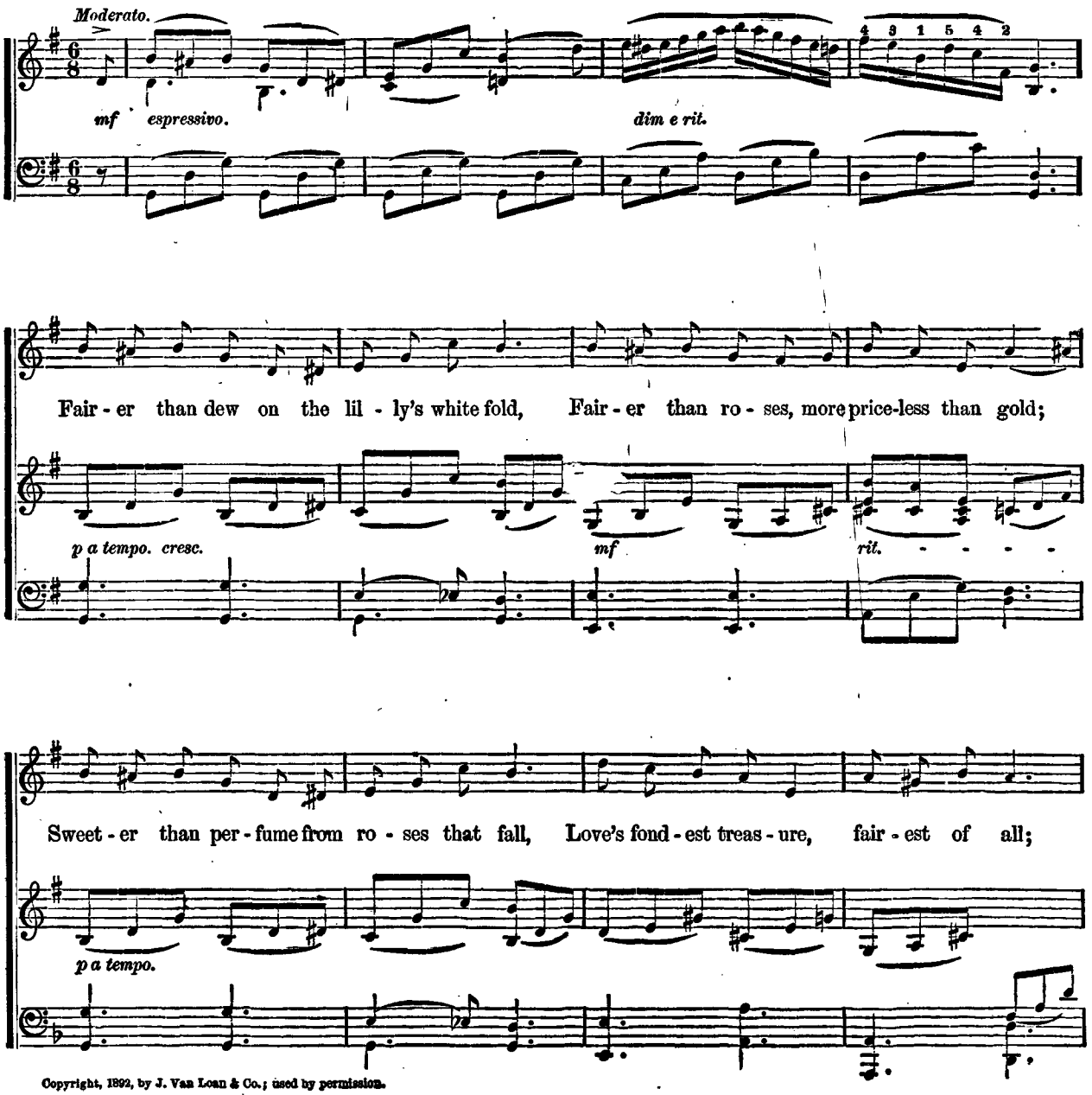


THE FAIRY BOY.

THIS song, founded upon an ancient Irish superstition, is by SAMUEL LOVER.


1. A moth - er came, when stars were pal - ing, Wail - ing round a lone - ly spring:
2. "O'er the mount - ain, thro' the wild - wood, Where his child - hood loved to play,
3. "But in vain my plain - tive call - ing; Tears are fall - ing all in vain:
Thus she cried, while tears were fall - ing, Call - ing on the fair - y king:
Where the flow'rs are fresh - ly spring - ing, There I wan - der day by day;
He now sports with fair - y pleas - ure, He's the treas - ure of their train,
"Why with spells my child ca - ress - ing, Court - ing him with fair - y joy?
There I wan - der, grow - ing fond - er Of the child that made my joy,
Fare - thee - well, my child, for - ev - er: In this world I've lost my joy;
Why de - stroy a moth - er's bless - ing? Where-fore steal my ba - by boy?
On the ech - oes wild - ly call - ing To re - store my fair - y boy.
But in the next we ne'er shall sev - er: There I'll find my an - gel boy."

FAIREST OF ALL.

E. S. PHELPS, whose music is here set to the words of W. S. NAULTY, is one of a number of American composers who have made the name of Phelps an honored one in the musical annals of their country. The song is one of those simple yet graceful effusions that appeal to the love of melody constructed without unusual intervals and cadences, and the waltz refrain at the end of each verse gives a most pleasing variety to the movement. Songs of this character express the musical as well as the poetic feeling of a considerable proportion of the people who have spontaneous impulses possible to be uttered only in song. It is as true and genuine an impulse as any in human nature, and it is the office of the composer to provide for its expression.

Moderato.
mf espressivo.
dim e rit.
Fair - er than dew on the lil - ly's white fold, Fair - er than ro - ses, more price-less than gold;
p a tempo. cresc.
mf
rit.
Sweet - er than per - fume from ro - ses that fall, Love's fond - est treas - ure, fair - est of all;
p a tempo.

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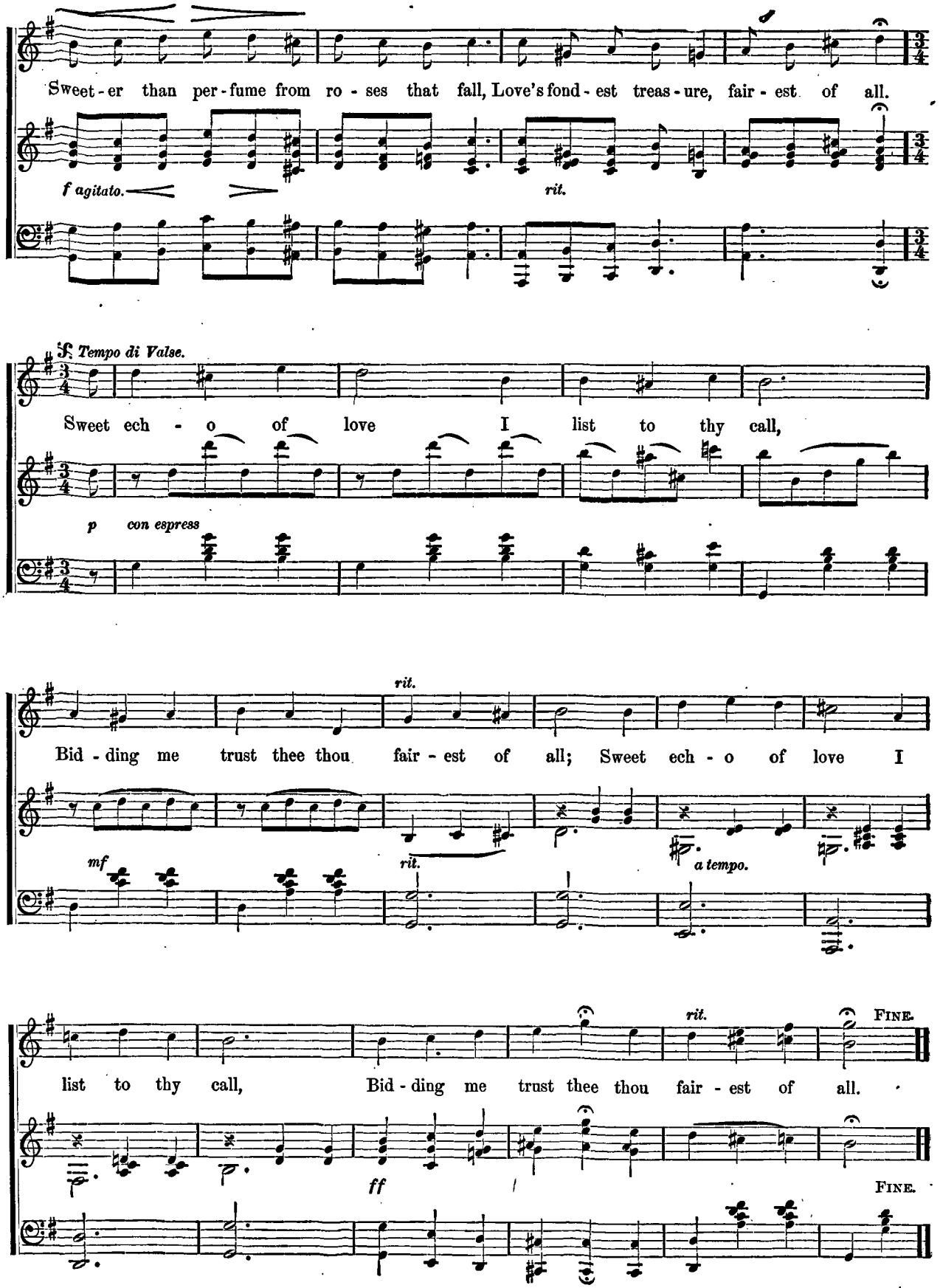
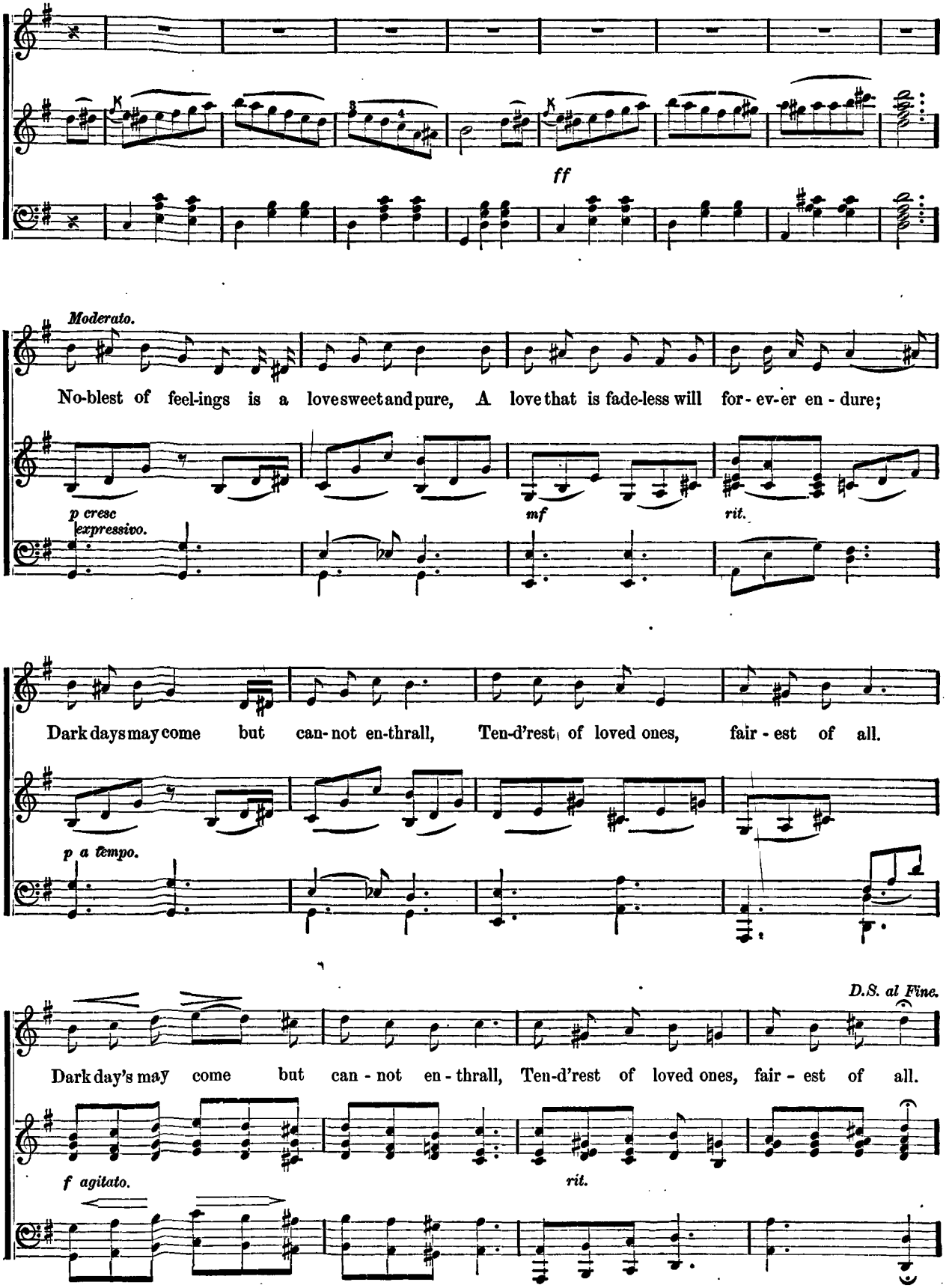
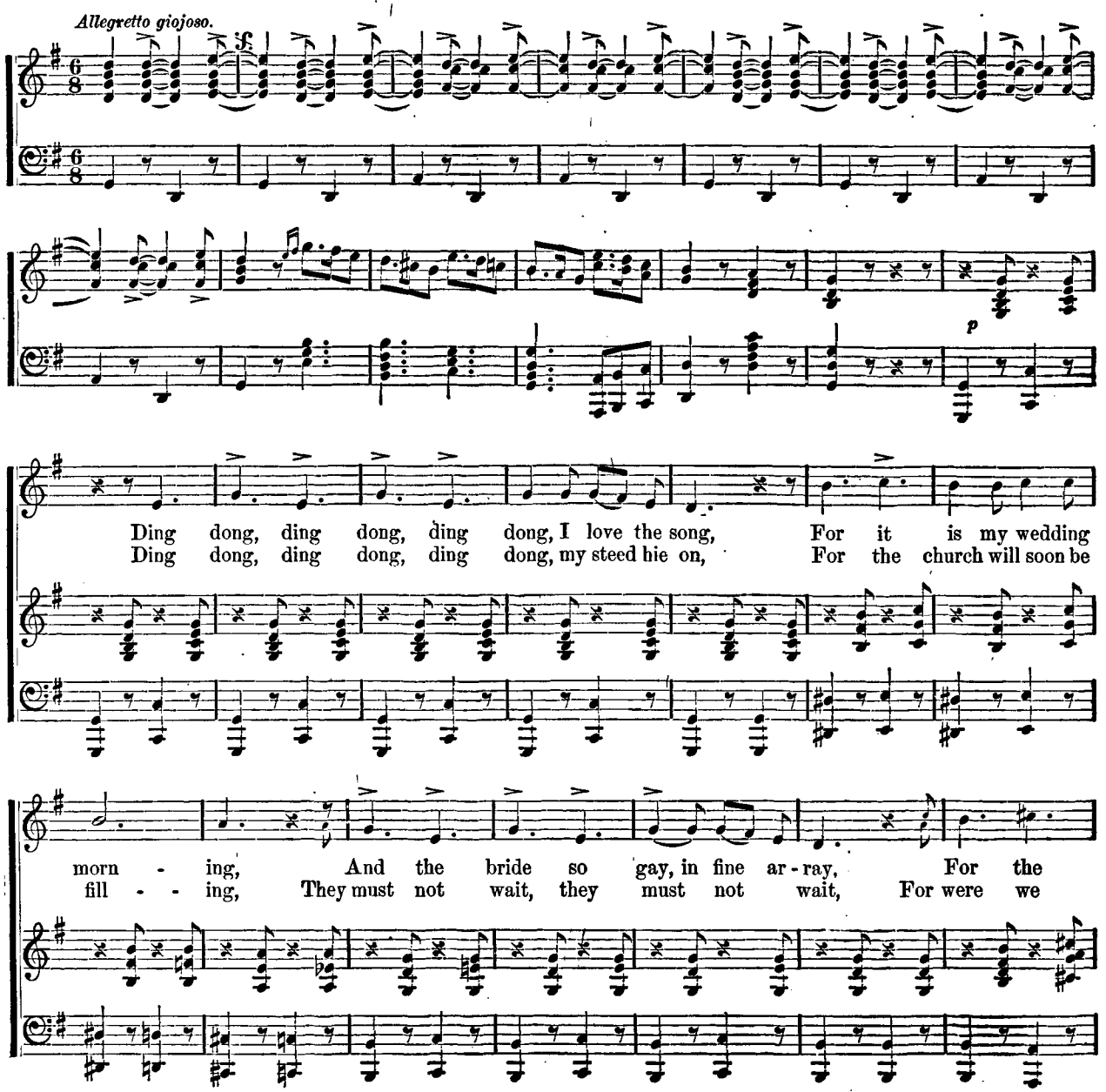
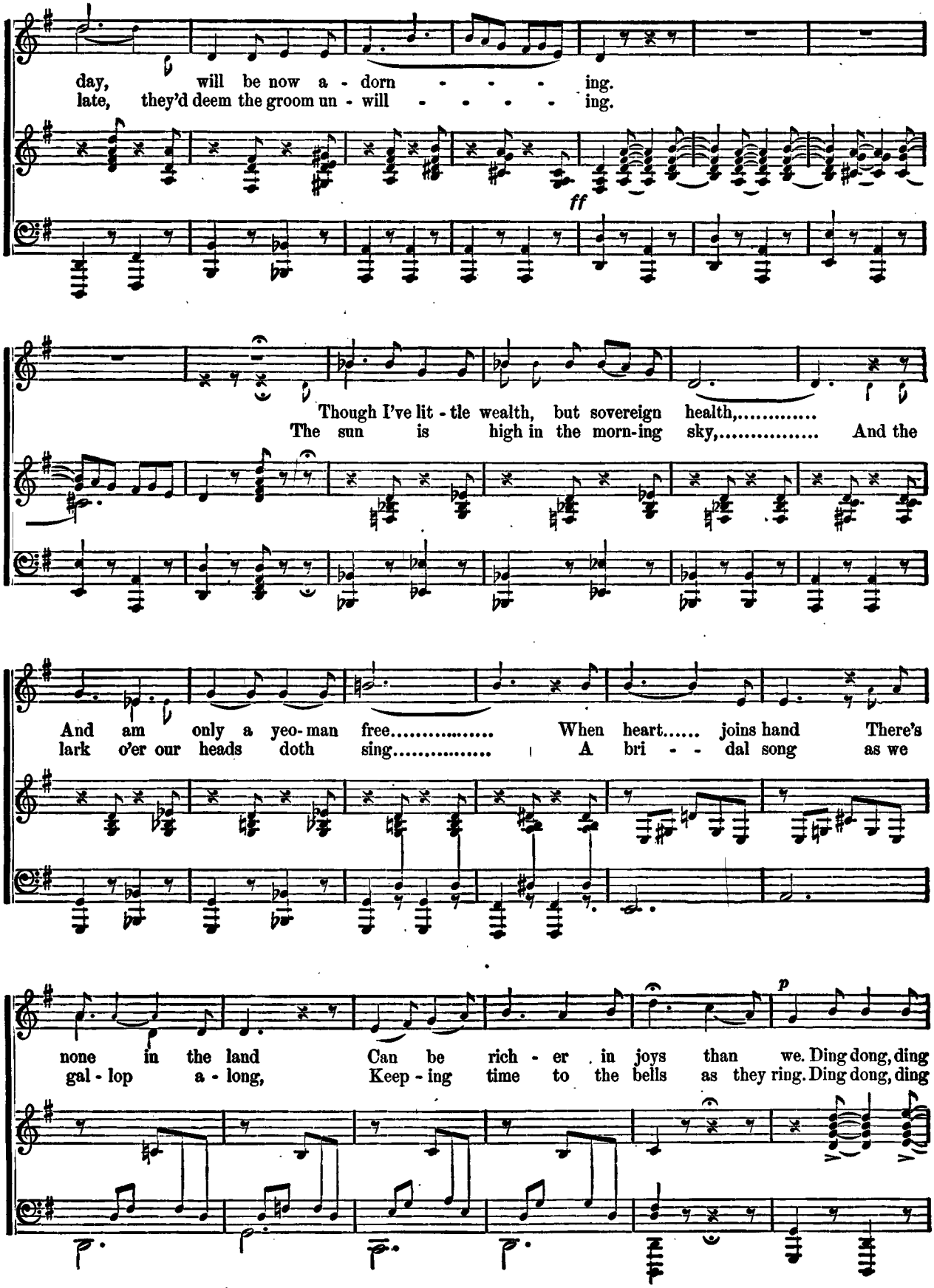
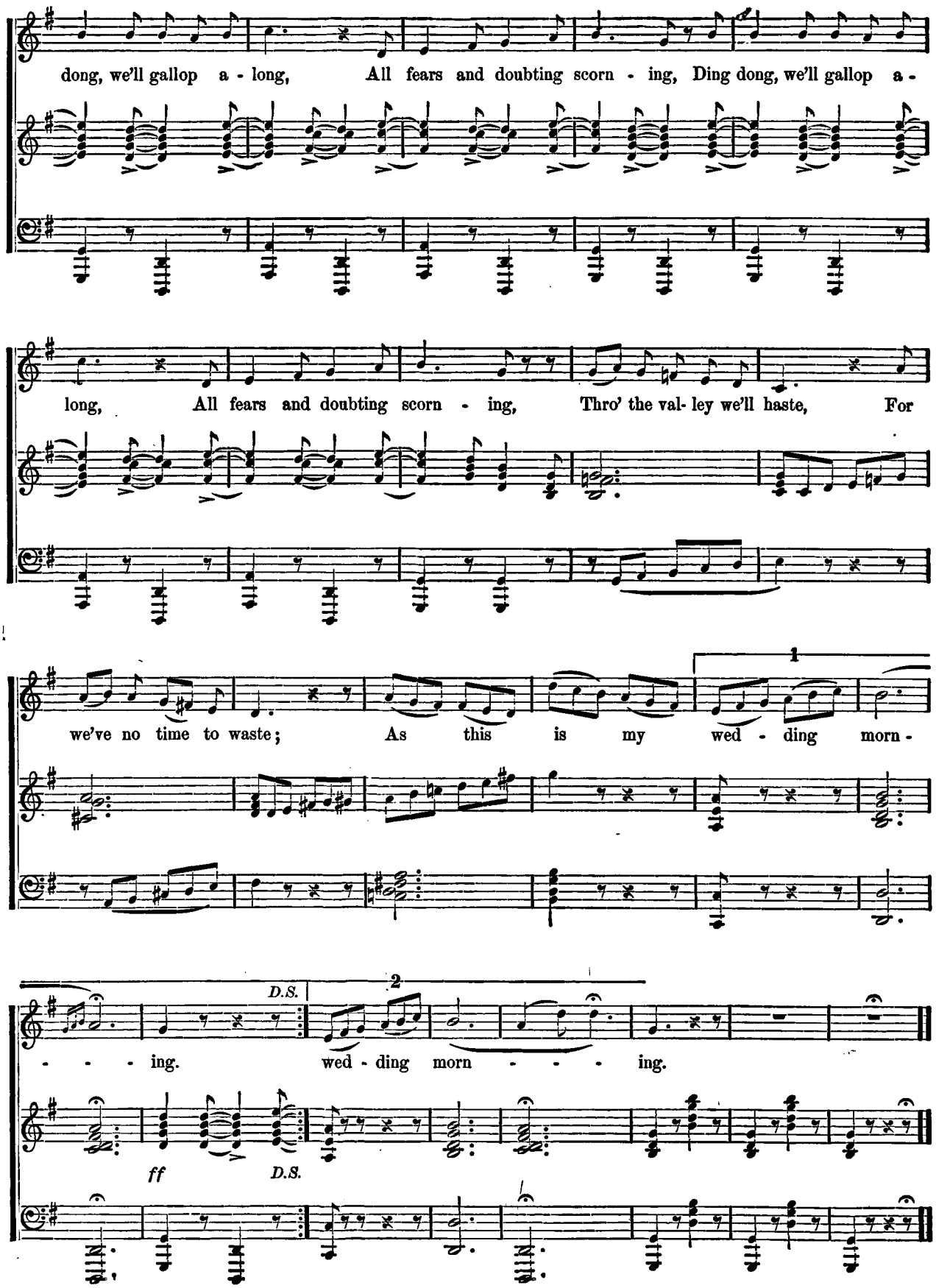
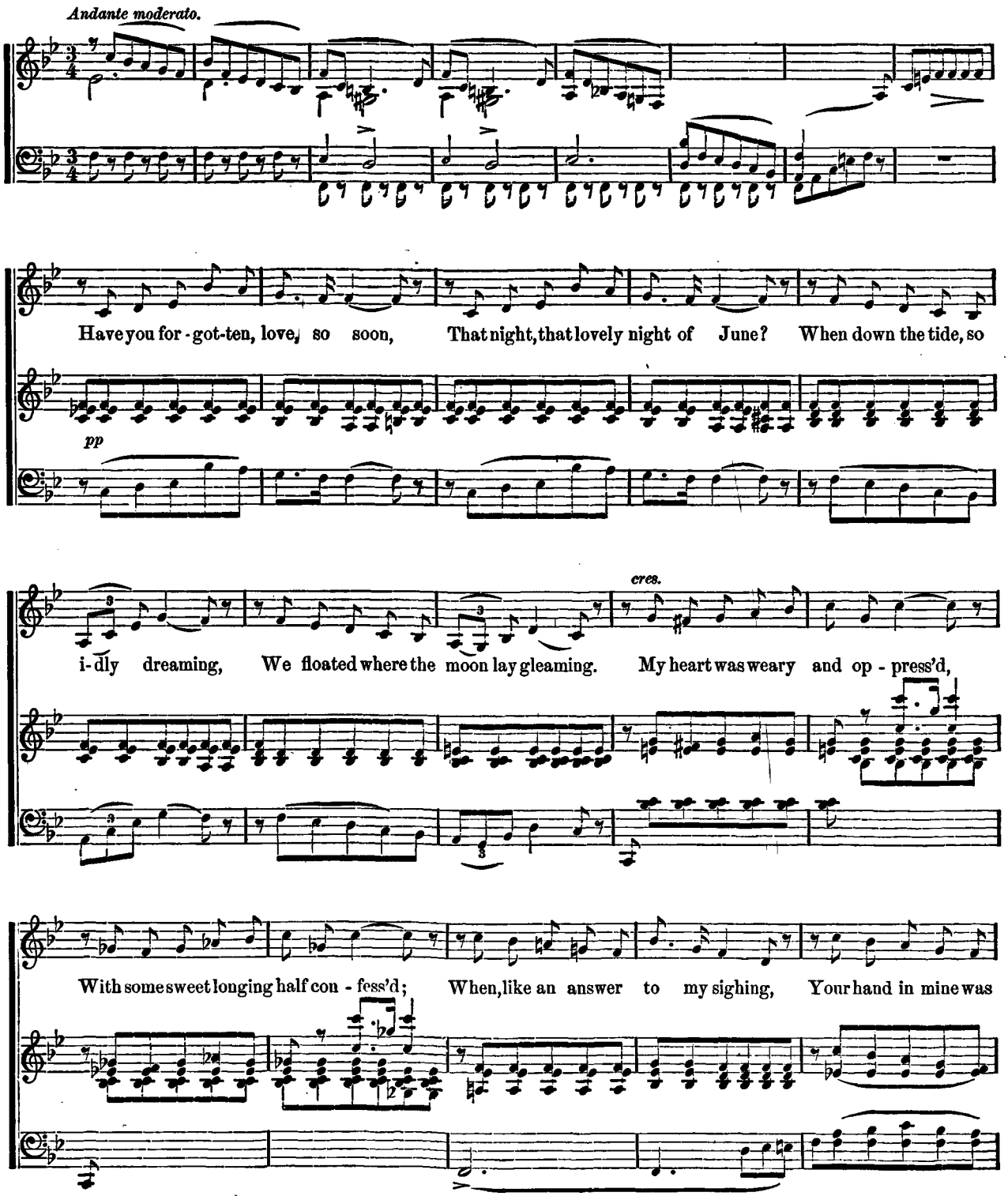
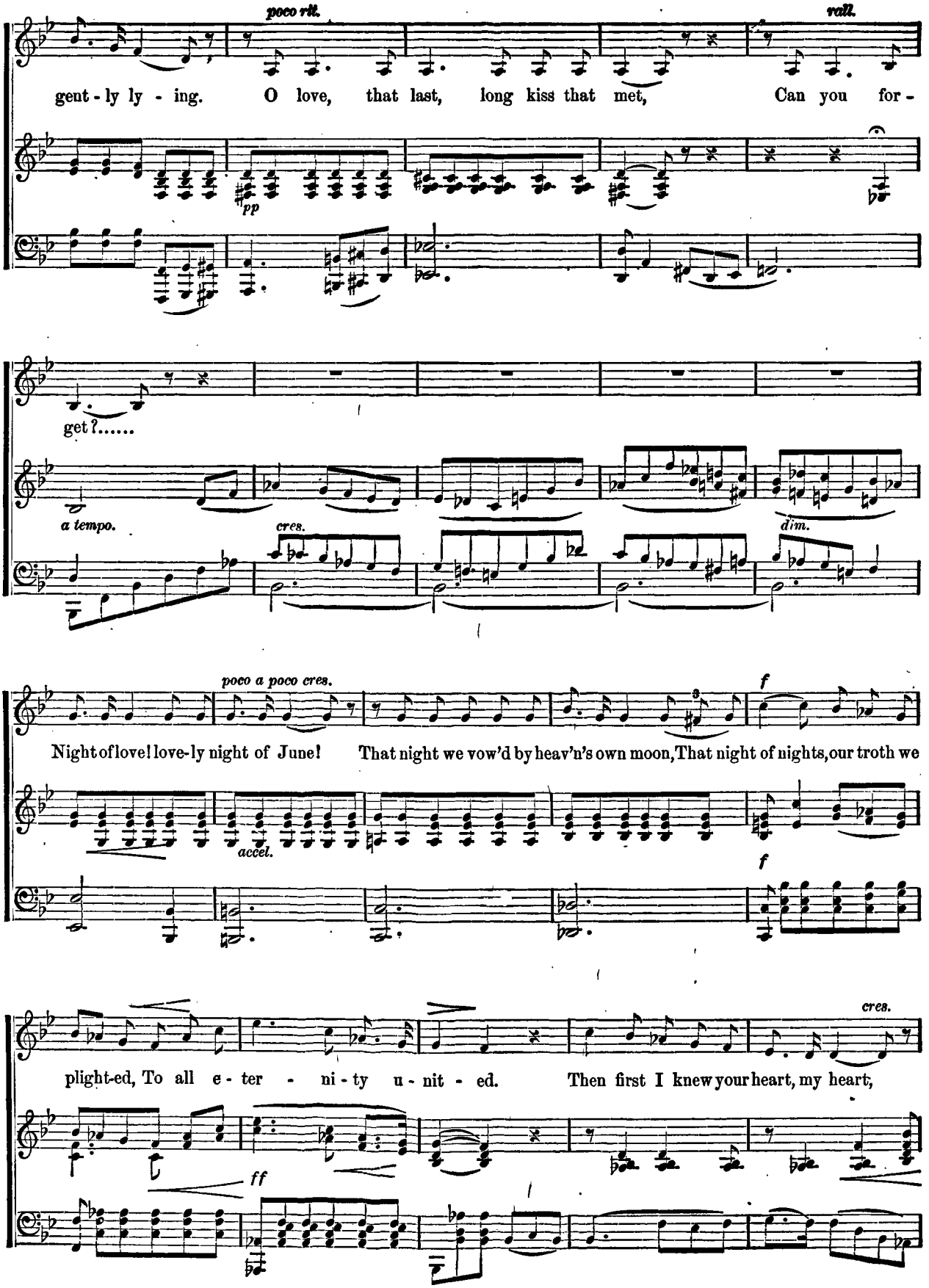
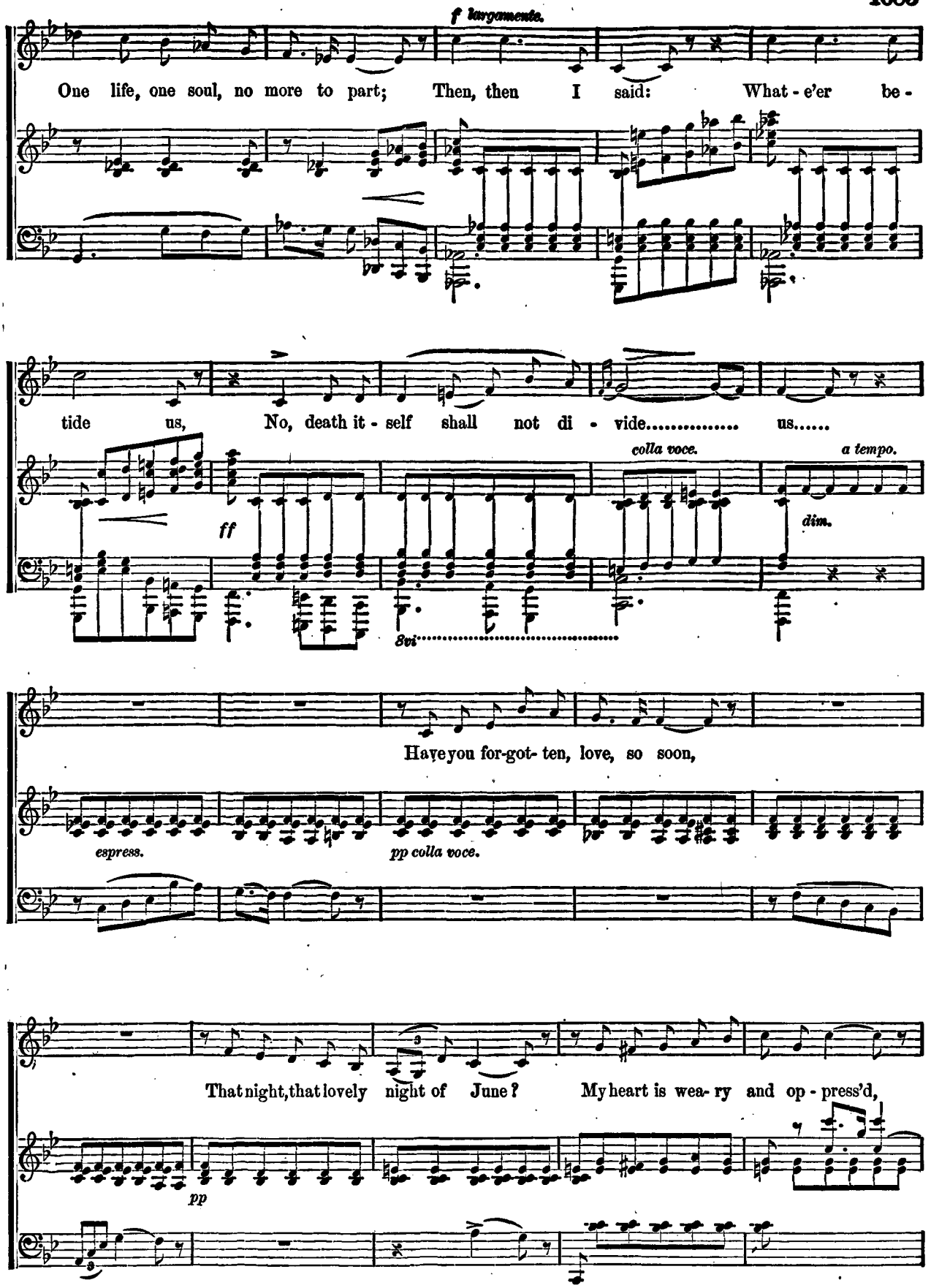

Sweet-er than per-fume from ro-ses that fall, Love's fond-est treas-ure, fair-est of all.
f agitato.
rit.
Tempo di Valse.
Sweet ech-o of love I list to thy call,
p con espress
rit.
Bid-ding me trust thee thou fair-est of all; Sweet ech-o of love I
mf
rit.
a tempo.
rit.
FINE.
list to thy call, Bid-ding me trust thee thou fair-est of all.
ff
FINE.

ff
Moderato.
No-blest of feel-ings is a love sweet and pure, A love that is fade-less will for-ev-er en-dure;
p cresc
expressivo.
mf
rit.
Dark days may come but can-not en-thrall, Ten-d'rest of loved ones, fair-est of all.
p a tempo.
D.S. al Fine.
Dark day's may come but can-not en-thrall, Ten-d'rest of loved ones, fair-est of all.
f agitato.
rit.

THE YEOMAN'S WEDDING SONG.

THIS is one of several songs by the same composer which have had and deserved more than ordinary popularity. "Farewell, the Breeze Blows Fair," "For a Year and a Day," "The Flower Girl" and "Love's Antidote," are among the better known of the songs of this writer, JOSEPH MICHAEL XAVIER FRANCIS JOHN, PRINCE PONIATOWSKI. Although Prince Poniatowski was a man of the world and a diplomat, his devotion to music was so complete as to take him out of the ranks of the amateurs, and his accomplishments, both as a public singer and as a composer, were so considerable as to give him an extended reputation as a professional musician. He was born in 1816, at Rome, studied music in Florence, and there made his debut in opera as a tenor singer. In 1838 his first opera was produced, and for many years he supplied the theatres of Italy and Paris with new operas. He was involved in the revolution of 1848, and subsequently represented the Grand Duke of Tuscany in Paris, as plenipotentiary. He was a friend of Napoleon III., and became a senator under the Empire, following the Emperor to England after the defeat at Sedan, in 1870. He industriously wrote music during his life in England, producing operas at Covent Garden, and publishing numerous creditable works. He died in 1873, and was buried at Chiselhurst, the home of the exiled Emperor whose fortunes he had followed. The Prince Poniatowski who was famous as one of the Marshals of the First Napoleon, and died at the battle of Leipzig, was his uncle.

Allegretto giojoso.
f
p
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, I love the song, For it is my wedding
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, my steed hie on, For the church will soon be
morn - ing, And the bride so gay, in fine ar - ray, For the
fill - - ing, They must not wait, they must not wait, For were we

day, will be now a - dorn - - - - ing.
late, they'd deem the groom un - will - - - - ing.
ff
Though I've lit - tle wealth, but sovereign health,.....
The sun is high in the morn-ing sky,..... And the
And am only a yeo-man free..... When heart..... joins hand There's
lark o'er our heads doth sing..... A bri - - dal song as we
p
none in the land Can be rich - er in joys than we. Ding dong, ding
gal - lop a - long, Keep - ing time to the bells as they ring. Ding dong, ding

dong, we'll gallop a - long, All fears and doubting scorn - ing, Ding dong, we'll gallop a -
long, All fears and doubting scorn - ing, Thro' the val- ley we'll haste, For
we've no time to waste; As this is my wed - ding morn -
1
D.S.
2
- - - ing. wed - ding morn - - - ing.
ff
D.S.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

THE death of ARTHUR GORING THOMAS, as the result of an accident, in 1892, deprived the younger generation of English composers of one of their most promising fellow-craftsmen. Already favorably known as the composer of many excellent songs, he wrote at thirty his cantata, "The Sun Worshippers," for the important Norwich festival of 1882; and afterwards he composed numerous operas, that of "Esmeralda" being a special commission for the Carl Rosa English Opera Company. The words of "A Summer Night" (Un Nuit de Mai) were written by THEOPHILUS MARZIALS.

Andante moderato.
Have you for-got-ten, love, so soon, That night, that lovely night of June? When down the tide, so
pp
cres.
i-dly dreaming, We floated where the moon lay gleaming. My heart was weary and op-press'd,
With some sweet longing half con-fess'd; When, like an answer to my sighing, Your hand in mine was

poco rit.
rall.
gent - ly ly - ing. O love, that last, long kiss that met, Can you for -
pp
get?.....
a tempo.
cres.
dim.
poco a poco cres.
Night of love! love-ly night of June! That night we vow'd by heav'n's own moon, That night of nights, our troth we
accel.
f
f
plight-ed, To all e - ter - ni - ty u - nit - ed. Then first I knew your heart, my heart,
cres.
ff

f largamente.
One life, one soul, no more to part; Then, then I said: What - e'er be -
tide us, No, death it - self shall not di - vide..... us.....
colla voce.
a tempo.
ff
dim.
8vi
Have you for-got- ten, love, so soon,
espress.
pp colla voce.
That night, that lovely night of June? My heart is wea- ry and op - press'd,
pp

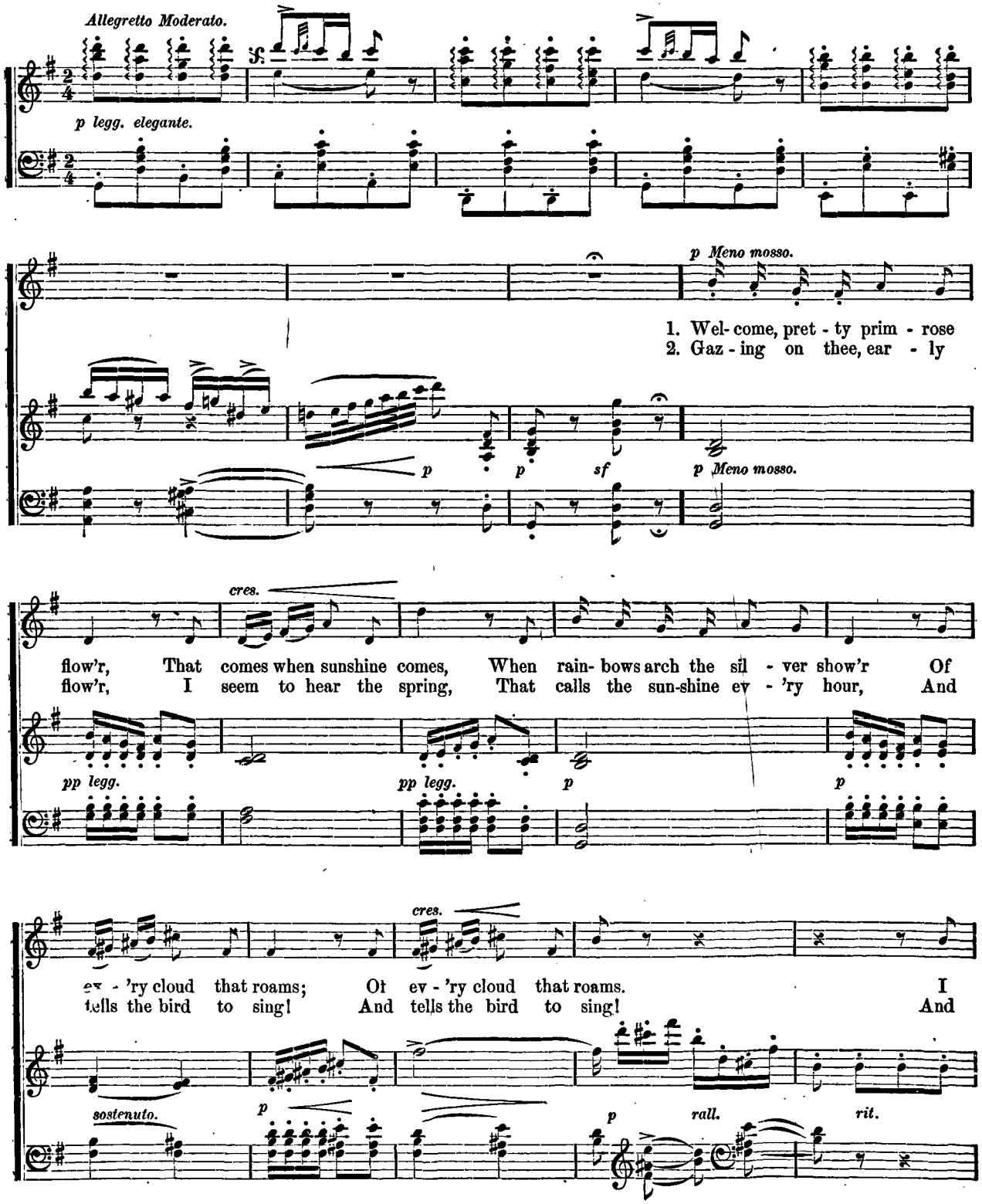
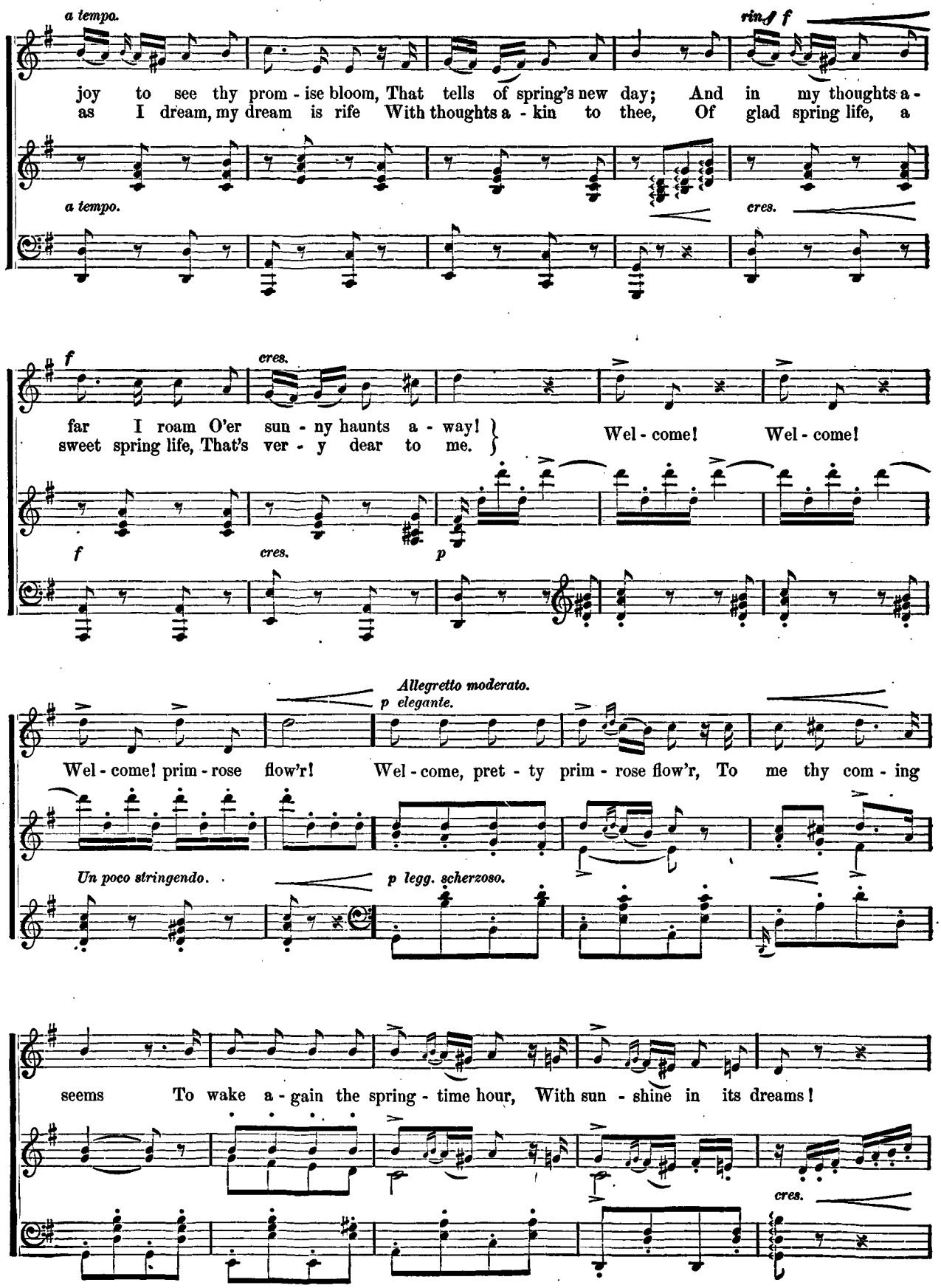
With some sweet longing half confess'd. Ah!..... night of love, Ah,..... love- ly night of

f *ff*

dim. *p*

June, Have you for- got - ten, love, so soon?.

WELCOME, PRETTY PRIMROSE.

THE charm of Springtime and new life in the world of nature suffuses this song, one of the most popular as well as one of the most graceful and delicate of the compositions of CIRO PINSUTI, the well-born Italian, a pupil of the great Rossini, and whose musical career has so long been identified with London and with English musical matters generally.

Allegretto Moderato.
p legg. elegante.
p Meno mosso.
1. Wel- come, pret - ty prim - rose
2. Gaz - ing on thee, ear - ly
p
p
sf
p Meno mosso.
cres.
flow'r, That comes when sunshine comes, When rain- bows arch the sil - ver show'r Of
flow'r, I seem to hear the spring, That calls the sun-shine ev - 'ry hour, And
pp legg.
pp legg.
p
p
cres.
ev - 'ry cloud that roams; Of ev - 'ry cloud that roams. I
tells the bird to sing! And tells the bird to sing! And
sostenuto.
p
p
rall.
rit.

a tempo.
rinf f
joy to see thy prom - ise bloom, That tells of spring's new day; And in my thoughts a -
as I dream, my dream is rife With thoughts a - kin to thee, Of glad spring life, a
a tempo.
cres.
f
cres.
far I roam O'er sun - ny haunts a - way!
sweet spring life, That's ver - y dear to me.
Wel - come! Wel - come!
f
cres.
p
Allegretto moderato.
p elegante.
Wel - come! prim - rose flow'r! Wel - come, pret - ty prim - rose flow'r, To me thy com - ing
Un poco stringendo.
p legg. scherzoso.
seems To wake a - gain the spring - time hour, With sun - shine in its dreams!
cres.

cres. f p staccato con grazia.

Ah!..... Ah!..... Welcome, pret-ty, pret- ty, pret-ty,

mf cres. f p staccato con grazia.

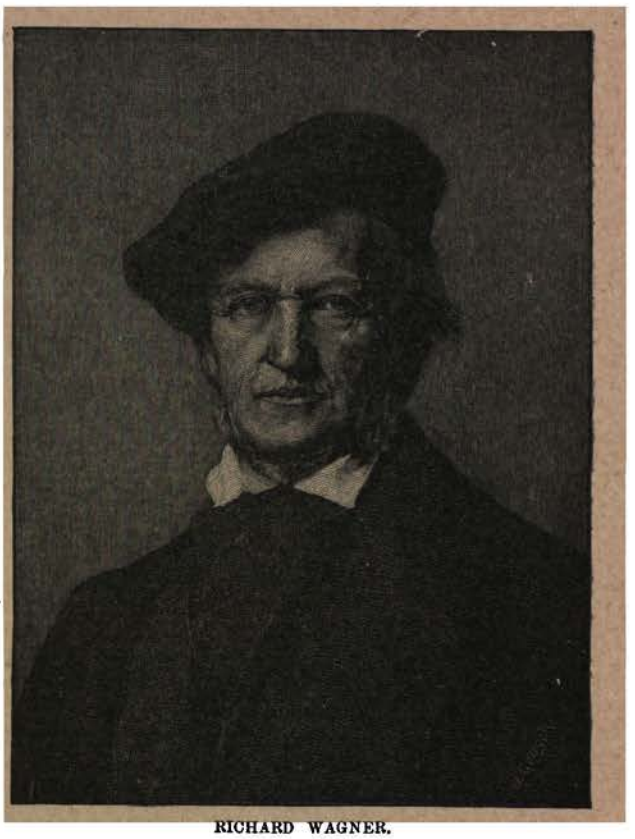
rit. cres. f 1 a tempo. D.S. 2

pret- ty primrose flow'r, With sun - shine in its dreams! dreams!

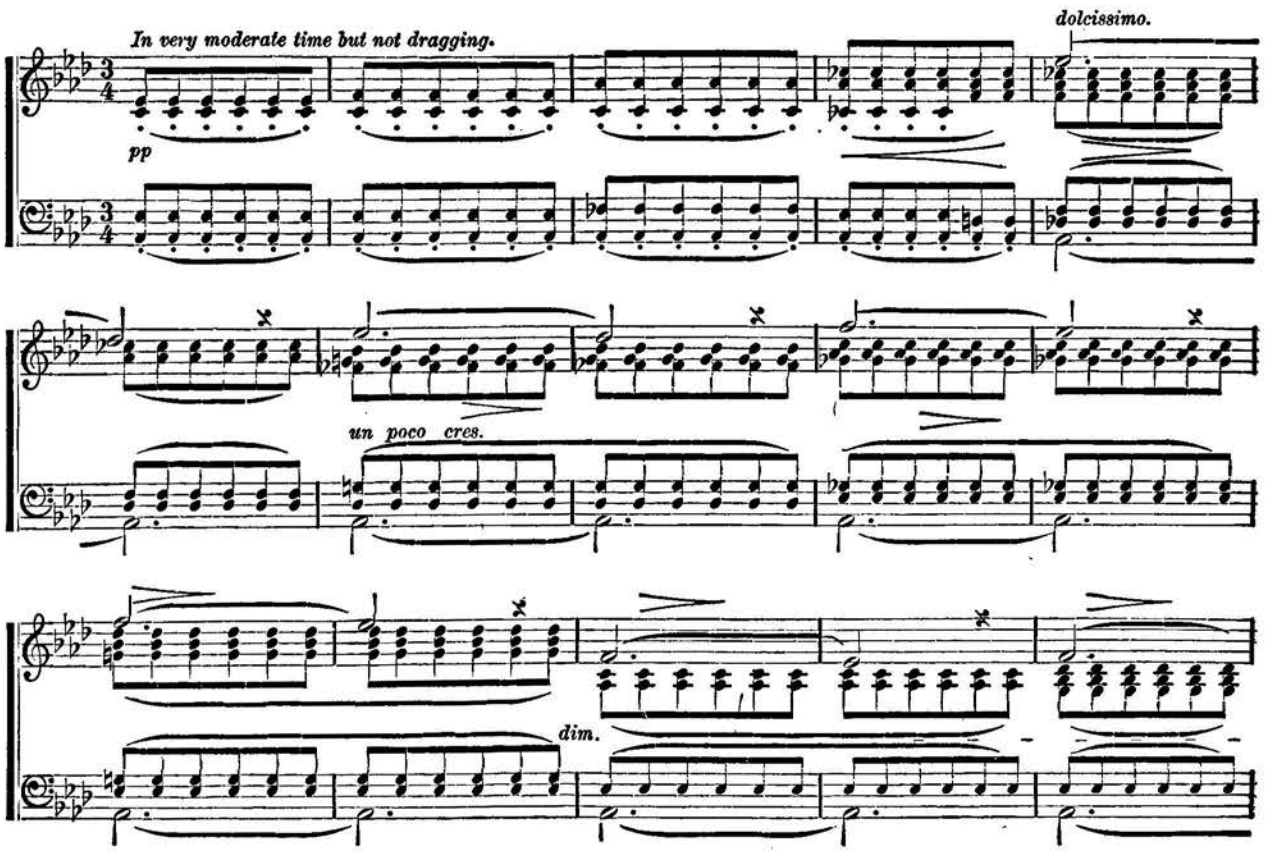
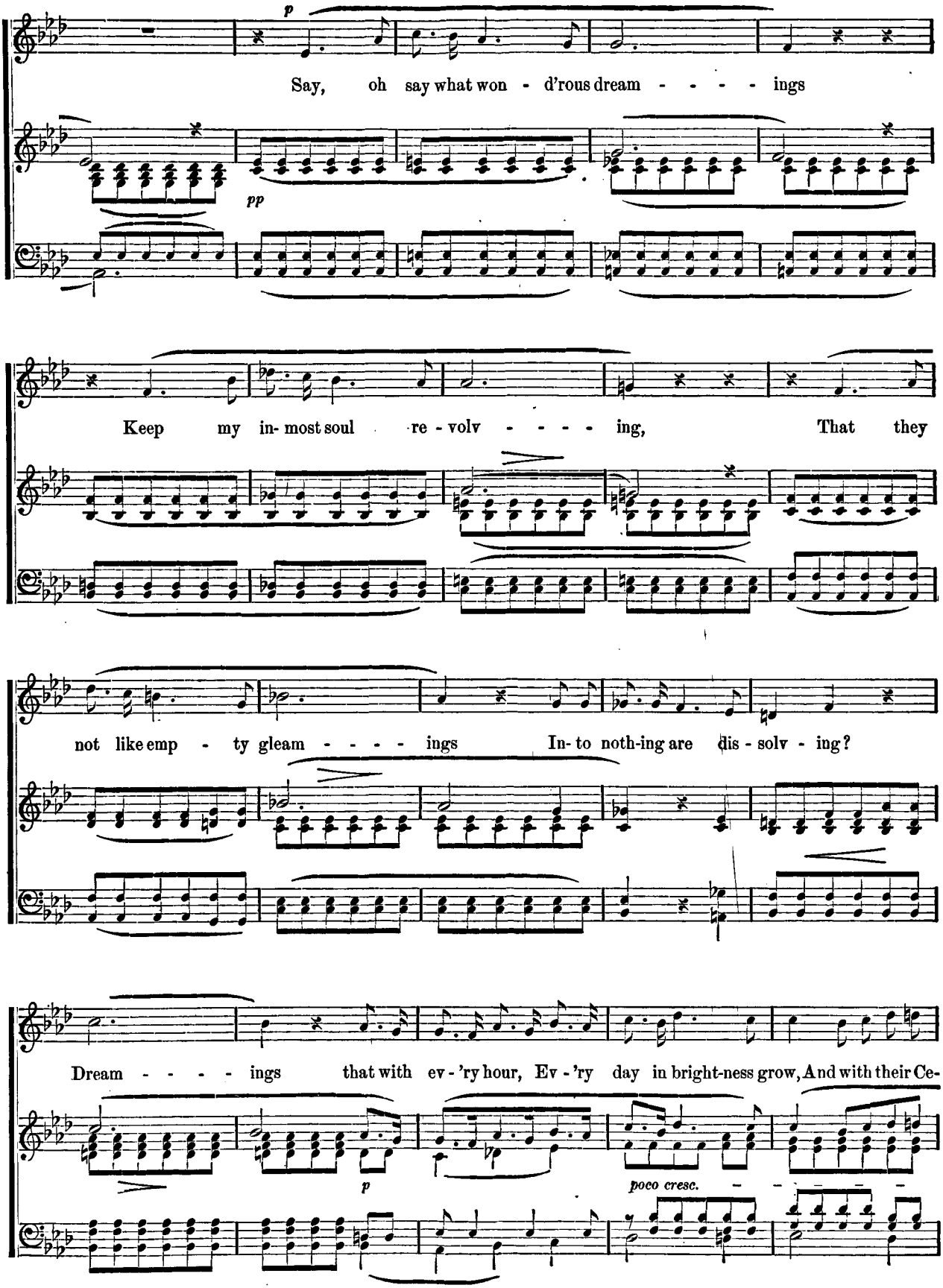
rit. f rit. col canto. a tempo. D S. sf sf

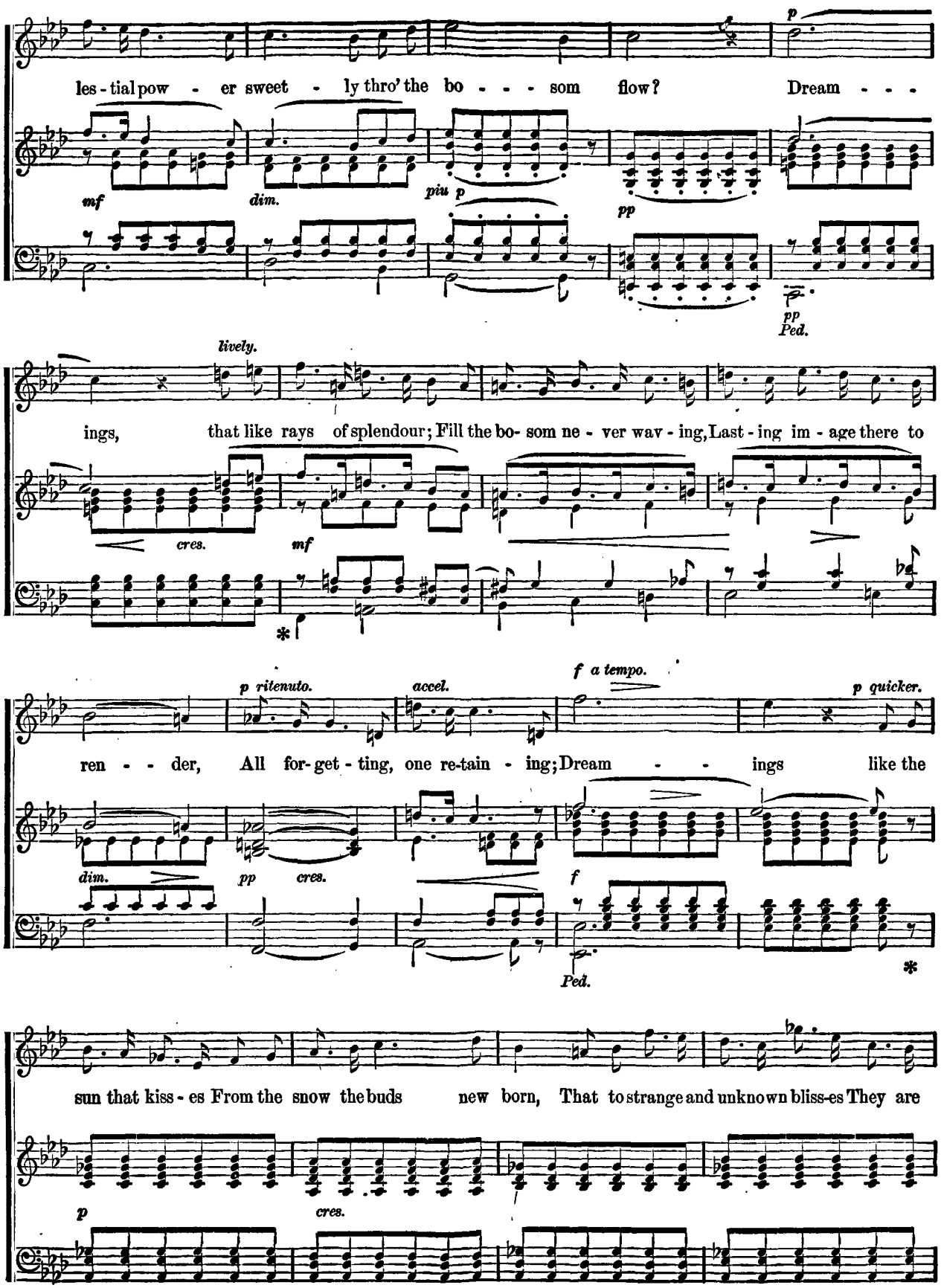
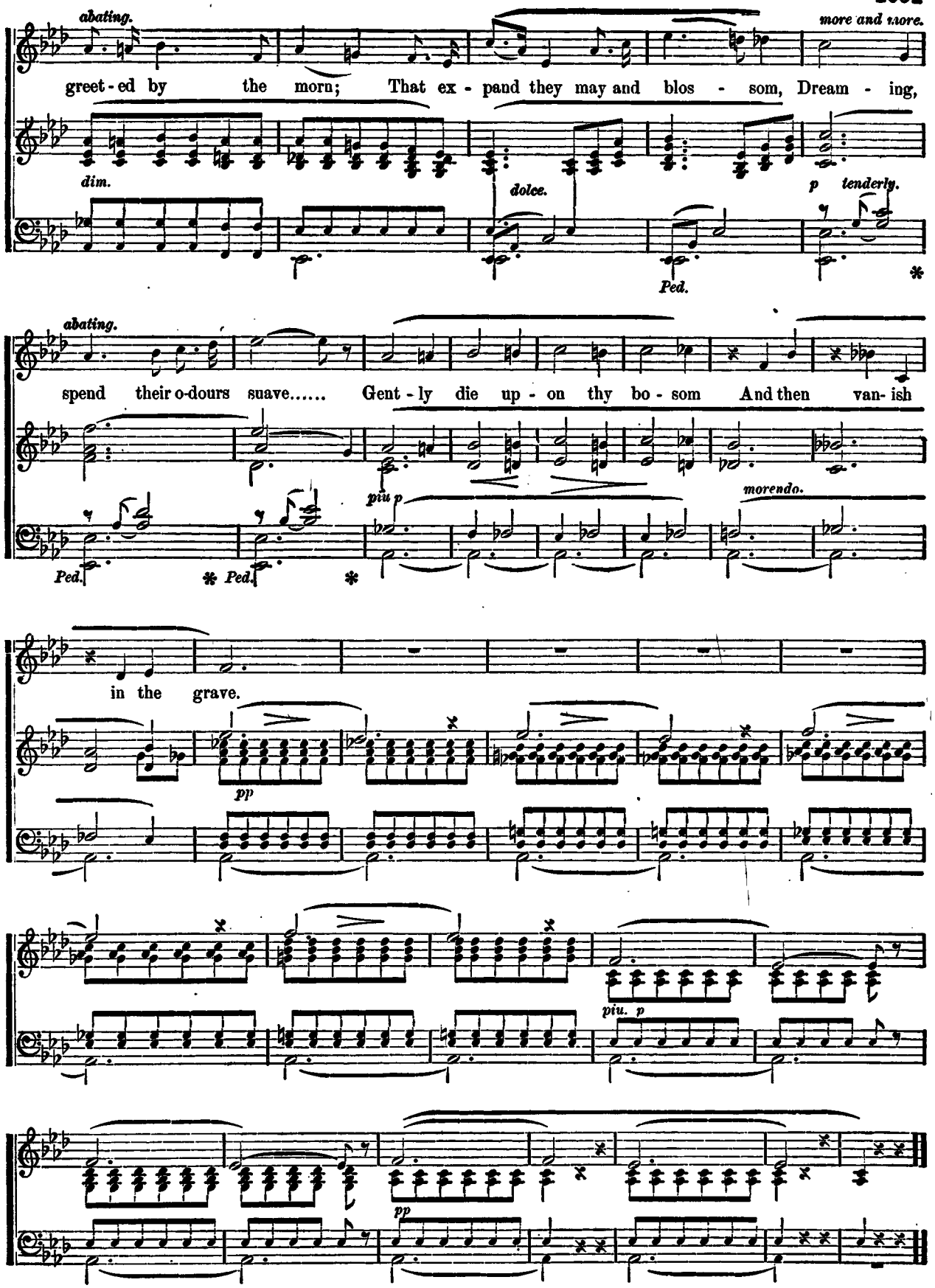
DREAMS.

THE work of the great RICHARD WAGNER was so serious that he attempted practically nothing in the minor forms of composition, and of the very few songs composed by him several were merely studies of themes for use in his music-dramas. The individual character of each of these music-dramas is so distinctive that the listener can easily determine to which of them a detached fragment, ever if it be unfamiliar to him, belongs. It would be easy to decide, therefore, that "Dreams" was a study for "Tristan and Isolde," the most consummate musical expression of love and passion that ever came from the mind of colossal genius. The theme is elaborated in the second act of "Tristan," in the wonderful love duo sung by Tristan and Isolde. It is one of the limited number of songs or selections from the music of Wagner that is within the scope of the ordinary voice. "Dreams" is a favorite number, arranged for orchestra performance, in the concerts of Anton Seidl. As rendered by his orchestra, it is a most exquisitely *dreamy* selection, and its tuneful beauty is sufficient answer to those who question whether Richard Wagner ever wrote a "melody." Wagner was his own librettist, and it has been said that if he never had written a bar of music, the authorship of the words of his operas would have ranked him high among the greatest poets of Germany.

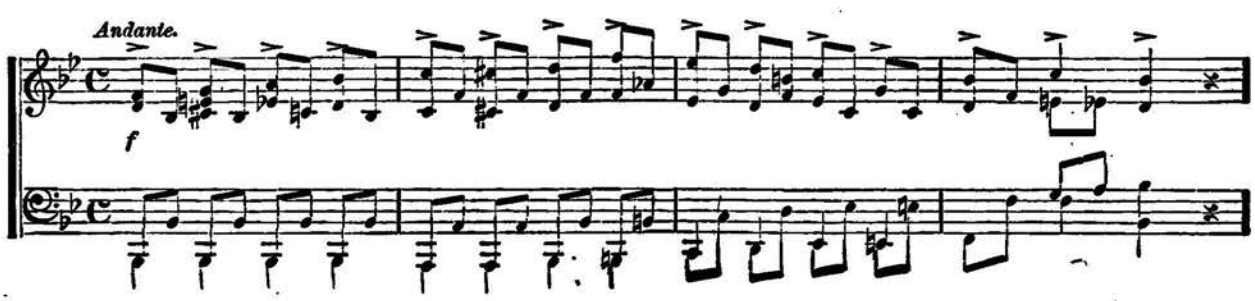
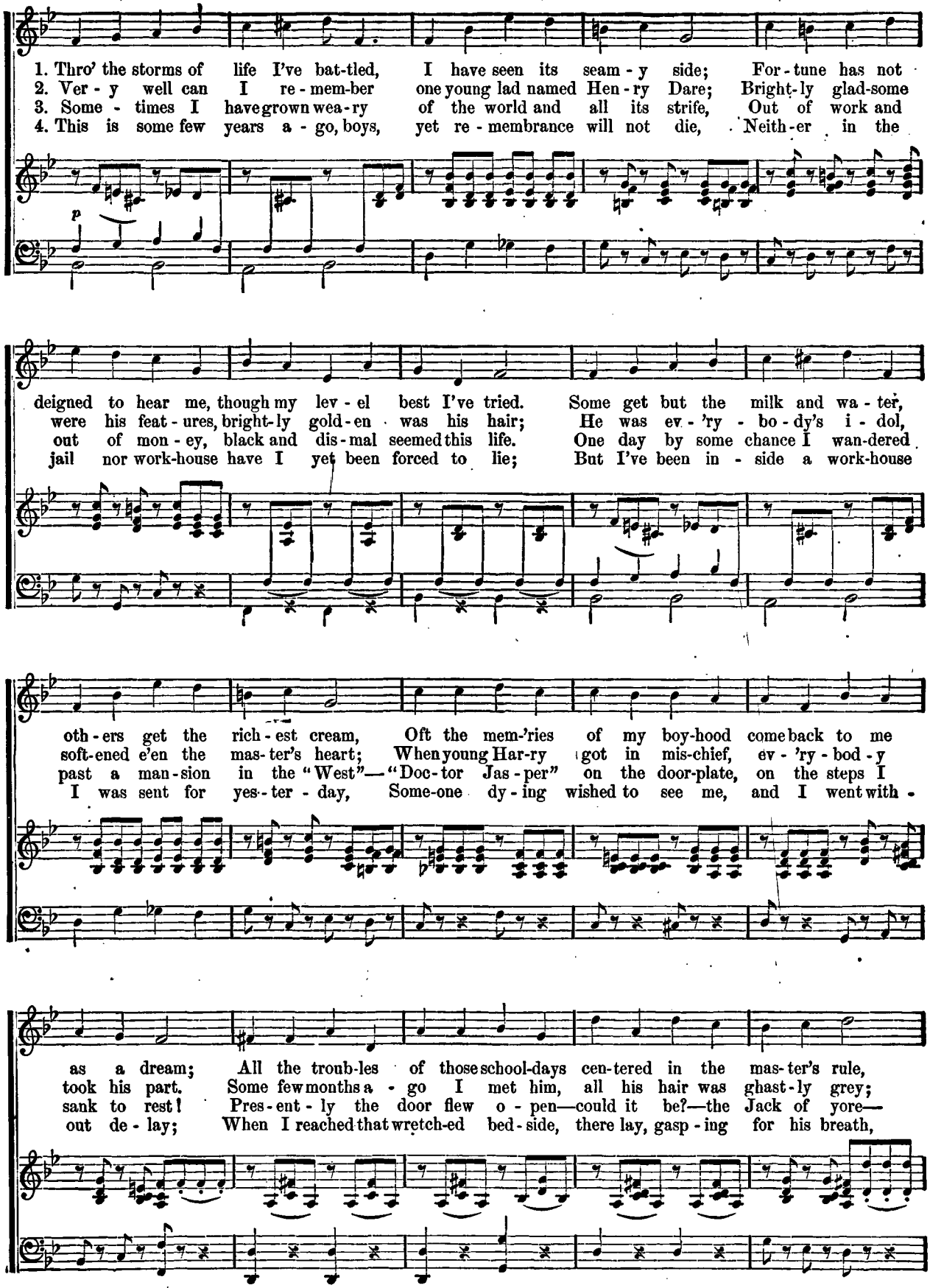


RICHARD WAGNER.



p
Say, oh say what won - d'rous dream - - - - - ings
pp
Keep my in- most soul re - volv - - - - - ing, That they
not like emp - ty gleam - - - - - ings In- to noth-ing are dis - solv - ing?
Dream - - - - - ings that with ev - 'ry hour, Ev - 'ry day in bright-ness grow, And with their Ce-
p
poco cresc.

les-tial pow - er sweet - ly thro' the bo - - - som flow? Dream - - -
mf
dim.
piu p
pp
pp
Ped.
lively.
ings, that like rays of splendour; Fill the bo- som ne - ver wav - ing, Last - ing im - age there to
cres.
mf
p ritenuto.
accel.
f a tempo.
p quicker.
ren - - der, All for- get - ting, one re-tain - ing; Dream - - ings like the
dim.
pp
cres.
f
Ped.
sun that kiss - es From the snow the buds new born, That to strange and unknown bliss-es They are
p
cres.

abating.
more and more.
greet - ed by the morn; That ex - pand they may and blos - som, Dream - ing,
dim.
dolce.
p tenderly.
Ped.
abating.
spend their o-dours suave..... Gent - ly die up - on thy bo - som And then van- ish
piu p
morendo.
Ped.
Ped.
in the grave.
pp
piu. p
pp

PLAYMATES.

"PLAYMATES" was one of the successful hits made by HARRY DACRE, an English composer who has written pleasingly for the music halls of London, where homely topics sung to music of a popular character are favorite attractions. The vogue of this type of song has developed a distinct school of composers and verse writers both in England and America, and in this country at least they have their official organ in a monthly periodical devoted to their interests.


1. Thro' the storms of life I've bat-tled, I have seen its seam - y side; For - tune has not
2. Ver - y well can I re - mem-ber one young lad named Hen - ry Dare; Bright - ly glad-some
3. Some - times I have grown wea - ry of the world and all its strife, Out of work and
4. This is some few years a - go, boys, yet re - membrance will not die, Neith - er in the
p
deigned to hear me, though my lev - el best I've tried. Some get but the milk and wa - ter,
were his feat - ures, bright - ly gold - en was his hair; He was ev - 'ry - bo - dy's i - dol,
out of mon - ey, black and dis - mal seemed this life. One day by some chance I wan-dered
jail nor work-house have I yet been forced to lie; But I've been in - side a work-house
oth - ers get the rich - est cream, Oft the mem-'ries of my boy-hood come back to me
soft-ened e'en the mas - ter's heart; When young Har-ry got in mis-chief, ev - 'ry - bod - y
past a man - sion in the "West"—"Doc - tor Jas - per" on the door-plate, on the steps I
I was sent for yes - ter - day, Some-one dy - ing wished to see me, and I went with -
as a dream; All the troub-les of those school-days cen-tered in the mas - ter's rule,
took his part. Some few months a - go I met him, all his hair was ghast - ly grey;
sank to rest! Pres - ent - ly the door flew o - pen—could it be?—the Jack of yore—
out de - lay; When I reached that wretch-ed bed - side, there lay, gasp - ing for his breath,

All we had to think or care for, were our les - sons and the school.
When he saw me, with a shud - der, he turned off an - oth - er way.
"John - ny Jas - per! don't you know me— your old play - mate? look once more!
John - ny Jas - per— *Doc - tor* Jas - per!—al - most at the gate of death!

Oft - en - times I meet those play - mates who once made this heart re - joice;
Years a - go he'd robbed em - ploy - ers, been in pris - on as a thief;
I am starv - ing, cold, and home - less, help me!—hear my pit - eous tale."
"Tom," he whis - pered, "I have fall - en from my wealth and grand es - tates.

Some are smil - ing, glad and heart - y, oth - ers sing with bro - ken voice.
Sought in drink and dis - si - pa - tion, what he ne'er could find, re - lief!
"No!" said he, "I pay my tax - es, seek the work - house or the jail!"
For my cru - el - ty for - give me; don't say 'no,'— we once were mates."

CHORUS.

Play - mates were we,..... Lit - tle we thought it then.....

1st. time p, 2d. time f

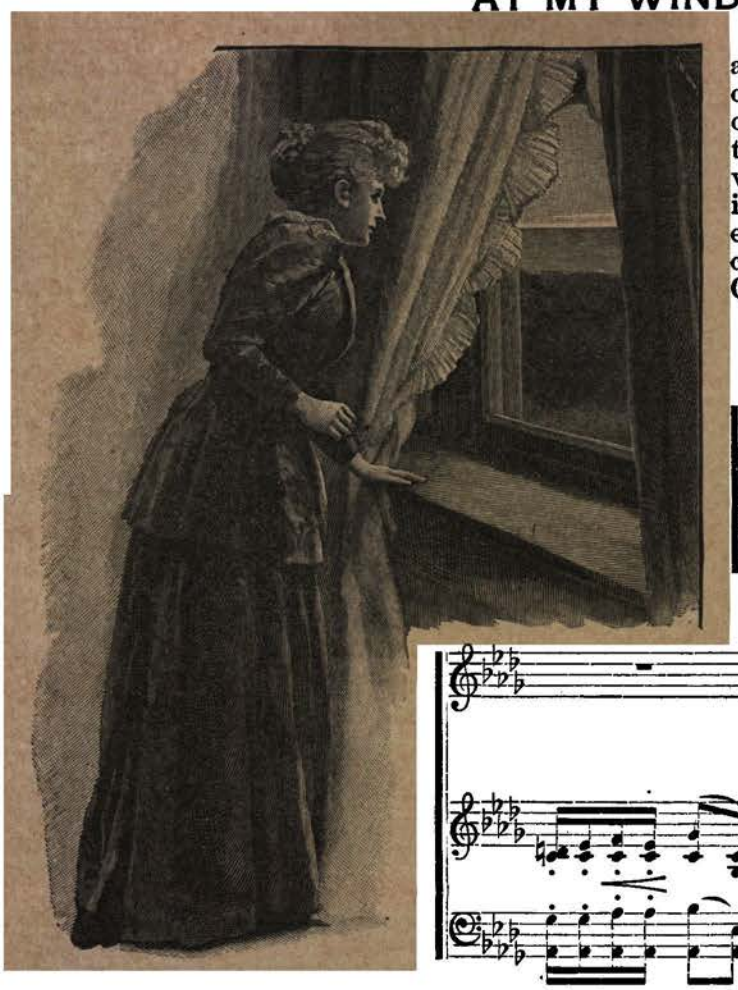
How we should change..... When we should all be men. Ah!

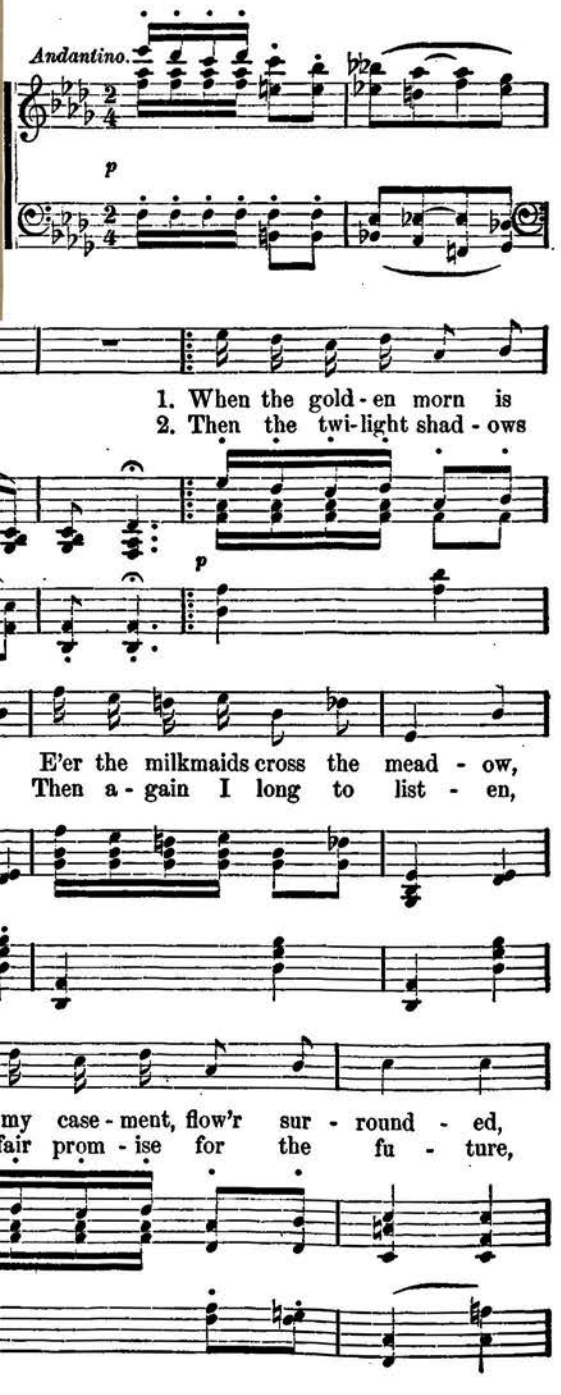
rit.

sweet boy - hood's days..... Free from all care and pain;..... Play -

mates, Play - mates! I wish we were boys a - gain..... gain.....

AT MY WINDOW.



THE poem "At My Window," which first appeared over the signature "Nella," has received various musical settings; of which the one here given is thought to be the best. It is the composition of HOMER NEWTON BARTLETT; whose name, as a composer of songs, is familiar in connection with Homer Greene's evasive verses "What My Lover Said" and James Whitcomb Riley's "Old Trundle Bed" and "Days Gone by."

Andantino.
p
1. When the gold - en morn is break - ing Thro' the mists that veil the lake, E'er the milkmaids cross the mead - ow,
2. Then the twi - light shad - ows dark - en, O - ver dis - tant hill and lea, Then a - gain I long to list - en,
E'er the dai - sy stars a - wake, Through my case - ment, flow'r sur - round - ed,
For the song that comes to me; With fair prom - ise for the fu - ture,
Ped.

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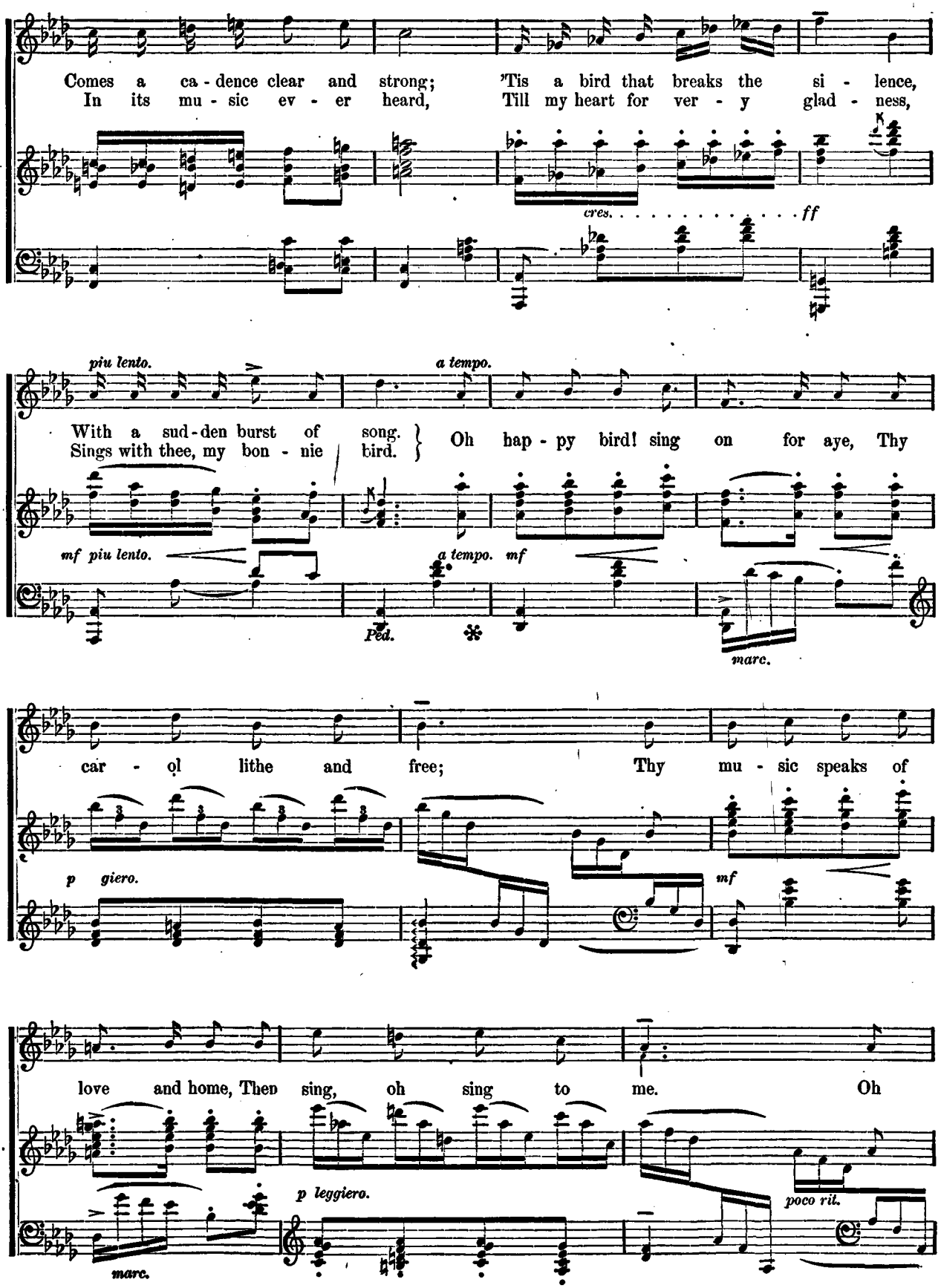
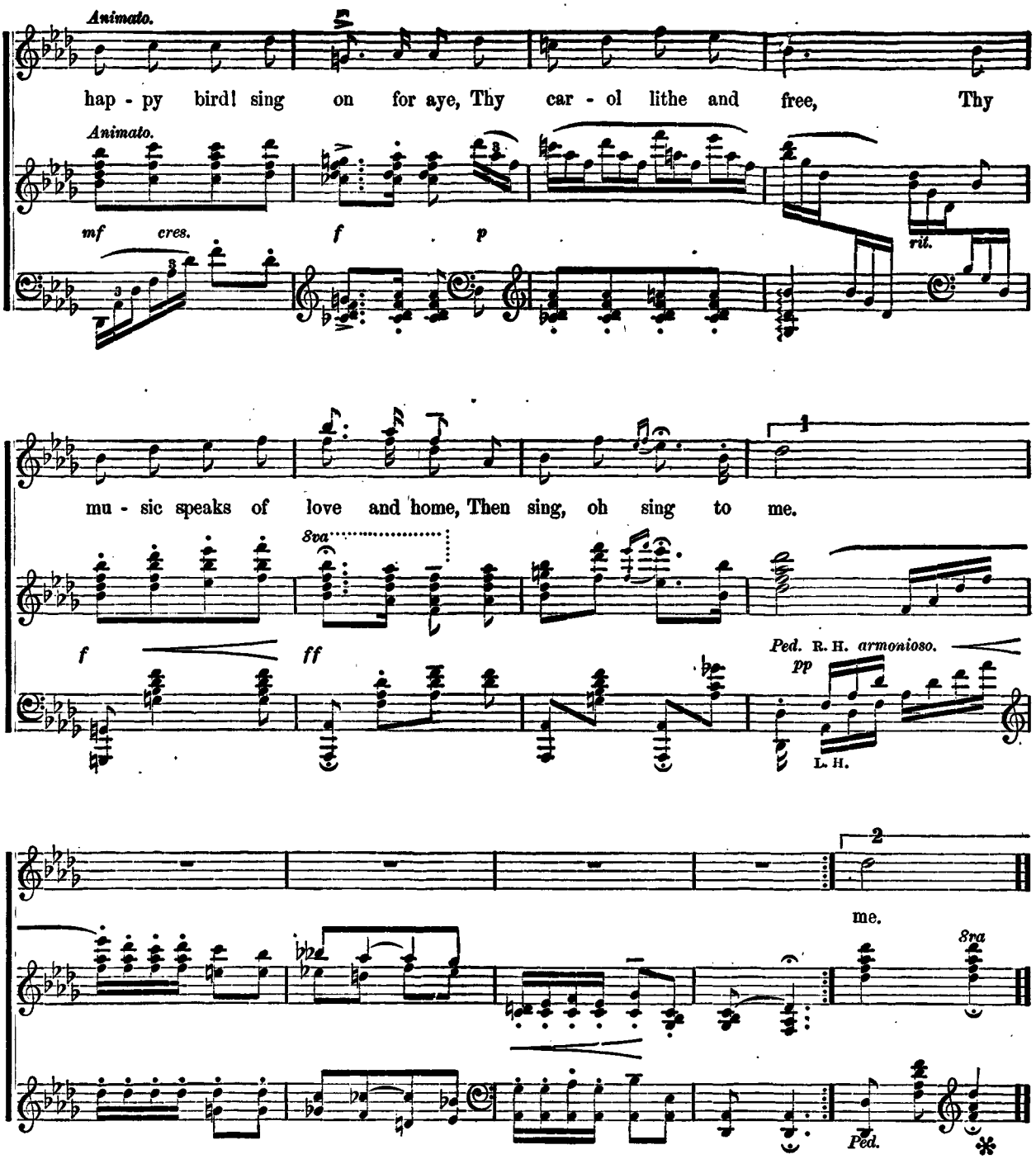
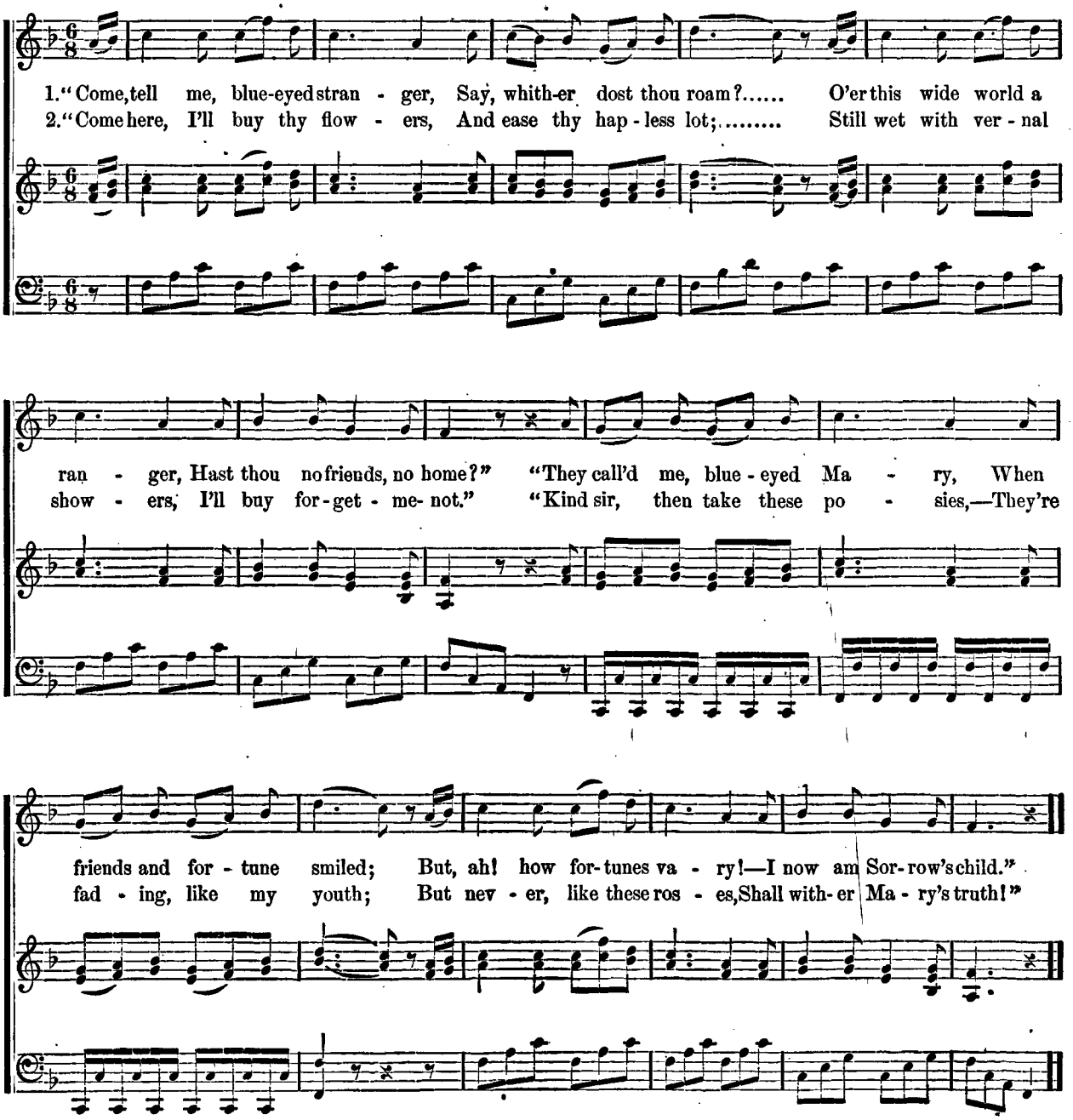

Comes a ca - dence clear and strong; 'Tis a bird that breaks the si - lence,
In its mu - sic ev - er heard, Till my heart for ver - y glad - ness,
cres.
ff
piu lento.
a tempo.
With a sud - den burst of song.
Sings with thee, my bon - nie bird.
Oh hap - py bird! sing on for aye, Thy
mf piu lento.
a tempo. mf
Ped.
marc.
car - ol lithe and free; Thy mu - sic speaks of
p giero.
mf
love and home, Then sing, oh sing to me. Oh
marc.
p leggiero.
poco rit.

When the golden morn is breaking
Through the mists that veil the lake,
E'er the milkmaids cross the meadow,
E'er the daisy stars awake,
Through my casement, flower surrounded,
Comes a cadence clear and strong;
'Tis a bird that breaks the silence,
With a sudden burst of song.
Oh happy bird sing on, *etc.*

Then the twilight shadows darken,
Over distant hill and lea,
Then again I long to listen,
For the song that comes to me;
With fair promise for the future,
In its music ever heard,
Till my heart for very gladness,
Sings with thee my bonnie bird.
Oh happy bird sing on, *etc.*

BLUE-EYED MARY.

So far as the words are concerned, this very well-known song is "without friends or home." The music was an old German convivial song for four voices.

1. "Come, tell me, blue-eyed stran - ger, Say, whith-er dost thou roam?..... O'er this wide world a
2. "Come here, I'll buy thy flow - ers, And ease thy hap - less lot;..... Still wet with ver - nal
ran - ger, Hast thou no friends, no home?" "They call'd me, blue - eyed Ma - ry, When
show - ers, I'll buy for - get - me- not." "Kind sir, then take these po - sies,—They're
friends and for - tune smiled; But, ah! how for-tunes va - ry!—I now am Sor-row's child."
fad - ing, like my youth; But nev - er, like these ros - es, Shall with-er Ma - ry's truth!"

"Kind sir, then take these posies,
They're fading like my youth;
But never, like these roses,
Shall wither Mary's truth.

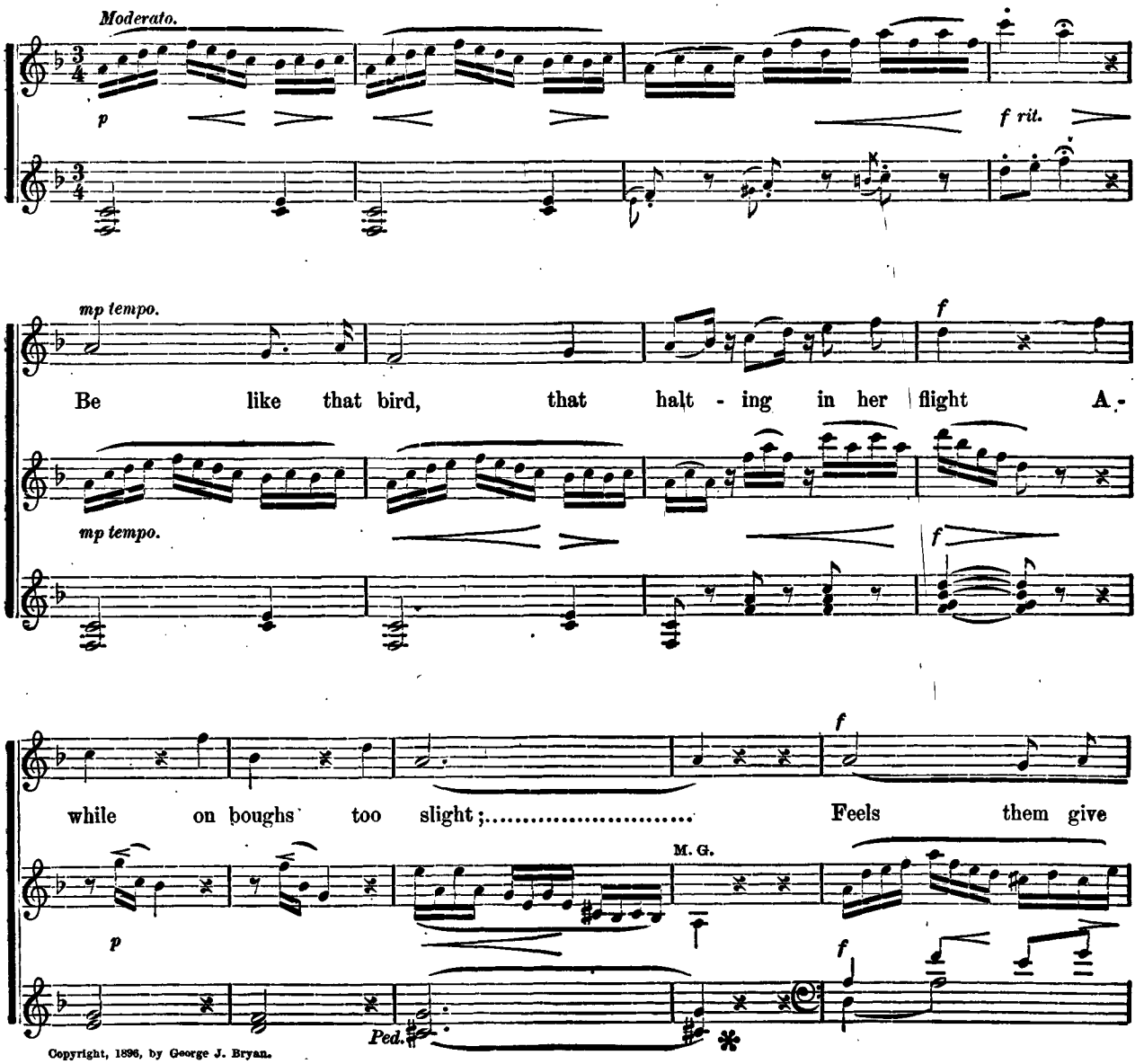
"Born thus to weep my fortune,
Though poor, I'll virtuous prove;
I early learned this caution,
That pity is not love.

"Look up, thou poor forsaken,
I'll give thee house and home,
And if I'm not mistaken,
Thou'lt never wish to roam."

"Once more I'm happy Mary,
Once more has fortune smiled.
Who ne'er from virtue vary,
May yet be fortune's child."

THE MANDOLIN PLAYER.

BE LIKE THAT BIRD.

THOSE who are most willing to acknowledge the skill of women as an exponent of the musical thoughts of others, have denied her ability to compose original music that is worthy of serious consideration. LAURA SEDGWICK COLLINS, the composer of the song "Be Like That Bird," has proven the falseness of this assumption, and has shown that sex is not a barrier to excellence in the sphere of creative music. She was the first of the two women who studied under Dr. Dvořák during his stay in America, and she has shown her appreciation of her instructor by dedicating to him a suite of compositions for the violin and piano, which were played with great success before the Music Teacher's Convention of 1897, one of them receiving honorable mention in the prize competition. Miss Collins enjoys the unique distinction of being the only woman Charter member of the Manuscript Society of New York. Miss Collins is a dramatic reader of great versatility. In her monologue, "Sarah Tarbox, M. A." she assumes eleven different characters, and is in fact the only person on the stage at any time. As the editor of the New York *Herald* said: "Not one actress in a thousand can hold an audience under such circumstances. Miss Collins did it, and I heartily congratulate her." The words of this song are by VICTOR HUGO.

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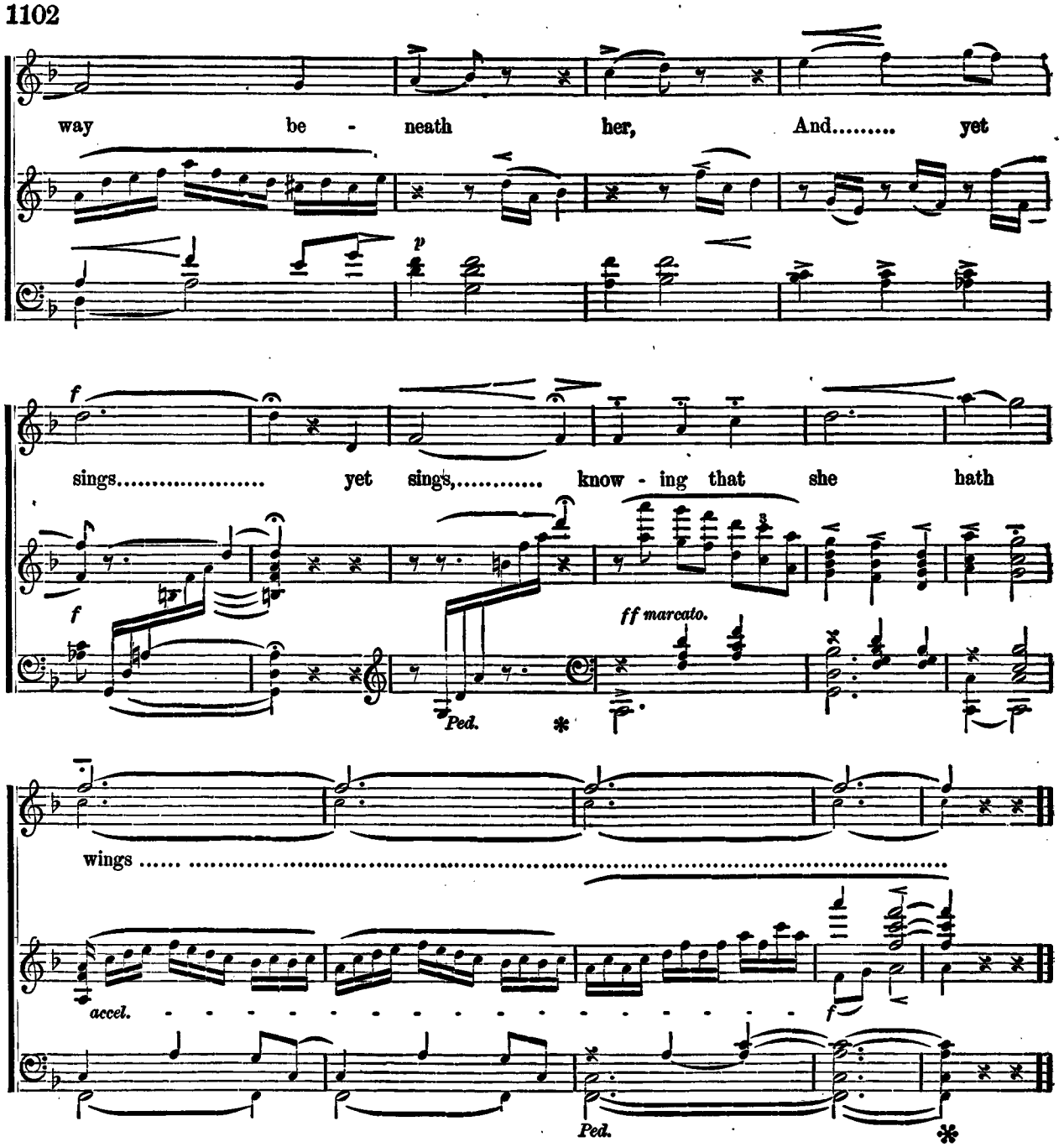
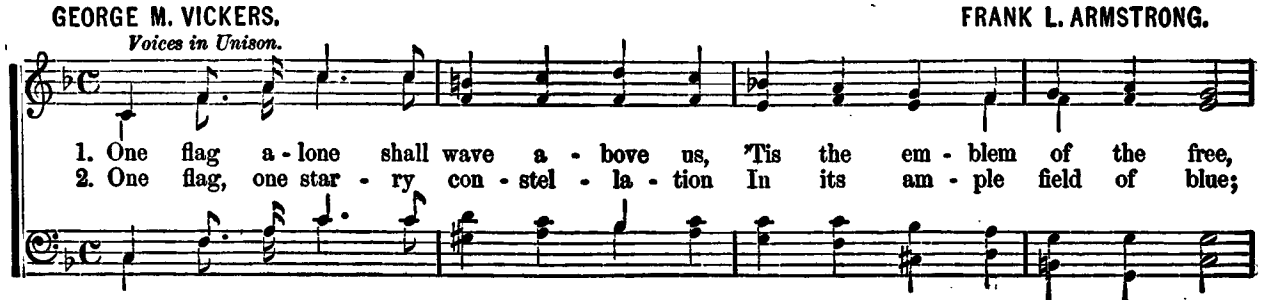

THE STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER.

GEORGE M. VICKERS. FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

Voices in Unison.
1. One flag a - lone shall wave a - bove us, 'Tis the em - blem of the free,
2. One flag, one star - ry con - stel - la - tion In its am - ple field of blue;

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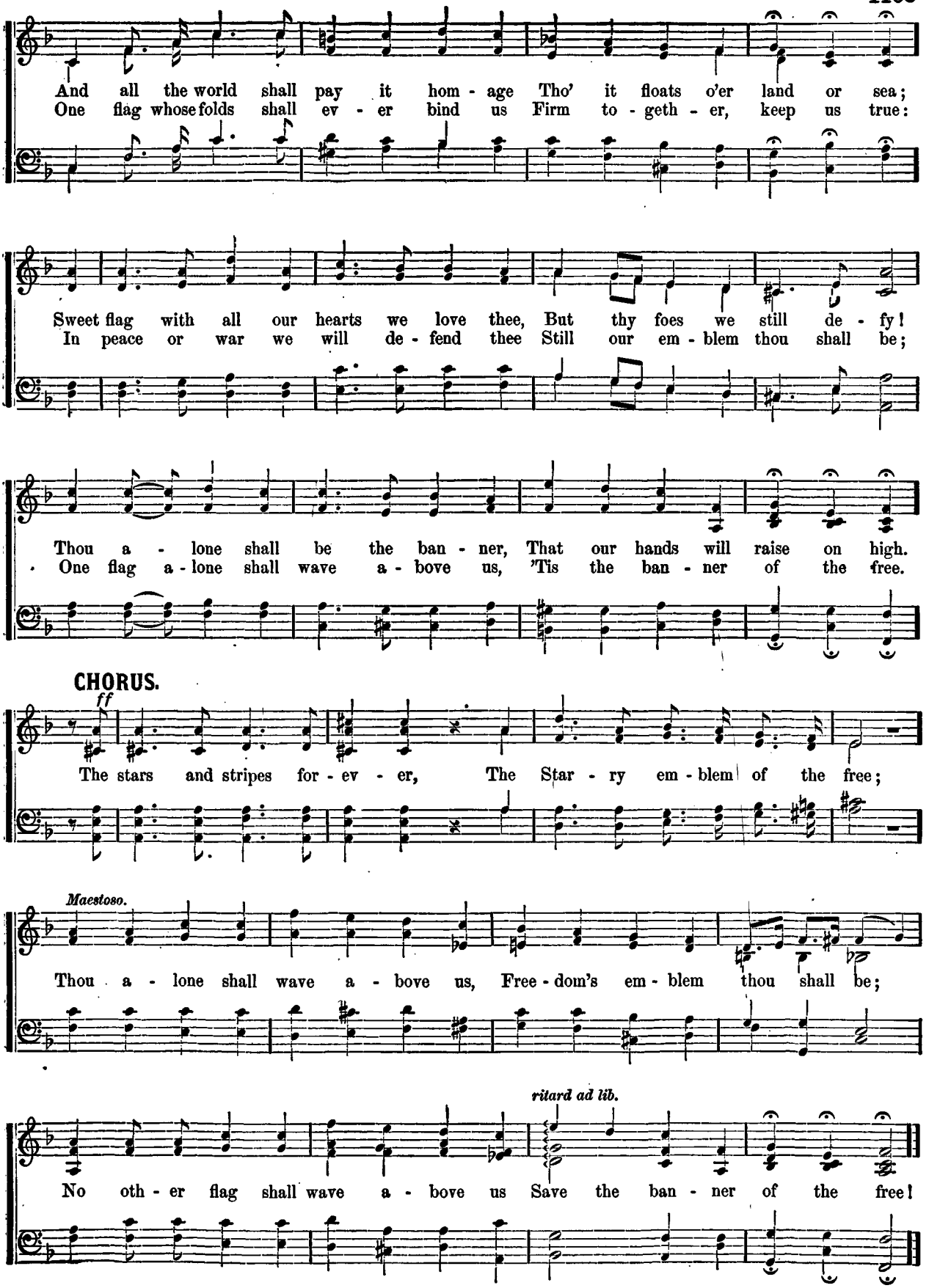

And all the world shall pay it hom - age Tho' it floats o'er land or sea;
One flag whose folds shall ev - er bind us Firm to - geth - er, keep us true:
Sweet flag with all our hearts we love thee, But thy foes we still de - fy!
In peace or war we will de - fend thee Still our em - blem thou shall be;
Thou a - lone shall be the ban - ner, That our hands will raise on high.
One flag a - lone shall wave a - bove us, 'Tis the ban - ner of the free.
CHORUS.
ff
The stars and stripes for - ev - er, The Star - ry em - blem of the free;
Maestoso.
Thou a - lone shall wave a - bove us, Free - dom's em - blem thou shall be;
ritard ad lib.
No oth - er flag shall wave a - bove us Save the ban - ner of the free!

THE SNOW-BIRD.

THIS popular song, known among the young people as "The Chickadee," is by REV. F. C. WOODWORTH.

Allegro.

1. The ground was all cov - ered with snow one day, And two lit - tle chil - dren were bus - y at play,
2. He had not been sing - ing that tune very long, Ere Em - i - ly heard him, so loud was his song.

When a snow - bird was sit - ting close by on a tree, And mer - ri - ly sing - ing his chick-a - dee-dee, Chick-a - dee-dee, chick-a - dee-dee, And mer - ri - ly sing-ing his chick-a - dee-dee.
"Oh, sis - ter! look out of the win - dow," said she; "Here's a dear lit - tle bird sing - ing chick-a - dee-dee, Chick-a - dee-dee, chick-a - dee-dee, Here's a dear lit - tle bird sing-ing chick-a - dee-dee."

"Poor fellow! he walks in the snow and the sleet,
And has neither stockings nor shoes on his feet;
I pity him so! for how cold he must be!
And yet he keeps singing his chick-a-dee-dee."

"If I were a bare-footed snow-bird, I know
I would not stay out in the cold and the snow,
I wonder what makes him so full of his glee;
He's all the time singing that chick-a-dee-dee."

"O mother! do get him some stockings and shoes,
A frock, with a cloak and a hat, if he choose;
I wish he'd come into the parlor, and see
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-dee-dee."

The bird had flown down for some crumbs of bread,
And heard every word little Emily said:
"What a figure I'd make in that dress!" thought he,
And he laughed, as he warbled his chick-a-dee-dee.

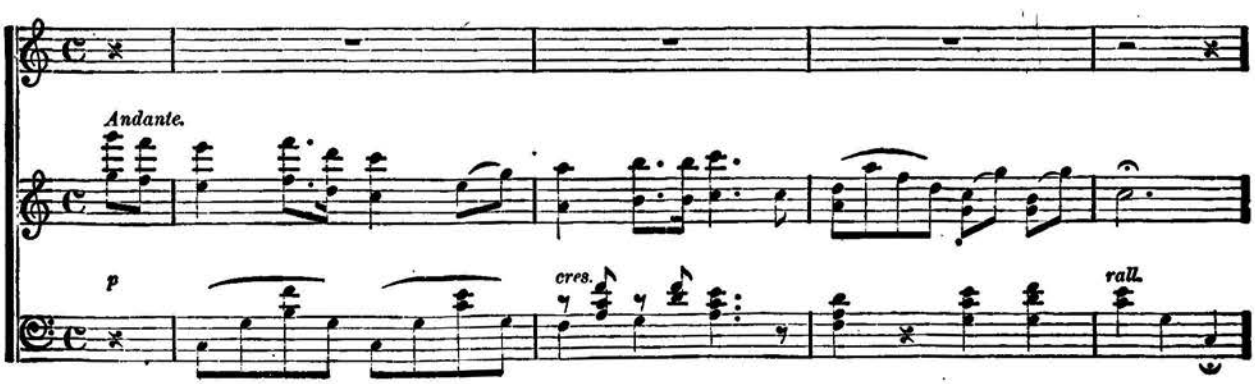
"I am grateful," he said, "for the wish you express,
But I've no occasion for such a fine dress;
I had rather remain with my limbs all so free,
Than to hobble about, singing chick-a-dee-dee."

"There is One, my dear child, tho' I can not tell who,
Has clothed me already, and warm enough too.
Good morning! O who are so happy as we?"
And away he went, singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

HE HAS PLOUGHED HIS LAST FURROW.

(BALLAD FOR BASS OR BARITONE.)

THE composer of this song, ADAM GEIBEL, has been known for some years as the writer of many charming songs and compositions for the piano. It is a remarkable circumstance that his musical education was acquired and his professional reputation established under the limitation resulting from a total blindness, which came upon him in early childhood. He was born in Germany in 1855 and came to America in 1862 with his parents, who settled in Philadelphia, the city where he follows his musical career. He was educated at the admirable Institution for the Blind of that city, where on the completion of his studies he was appointed an assistant teacher on the violin and organ, a position which he resigned in 1875. His musical instructor was D. D. Wood, a church organist and musical director who qualified his pupil for a similar position in one of the large city churches. Mr. Geibel's first composition was published in 1874, and since that time he has produced much music of exceptionally good quality. Some of his songs are: "Orange Blossoms" (waltz song,) "The Fisherman's Bride," "'Tis Better Thus to Part," "Bring Me a Letter from Home," "Beneath the Summer Skies," "The Birdie and the Violet," "On the Moonlit Stream," a fine "Centennial Ode," etc.

The words of this song are by JOSIAH D. CANNING.

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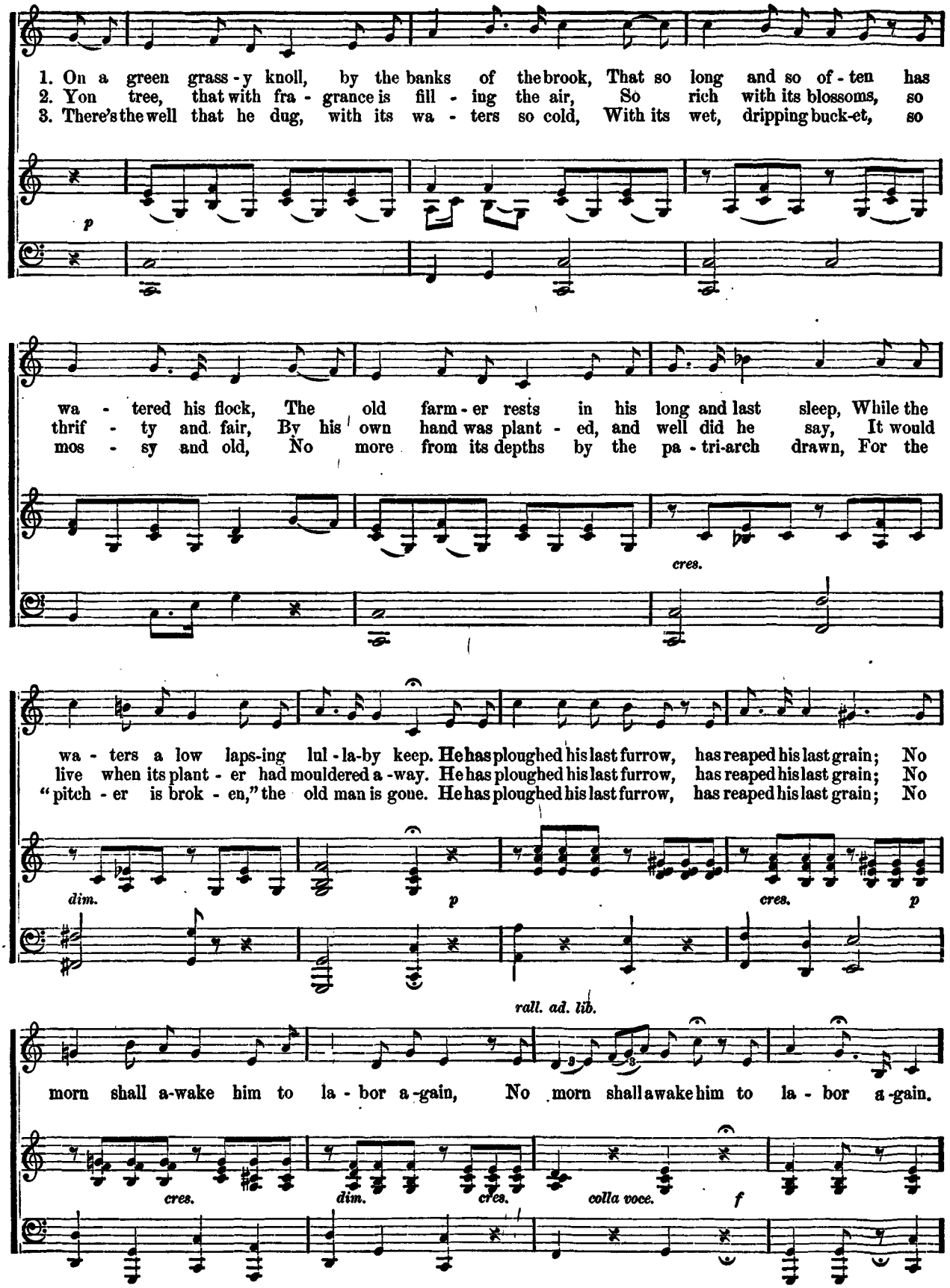
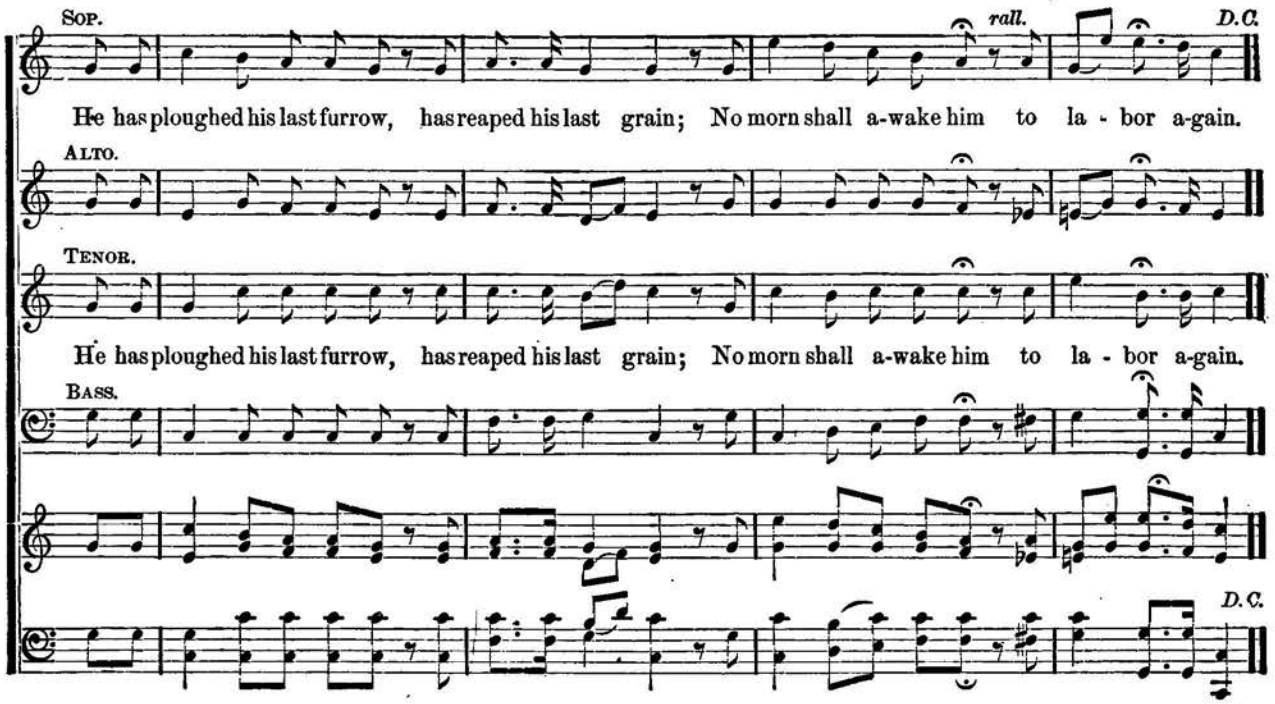
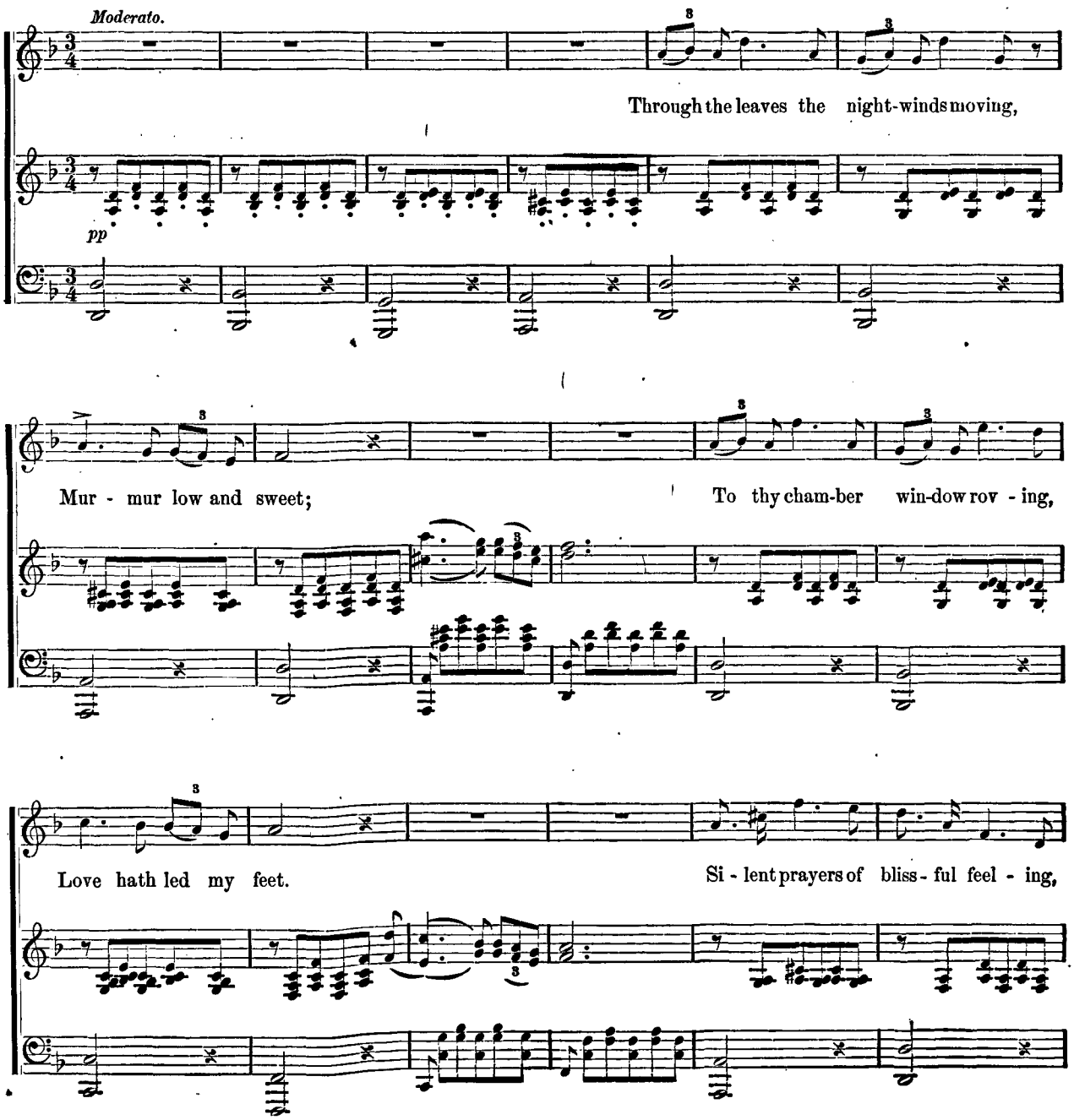
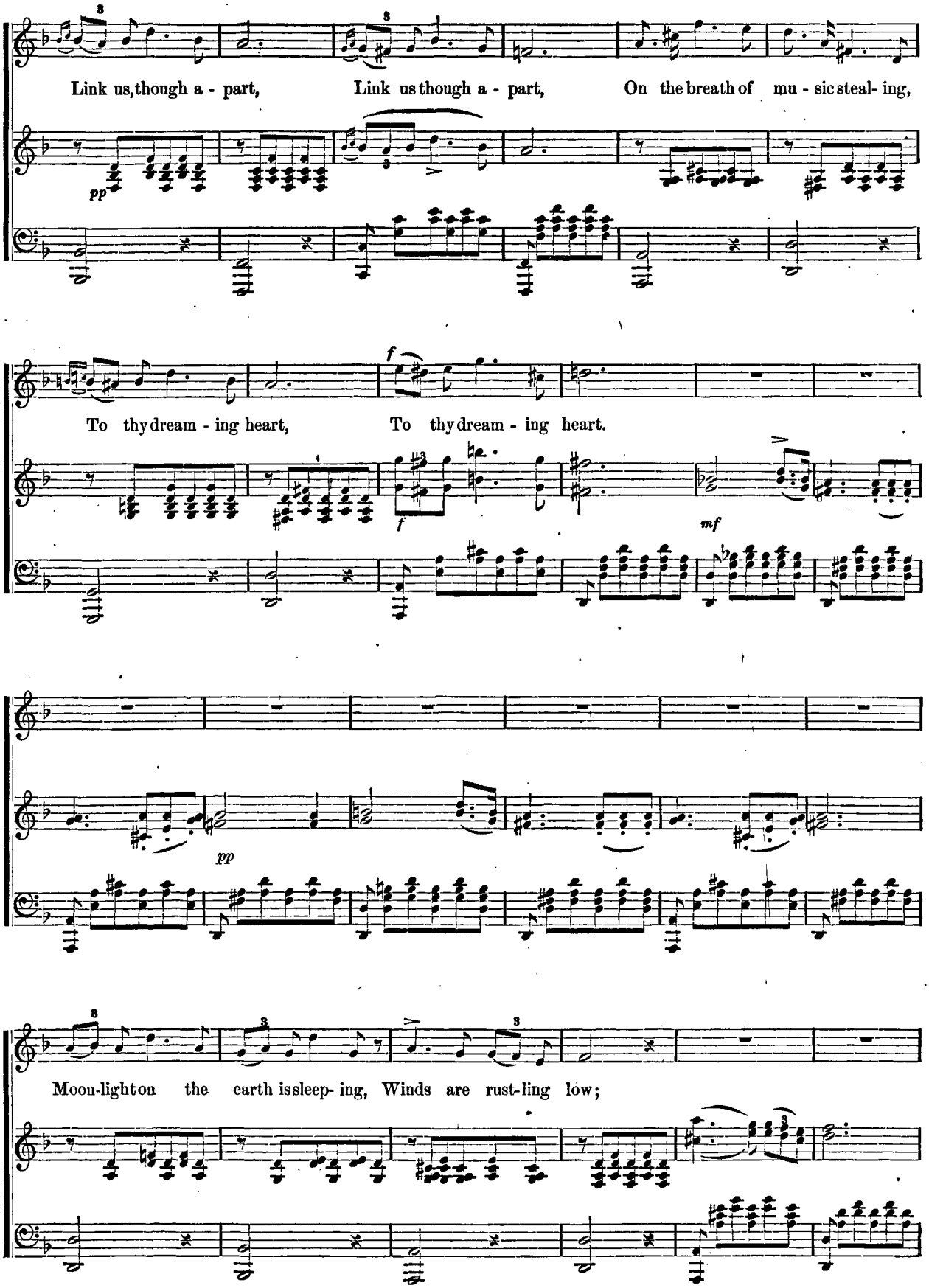
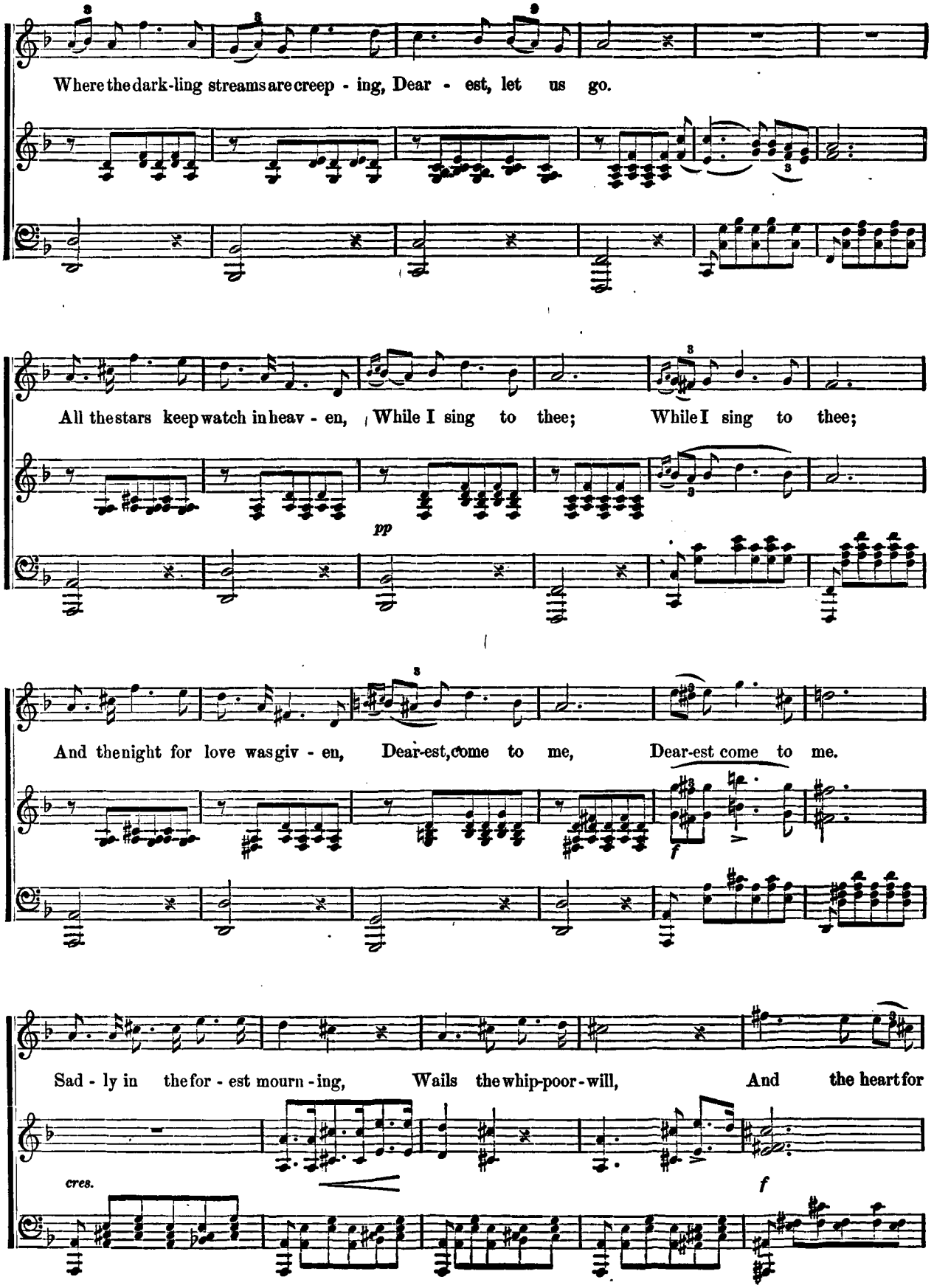
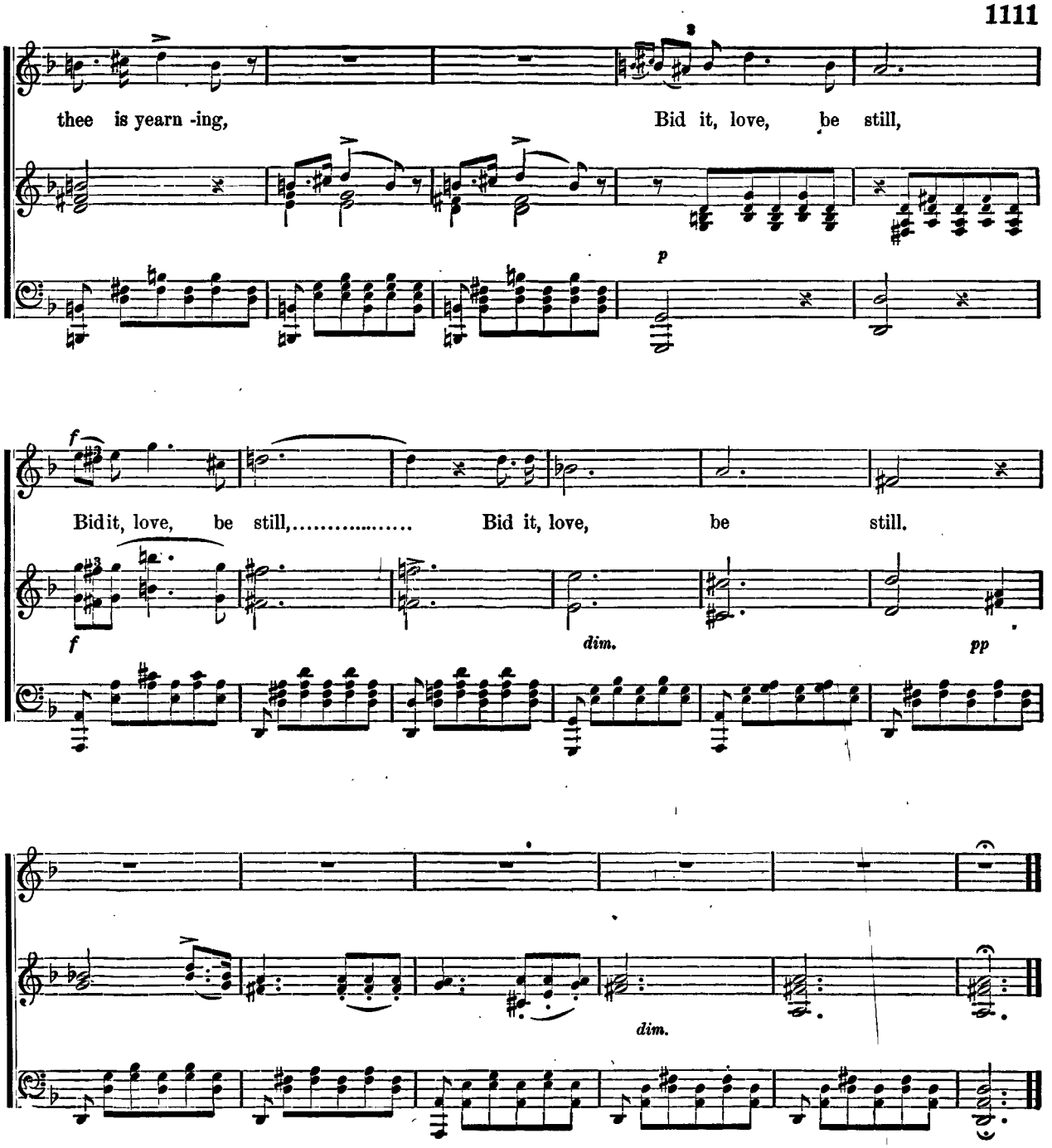

1. On a green grass-y knoll, by the banks of the brook, That so long and so of-ten has
2. Yon tree, that with fra-grance is fill-ing the air, So rich with its blossoms, so
3. There's the well that he dug, with its wa-ters so cold, With its wet, dripping buck-et, so
p
wa-tered his flock, The old farm-er rests in his long and last sleep, While the
thrif-ty and fair, By his own hand was plant-ed, and well did he say, It would
mos-sy and old, No more from its depths by the pa-tri-arch drawn, For the
cres.
wa-ters a low laps-ing lul-la-by keep. He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain; No
live when its plant-er had mouldered a-way. He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain; No
"pitch-er is brok-en," the old man is gone. He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain; No
dim.
p
cres.
p
rall. ad. lib.
morn shall a-wake him to la-bor a-gain, No morn shall awake him to la-bor a-gain.
cres.
dim.
cres.
colla voce.
f

CHORUS.

Sop.
rall.
D.C.
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain; No morn shall a-wake him to la - bor a-gain.
Alto.
Tenor.
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain; No morn shall a-wake him to la - bor a-gain.
Bass.
D.C.

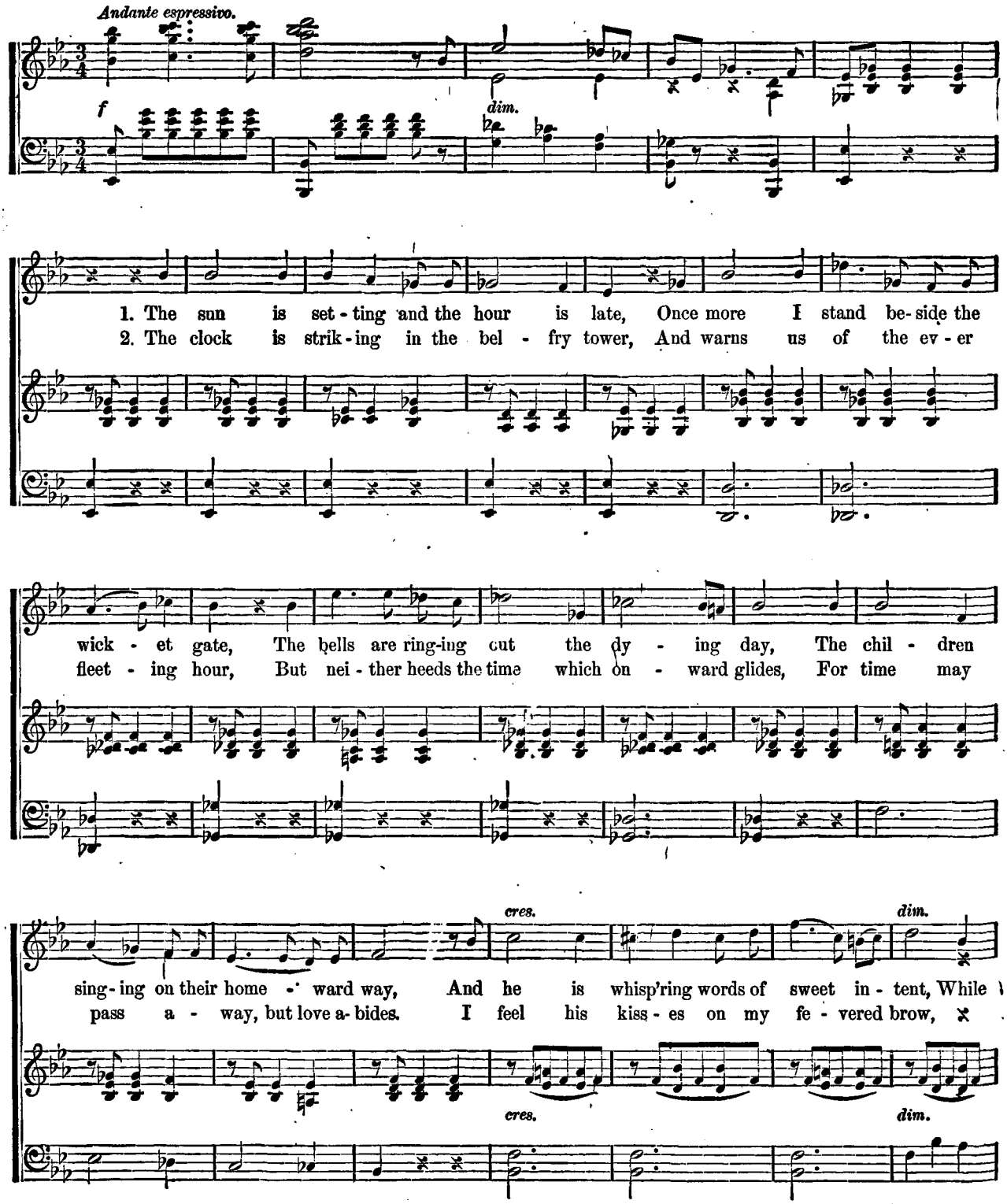
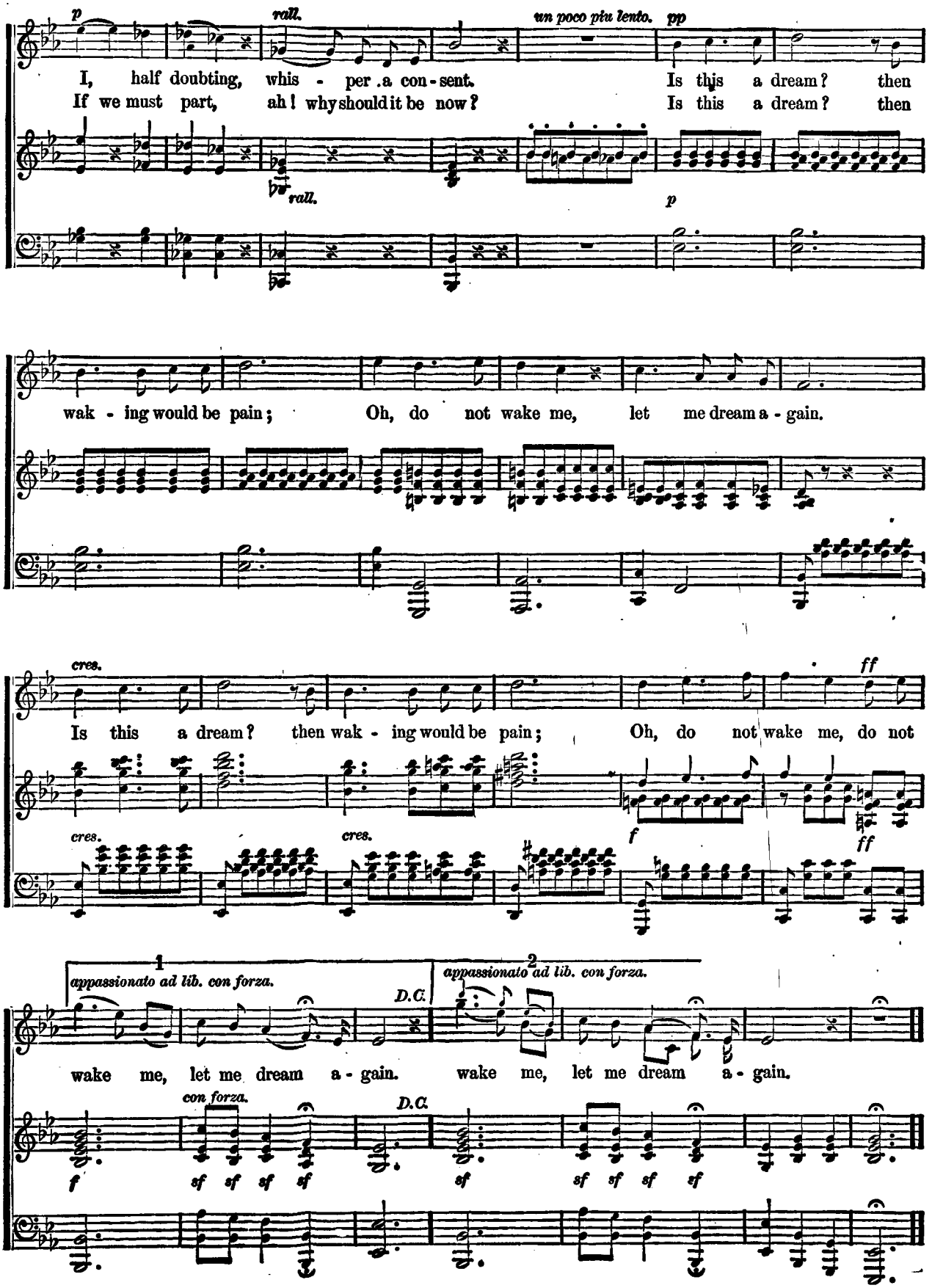
SERENADE.

"My music," said Franz Schubert, "is the product of my genius and my misery; that which I have written in my deepest affliction the world seems to like best." If that be true, this famous "Serenade" must have been the product of a most unhappy hour—for it is the composition for which the world has conceived an attachment amounting to affection. Many of Schubert's songs—he wrote six hundred, though he died at thirty-one—are finer as musical compositions, "The Erl King" and "The Wanderer" distinctly so; but the intuitions of the popular heart have discerned in the graceful and tender measures of the Serenade a human quality deeper than mere skill can produce. The dramatic elements of the greater songs are lacking here; but the elegant grace of the melody and the sincere feeling expressed in the Serenade are the undeniable product of an inspired moment.

Moderato.
Through the leaves the night-winds moving,
pp
Mur - mur low and sweet;
To thy cham-ber win-dow rov - ing,
Love hath led my feet.
Si - lent prayers of bliss - ful feel - ing,

Link us, though a - part, Link us though a - part, On the breath of mu - sic steal- ing,
pp
To thy dream - ing heart, To thy dream - ing heart.
f
mf
pp
Moon-light on the earth is sleep- ing, Winds are rust-ling low;

Where the dark-ling streams are creep - ing, Dear - est, let us go.
All the stars keep watch in heav - en, While I sing to thee; While I sing to thee;
pp
And the night for love was giv - en, Dear-est, come to me, Dear-est come to me.
f
Sad - ly in the for - est mourn - ing, Wails the whip-poor-will, And the heart for
cres.
f

Through the leaves the night winds moving,
Murmur low and sweet
To thy chamber window roving,
Love hath led my feet.
Silent prayers of blissful feeling,
Link us, though apart,
On the breath of music stealing,
To thy dreaming heart.

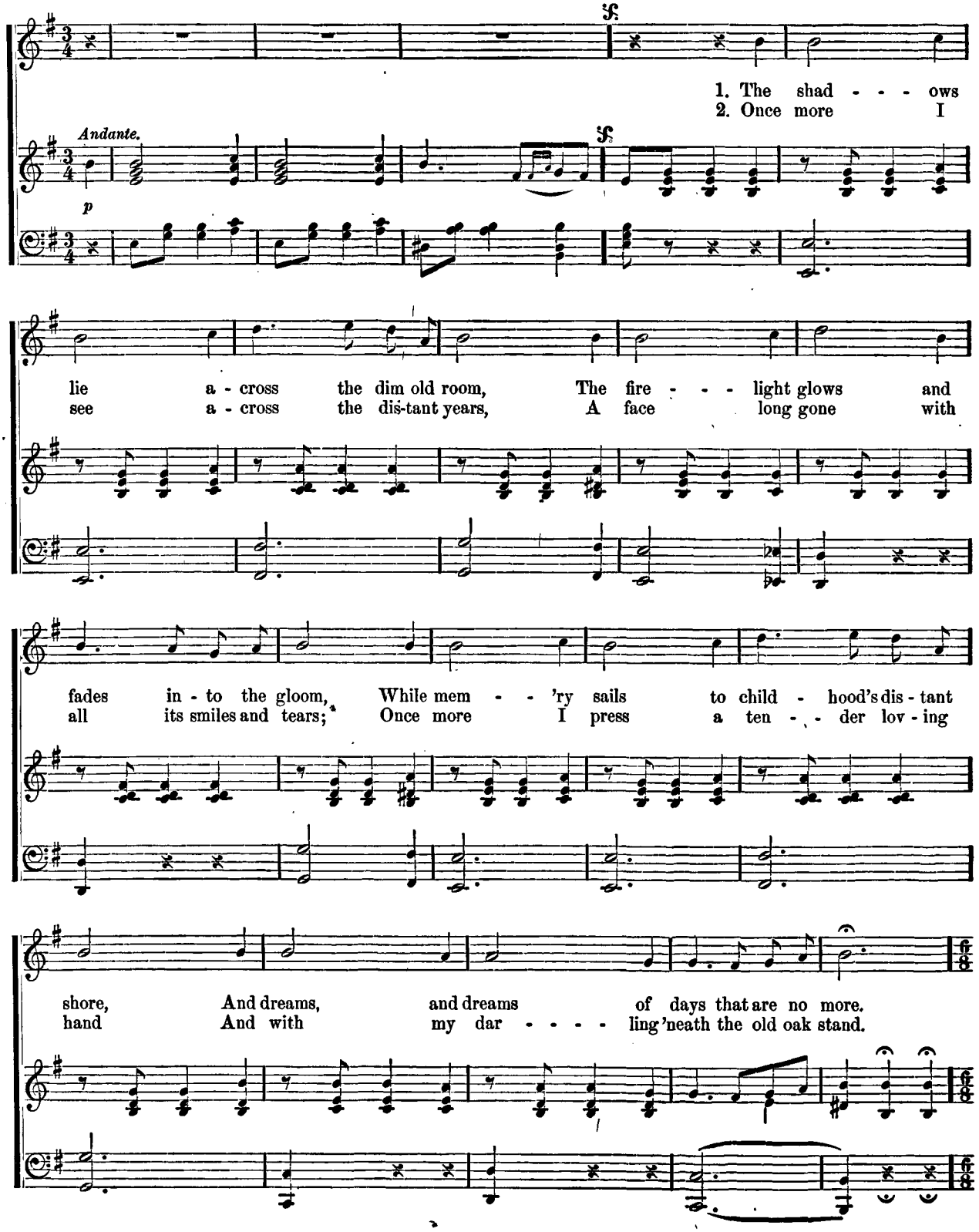
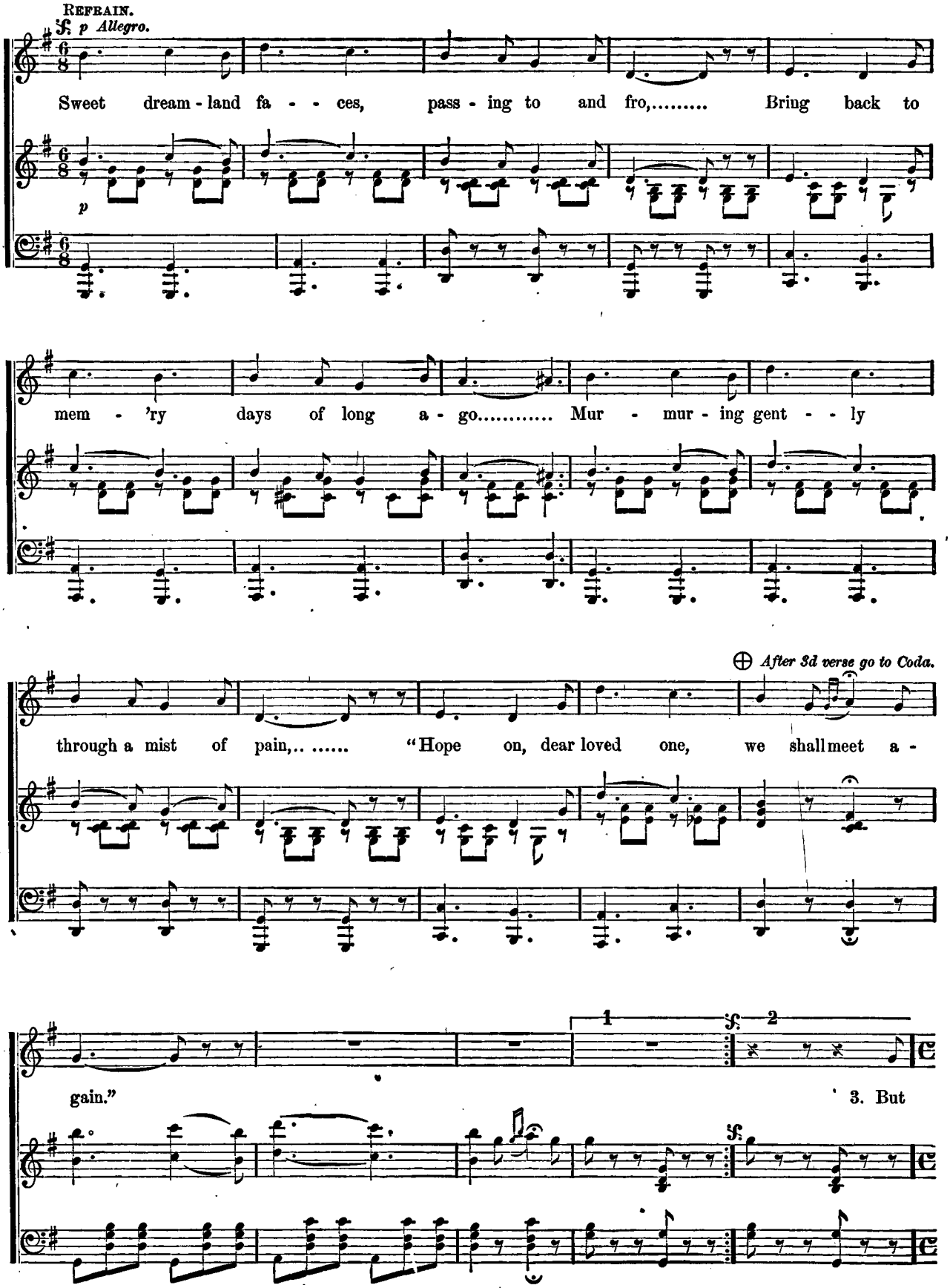
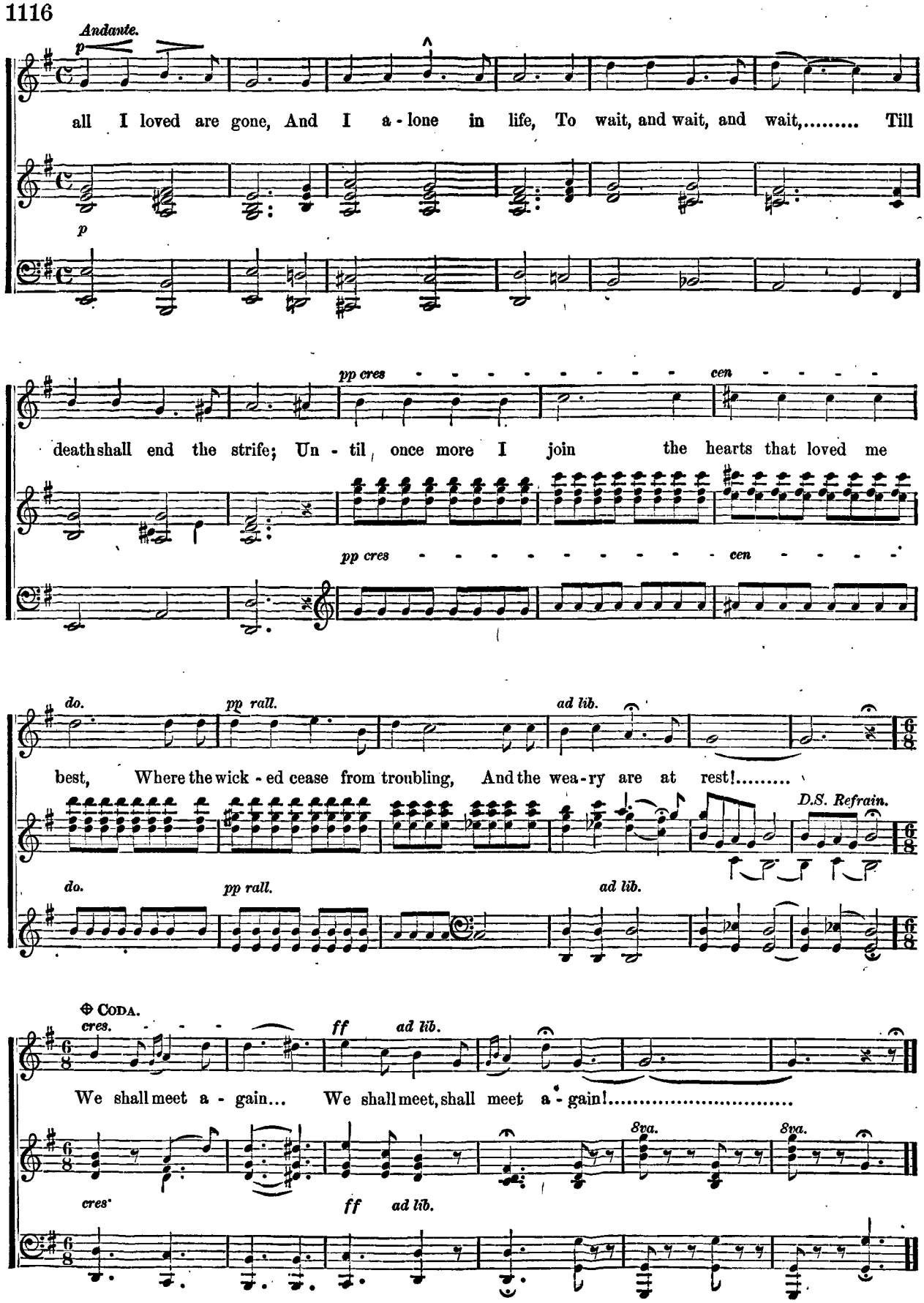
Moonlight on the earth is sleeping,
Winds are rustling low;
Where the darkling streams are creeping,
Dearest, let us go.
All the stars keep watch in heaven,
While I sing to thee;
And the night for love was given,
Dearest, come to me.

Sadly in the forest mourning,
Wails the whippoorwill,
And the heart for thee is yearning,
Bid it, love, be still.

LET ME DREAM AGAIN.

EVERY composer of songs, however popular and however prolific, is best known by a few productions which occur to the mind whenever his name is mentioned. "Let Me Dream Again" is among such reminders of SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, written many years before he gained the honor of knighthood. It is thoroughly characteristic of the composer, whose distinctive qualities are as apparent in his accompaniments as in his melodies, and ranks with his best contributions to lyric writing. The words were written by B. C. STEPHENSON.

Andante espressivo.
f
dim.
1. The sun is set - ting and the hour is late, Once more I stand be - side the
2. The clock is strik - ing in the bel - fry tower, And warns us of the ev - er
wick - et gate, The bells are ring-ing out the dy - ing day, The chil - dren
fleet - ing hour, But nei - ther heeds the time which on - ward glides, For time may
cres.
dim.
sing - ing on their home - ward way, And he is whisp'ring words of sweet in - tent, While
pass a - way, but love a - bides. I feel his kiss - es on my fe - vered brow,
cres.
dim.

p
rall.
un poco piu lento.
pp
I, half doubting, whis - per a con - sent. Is this a dream? then
If we must part, ah! why should it be now? Is this a dream? then
rall.
p
wak - ing would be pain; Oh, do not wake me, let me dream a - gain.
cres.
ff
Is this a dream? then wak - ing would be pain; Oh, do not wake me, do not
cres.
cres.
f
ff
1
appassionato ad lib. con forza.
D.C.
2
appassionato ad lib. con forza.
wake me, let me dream a - gain. wake me, let me dream a - gain.
con forza.
D.C.
f
sf sf sf sf
sf
sf sf sf sf

DREAM FACES.

THE English musician, W. M. HUTCHISON, was the writer of both words and music of this song. Many of his compositions have gained celebrity, among them, "The Lighthouse Light," "Ehren on the Rhine," "The Road to the Fair," "I'll Conquer or Die," etc.

1. The shad - - - ows
2. Once more I
Andante.
p
lie a - cross the dim old room, The fire - - - light glows and
see a - cross the dis-tant years, A face long gone with
fades in - to the gloom, While mem - - 'ry sails to child - hood's dis - tant
all its smiles and tears; Once more I press a ten - - der lov - ing
shore, And dreams, and dreams of days that are no more.
hand And with my dar - - - - ling 'neath the old oak stand.

REFRAIN.
p Allegro.
Sweet dream-land fa - - ces, pass-ing to and fro,..... Bring back to
p
mem - 'ry days of long a - go..... Mur - mur - ing gent - - ly
⊕ After 3d verse go to Coda.
through a mist of pain,.. ..... "Hope on, dear loved one, we shall meet a -
1
2
gain."
3. But

Andante.
p
all I loved are gone, And I a - lone in life, To wait, and wait, and wait,..... Till
p
pp cres - - - - - - - - - cen - - - - -
death shall end the strife; Un - til, once more I join the hearts that loved me
pp cres - - - - - - - - - - cen - - - - -
do.
pp rall.
ad lib.
best, Where the wick - ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest!.....
D.S. Refrain.
do.
pp rall.
ad lib.
⊕ Coda.
cres.
ff
ad lib.
We shall meet a - gain... We shall meet, shall meet a - gain!.....
8va.
8va.
cres.
ff
ad lib.

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